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von Halder
N. 3395.

HANDBUCH

DER

ENGLISCHEN SPRACHE

[Verf. Christ. Ludw. Ideler u. Joh. Wilh. Heinr. Nolte.]

ODER

AUSWAHL LEHRREICHER UND UNTERHALTENDER

AUFSÄTZE

AUS DEN BESTEN

ENGLISCHEN PROSAISTEN UND DICHTERN,

NEBST

BIOGRAPHISCHEN UND LITERARISCHEN NACHRICHTEN

VON DEN

VERFASSERN UND IHREN WERKEN.

EIGENTHUM DER STADT AUGSBURG

BERLIN 1793.

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A. 9.

Wir haben der Englischen Lesebücher zu viele, als dass ich es wagen sollte, dies Handbuch ohne Rechtfertigung ins Publicum zu schicken. Ich werde kurz seyn. Es fehlt bis jetzt an einem Werke, (des *Herrn Hofrath Eschenburg's Beispielsammlung* ausgenommen, die aber zu bänderreich ist, als dass sie in den Händen eines grossen Theils unserer Jugend seyn sollte, und sich überdies auch nur auf die *Dichter* erstreckt) es fehlt, sage ich, noch an einem Werke, woraus man nicht bloss die Sprache, sondern auch den *Geist* der schönen Literatur der Engländer kennen lernen könnte. Ich habe diesem Mangel abzuhelfen gesucht, indem ich in diesem Handbuch eine Reihe characteristischer, aus den bewährtesten Englischen Schriftstellern ausgehobener Stellen, begleitet mit gedrungenen Nachrichten von dem Leben und den Werken der Verfasser liefere. Meine Arbeit ist gewiss nicht fehlerfrei, und konnte es um so weniger seyn, da ich bei der Sammlung der Literarnotizen nicht selten mit fremden Augen sehen musste, so ansehnlich auch die Bibliothek Englischer Werke war, die ich zu benutzen Gelegenheit hatte. Man weise mich zurecht, wenn ich geirrt habe, lasse mir aber wenigstens die Gerechtigkeit widerfahren, dass ich mir Mühe gegeben habe, etwas Brauchbares zu liefern. Sollte übrigens dies Handbuch Beifall finden, so würde ich dadurch aufgemuntert werden, ein ähnliches für die Italiänische Sprache zu bearbeiten.

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B R I E F E.

GRAY.

Die Briefe dieses berühmten Dichters gehören zu den Mustern eines guten Briefstiels. Sie empfehlen sich besonders durch eine ganz vorzüglich leichte und fliessende Schreibart, und wurden, was sie um so schätzbarer macht, ohne die entfernteste Absicht einer öffentlichen Bekanntmachung geschrieben. Mason *hat sie in seine Nachrichten von des Dichters Leben und Schriften verwebt. S.* Poems of Mr. Gray, to which are added memoirs of his life and writings, by W. Mason, in four Volumes. York 1778. 8.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Turin, Nov. 7. 1739.

I am this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days tiresome journey. For the three first we had the same road we before passed through to go to *Geneva;* the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the *Alps;* the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river *Arc*, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain tops. The winter was so far advanced, as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horrour of the place. The sixth we began to go up several of these mountains; and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough. *Mr. Walpole* had a little fat black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice; it was noon-day, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side, (which was as steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute, we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do any thing to save the dog. If he had not been

there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horfes, chaife and we, and all muft inevitably have tumbled above fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice. The feventh we came to *Lanebourg*, the laft town in *Savoy;* it lies at the foot of the famous mount *Cenis*, which is fo fituated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaife was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the bagage and that to be carried by mules. We ourfelves were wrapped up in our furs, and feated upon a fort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and fo begun to afcend by the help of eight men. It was fix miles to the top, where a plain opens itfelf about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep fnow, and in the midft of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rife, and tumbles over monftruous rocks quite down the other fide of the mountain. The defcent is fix miles more, but infinitely more fteep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, ftepping from ftone to ftone with incredible fwiftnefs in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immenfity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge craggs covered with ice and fnow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impoffible to conceive without feeing them; and though we had heard many ftrange defcriptions of the fcene, none of them at all came up to it. We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity of the men's motion. We are now got into *Piedmont*, and ftopped a little while at *La Ferriere*, a fmall village about three quarters of the way down, but ftill among the clouds, when we began to hear a new language fpoken round about us; at laft we got quite down, went through the *Pas de Sufe*, a narrow road among the *Alps*, defended by two fortreffes, and lay at *Boffolens*. Next evening through a fine avenue of nine miles in lenght, as ftraight as a line, we arrived at this city, which, as you know, is the capital of the principality, and the refidence of the king of *Sardinia*. We fhall ftay here, I believe, a fortnight, and proceed for *Genoa*, which is three or four days journey to go poft.

TO MR. WEST.

Turin, *Nov. 16 1739.*

After eight days journey through *Greenland*, we arived at *Turin*. You approach it by a handfome avenue of nine miles long, and quite ftrait. The entrance is guarded by certain vigilant dragons,

called *Douaniers*, who mumbled us for ſome time. The city is not large, as being a place of ſtrength, and conſequently confined within its fortifications; it has many beauties and ſome faults; among the firſt are ſtreets all laid out by the line, regular uniform buildings, fine walks that ſurround the whole, and in general a good lively clean appearance: but the houſes are of brick plaiſtered, which is apt to want repairing; the windows of oiled paper, which is apt to tumble down. There is an excellent Opera, but it is only in the Carnival. Balls every night, but only in the carnival. This Carnival laſts only from Chriſtmaſs to Lent; one half of the remaining part of the year is paſſed in remembering the laſt, the other in expecting the future Carnival. We cannot well ſubſiſt upon ſuch ſlender diet, no more than upon an execrable Italian Comedy, and a Puppet-Show, called *Rappreſentazione d'un' anima dannata*, which, I think, are all the preſent diverſions of the place; except the *Marquiſe de Cavaillac's Converſazione*, where one goes to ſee people play at Ombre and Taroc, a game with 72 cards all painted with ſuns, and moons, and devils and monks. *Mr. Walpole* has been at court; the family are at a country palace, called *La Venerie*. The palace here in town is the very quinteſſence of gilding and looking-glaſs, inlaid floors, carved pannels, and painting, wherever they could ſtick a bruſh. I own I have not, as yet, anywhere met with thoſe grand and ſimple works of art, that are to amaze one, and whoſe ſight one is to be the better for: but thoſe of Nature have aſtoniſhed me beyond expreſſion. In our little journey up to the *Grande Chartreuſe*, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no reſtraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain ſcenes that would awe an atheiſt into belief, without the help of other argument. One needs not have a very fantaſtic imagination to ſee ſpirits there at noon-day: You have death perpetually before your eyes, only ſo far removed, as to compoſe the mind without frighting it. I am well perſuaded, *St. Bruno* was a man of no common genius, to chooſe ſuch a ſituation for his retirement; and perhaps ſhould have been a diſciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe, *Abelard* and *Heloiſe* were not forgot upon this occaſion. If I do not miſtake, I ſaw you too every now and then at a diſtance among the trees; *il me ſemble que j'ai vu ce chien de viſage-là quelque part.* You ſeemed to call to me from the other ſide of the precipice, but the noiſe of the river below was ſo great, that I really could not diſtinguiſh what you ſaid; it ſeemed to have a cadence like verſe. In your next you will be ſo good to let me know what it was. The week we have ſince paſſed among the

Alps, has not equalled the ſingle day upon that mountain, becauſe the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties; the ſavage rudeneſs of the view is inconceivable without ſeeing it. I reckoned, in one day, thirteen caſcades, the leaſt of which was, I dare ſay, one hundred feet in height. I had *Livy* in the chaiſe with me, and beheld his: „*Nives coelo prope immiſtae, tecta informia impoſita rupibus, pecora jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonſi & inculti, animalia inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu; omnia confragoſa, praeruptaque.*" The creatures that inhabit them are, in all reſpects, below humanity; and moſt of them, eſpecially women, have the *tumidum guttur*, which they call *goſcia*. Mount *Cenis*, I confeſs, carries the permiſſion mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and its horrours were accompanied with too much danger to give one time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a family of the Alpine monſters I have mentioned, upon its very top, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their ſtock of proviſions and firing, and ſo are buried in their hut for a month or two under the ſnow. When we were down it, and got a little way into *Piedmont*, we began to find: „*Apricos quosdam colles, rivosque prope ſylvas, & jam humano cultu digniora loca.*" I read *Silius Italicus* too, for the firſt time, and wiſhed for you according to cuſtom. We ſet out for *Genoa* in two days time.

TO MR. WEST.

Rome, May 1740.

I am to-day juſt returned from *Alba*, a good deal fatigued, for you know the *Appian* is ſomewhat tireſome. We dined at *Pompey's*; he indeed was gone for a few days to his *Tuſculan*, but, by the care of his *Villicus*, we made an admirable meat. We had the dugs of a pregnant ſow, a peacock, a diſh of thruſhes, a noble ſcarus juſt freſh from the *Tyrrhene*, and ſome conchylia of the Lake with garum ſauce: for my part I never eat better at *Lucullus's* table. We drank half a dozen *cyathi* a-piece of ancient Alban to *Pholoë's* health; and after bathing, and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our *eſſedum* again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The prieſts there entertained us with an account of a wonderful ſhower of birds eggs, that had fallen two days before, which had no ſooner touched the ground, but they were converted into gudgeons; as alſo that the night paſt a dreadful voice had been heard out of the *Adytum*, which ſpoke Greek during a full half hour, but no body underſtood it. But quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell

you, in plain Engliſh, that we come from *Albano*. The preſent town lies within the incloſure of *Pompey's Villa* in ruins. The *Appian* way runs through it, by the ſide of which, a little farther, is a large old tomb, with five pyramids upon it, which the learned ſuppoſe to be the burying-place of the family, becauſe they do not know whoſe it can be elſe. But the vulgar aſſure you, it is the ſepulchre of the *Curiatii*, and by that name (ſuch is their power) it goes. One drives to Caſtel *Gondolfo*; a houſe of the Pope's, ſituated on the top of one of the *Collinette*, that forms a brim to the baſon, commonly called the *Alban* lake. It is ſeven miles round; and directly oppoſite to you, on the other ſide, riſes the *Mons Albanus*, much taller than the reſt, along whoſe ſide are ſtill diſcoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old *Alba longa*. They had need to be very little, as having been nothing but ruins ever ſince the days of *Tullus Hoſtilius*. On its top is a houſe of the Conſtable *Colonna's*, where ſtood the temple of *Jupiter Latialis*. At the foot of the hill *Gondolfo* are the famous outlets of the lake, built with hewn ſtone, a mile and a half under ground. *Livy*, you know amply informs us of the fooliſh occaſion of this expence, and gives me this opportunity of diſplaying all my erudition, that I may appear conſiderable in your eyes. This is the proſpect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole *Campagna*, the City, *Antium*, and the *Tyrrhene ſea* (twelve miles diſtant) ſo diſtinguiſhable, that you may ſee the veſſels ſailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. *Walpole* ſays, our memory ſees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; ſince, for realities, *Windſor*, or *Richmond Hill*, is infinitely preferable to *Albano* or *Freſcati*. I am now at home, and going to the window to tell you it is the moſt beautiful of Italian nights, which, in truth, are but juſt begun (ſo backward has the ſpring been here, and everywhere elſe, they ſay). There is a moon! There are ſtars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you ſmell the orange flowers? That building yonder is the convent of St. *Iſidore*; and that eminence, with the cypreſs trees and pines upon it, the top of M. *Quirinal*. This is all true, and yet my proſpect is not two hundred yards in length.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Naples, June 17. 1740.

Our journey hither was through the moſt beautiful part of the fineſt country in the world, and every ſpot of it, on ſome account or other, famous for theſe three thouſand years paſt. The ſeaſon

has hitherto been juſt as warm as one would wiſh it; no unwholeſome airs, or violent heats yet heard of: the people call it a backward year, and are in pain about their corn, wine, and oil; but we, who are neither corn, wine, nor oil, find it very agreeable. Our road was through *Velletri*, *Ciſterna*, *Terracina*, *Capua* and *Averſa*, and ſo to *Naples*. The minute one leaves his Holineſs's dominions, the face of things begins to change from wide uncultivated plains to olive groves and well-tilled fields of corn, intermixed with ranks of elms, every one of which has its vine twining about it; and hanging in feſtoons between the rows from one tree to another. The great old figtrees, the oranges in full bloom, and myrtles in every hedge, make one of the delightfulleſt ſcenes you can conceive; beſides that, the roads are wide, well-kept, and full of paſſengers, a ſight I have not beheld this long time. My wonder ſtill increaſed, upon entering the city, which, I think, for number of people, outdoes both *Paris* and *London*. The ſtreets are one continued market, and thronged with populace ſo much that a coach can hardly paſs. The common ſort are a jolly lively kind of animals, more induſtrious than Italians uſually are; they work till evening, then take their lute or guitar (for they all play) and walk about the city, or upon the ſea-ſhore with it, to enjoy the freſco. One ſees their little brown children jumping about ſtark-naked, and the bigger ones dancing with caſtanets, while others play on the cymbal to them. Your maps will ſhow you the ſituation of *Naples*; it is on the moſt lovely bay in the world, and one of the calmeſt ſeas: it has many other beauties beſides thoſe of nature. We have ſpent two days in viſiting the remarkable places in the country round it, ſuch as the bay of *Bajae* and its remains of antiquity; the lake *Avernus*, and the *Solfatara*, *Charons* grotto &c. We have been in the *Sybils* cave and many other ſtrange holes under-ground (I only name them becauſe you may conſult *Sandy's* travels;) but the ſtrangeſt hole I ever was in, has been to-day at a place called *Portici*, where his Sicilian Majeſty has a country-ſeat. About a year ago, as they were digging, they diſcovered ſome parts of ancient buildings above thirty feet deep in the ground: curioſity led them on, and they have been digging ever ſince; the paſſage they have made with all its turnings and windings is now more than a mile long. As you walk, you ſee parts of an amphitheatre, many houſes adorned with marble columns, and incruſted with the ſame, the front of a temple, ſeveral arched vaults of rooms painted in freſco. Some pieces of painting have been taken out from hence, finer than any thing of the kind before diſcovered, and with theſe the king has adorned his palace; alſo a number of ſtatues, medals, and

gems; and more are dug out every day. This is known to be a Roman town, that in the Emperor *Titus*'s time was overwhelmed by a furious eruption of mount *Vesuvius*, which is hard by. The wood and beams remain so perfect that you may see the grain; but burnt to a coal, and dropping into dust upon the least touch. We were to-day at the foot of that mountain, which at present smokes only a little, where we saw the materials that fed the stream of fire, which about four years since runs down its side. We have but a few days longer to stay here; too little in conscience for such a place.

STERNE.

Die dem Leser der empfindsamen Reisen bekannte Freundinn YORICK's, ELIZA, *war nach dem Herausgeber der Sternischen Briefe* (Letters written between YORICK and ELIZA, with Sterne's letters to his friends, London 1788, 8.) *von Geburt eine Ostindianerinn,* (*daher die scherzhafte Ueberschrift ihrer Briefe an* Sterne: My Bramin!) *und Gemahlinn des* DANIEL DRAPER, Esq. *Raths zu Bombay. Sie begab sich zur Wiederherstellung ihrer Gesundheit nach England, und wurde hier mit* STERNE *bekannt, der sie ihres ausgebildeten Verstandes und ihres feinen, ganz dem seinigen ähnlichen Gefühls wegen, lieb gewann, und die zärtlichste Freundschaft für sie hegte. Hier ist eine Probe einer Reihe Briefe, die er mit ihr wechselte, und die durchaus die reinste platonische Liebe athmen.*

YORICK to ELIZA.

I have been within the verge of the gates of death. — I was ill the last time I wrote to you; and apprehensive of what would be the consequence. — My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor, fine spun frame of *Yorick's* gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning. I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it. — It came, I think, from my heart! I fell asleep, through weakness. At six I awoke, with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears. I dreamt I was sitting under the canopy of Indolence, and that thou camest into the room with a shaul in thy hand, and toldst me, my spirit had flown to thee in the *Downs*, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing. — With that you folded the shaul about my waist, and, kneeling, supplicated my

attention. I awoke; but in what a frame! Oh! my God! my God! „But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle."— Dear girl, I fee thee, — thou art for ever prefent to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raifing thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort: and when I talk to *Lydia*, the words of Efau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears, — „Blefs me even alfo, my father!" — Bleffing attend thee, thou child of my heart!

My bleeding is quite ftopped, and I feel the principle of life ftrong within me; fo be not alarmed, *Eliza* — I know I fhall do well. I have eat my breakfaft with hunger, and I write to thee with a pleafure arifing from that prophetic impreffion in my imagination, that „all will terminate to our heart's content." Comfort thyfelf eternally with this perfuafion, „that the beft of beings, as thou haft fweetly expreffed it, could not, by a combination of accidents, produce fuch a chain of events, merely to be the fource of mifery to the leading perfon engaged in them." The obfervation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expreffed. I wifh my memory did juftice to the wording of it.— Who taught you the art of writing fo fweetly, *Eliza?* — You have abfolutely exalted it to a fcience! When I am in want of ready cafh, and ill health will permit my genius to exert itfelf, I fhall print your letters, as finifhed effais „by an unfortunate Indian lady." The ftyle is new; and would almoft be a fufficient recommendation for their felling well, without merit — but their fenfe, natural eafe, and fpirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this fection of the globe; nor, I will anfwer for it, by any of your country women in your's. — I have fhewed your letter to Mrs. *B* —, and to half the literati in town. — You fhall not be angry with me for it, becaufe I meant to do you honour by it. — You cannot imagine, how many admirers your epiftolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou could'ft acquire thy graces, thy goodnefs, thy accomplifhments — fo connected! fo educated! Nature has, furely ftudied to make thee her peculiar care, — for thou art, and not in my eyes alone, the beft and faireft of all her works.

And fo, this is the laft letter thou art to receive from me, becaufe the Earl of *Chatham*, I read in the papers, is got to the *Downs*; and the wind, I find, is fair. If fo — bleffed woman! take my laft, laft farewell! Cherifh the remembrance of me; think how I efteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I fet upon thee! Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu — let me give thee one ftreight rule of conduct, that thou haft heard from my lips in a thoufand forms — but I concenter it in one word:

REVERENCE THYSELF!

Adieu, once more, *Eliza*! May no anguifh of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! May no doubt or misgivings difturb the ferenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children — for they are *Yorick's* — and *Yorick* is thy friend for ever! — Adieu, adieu, adieu!

P. S. Remember, that Hope fhortens all journies, by fweetening them; — fo fing my little ftanza on the fubject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning, when thou arifeft, and thou wilt eat thy breakfaft with more comfort for it.

Bleffings, reft, and Hygeia go with thee! May'ft thou foon return, in peace and affluence, to illumine my night! I am, and fhall be, the laft to deplore thy lofs, and will be the firft to congratulate, and hail thy return. —

Fare thee well!

ELIZA to YORICK.

My Bramin,

This is the laft letter thou wilt receive from me, while I am within fight of the Britifh fhore — the land of freedom, and benevolence — the land, which — to its own glory be it fpoken — gave my *Yorick* being.

I was terrified when I opened your laft letter; — your illnefs gave me the moft genuine concern.

To break a blood-veffel in thy breaft - dreadful! I was alarmed at the intelligence, and my blood thrilled in my veins, and curdled near my heart, when I read it.

O that my India handkerchiefs had been ftyptic, to give thee eafe. — I was happy to read you had flept — but your dream — heaven render it improphetic — heaven keep me from the painful office of adminiftering to your diffolution.

Thy tears I will treafure in my bottle, or at leaft, I will weep for thee — fill it with my tears, and call them thine, as they are unfeignedly fhed upon thy account.

Your imagination images to my feelings — you behold me in fancy in the very fupplicating pofture I fhould affume, were I near you — I fhould embrace! embrace! your knees, and look, as if I bade you be of comfort — for I fhould only look — I fhould be unable to fpeak.

I join with thee in bleffing the child of thy heart — thy *Lydia*.

And all praiſe be given to that bountiful Being, who has healed thy diſorder, and ſtopped thy bleeding — who bade thee again „feel the principle of life ſtrong within thee."

All will certainly terminate to our hearts content — to think otherwiſe, is to entertain an ill opinion of an omnipotent Being — who is all wiſe, all merciful and all good, whoſe benignity is equal to his power, and both are unbounded.

You may inquire, who taught me the art of writing — it was even my *Yorick!* — if I have any claim to merit, if my ſtyle is, as you are pleaſed to ſay, new — if the eaſe and ſpirit of my compoſitions are not to be equalled — the praiſe is entirely due to yourſelf.

I have taken the utmoſt pains to ſteal your ſentiments — your manner — the delicacy of your expreſſions — the eaſy flow of your thoughts — the purity of your diction — in fine, I have in my writings aimed as much as poſſible to be *Yorick*.

But I cannot think my ſtyle equal to what your prejudice in my favour perſuades you it is; — I can perceive manifeſt faults in my compoſitions myſelf. — I am not laying a trap for future plaudits, indeed I am not. — I beg that our correſpondence may be from the heart, not of the heart — therefore no compliments.

I muſt, howewer, chide — I muſt, my *Yorick*, — for ſhewing my letters. — You tell me, you have ſhewn them to Mrs. *B*—, and to half the literati in town; — indeed you have been to blame — ſo to expoſe your *Eliza's* weakneſs.

She bares her heart to thee — ſhe lays it entirely open — but ſhe would not have it ſhewn ſo naked to every one in the fullneſs of her ſincerity. — Many thinks may ſlip from her unſpecting pen, which ſhe would not have known to any one, who could not, like thee, make great allowances in her favour — and pardon the weakneſs of her nature.

You ſay, „you cannot imagine, how many admirers your epiſtolary productions have gained you."

Falſe flattery! — their encomiums are illuſive — it is to you their compliments are paid — they find you are blind to my errors — they perceive you implicitly admire all that comes from me — they pretend to coincide with your opinion, not to give you any uneaſineſs — they admire — they reverence you — they will not mortify you, by declaring that any being you are pleaſed to think perfect, is not ſo.

It is the reſpect due to the merits of my *Yorick*, that occaſions the many compliments paid to the trifling deſerts of his *Eliza*.

We are in the Downs — the wind is fair — we ſhall ſail this evening — the captain has juſt informed me ſo — I therefore took this opportunity to pour the effuſions of my heart to thee in haſte.

Farewell, worthieſt of men — feeling being, thou art all ſentiment — farewell — I will — I will cheriſh the remembrance of thee! — you tell me how you eſteem me — how affectionately you love me — what a price you ſet upon me.

I eſteem thee with equal ardour — I love thee with equal affection — I prize thee as ardently — let me be ever dear to thy heart, and an inhabitant of thy memory.

I will „*reverence myſelf*" for my *Yorick's* ſake — I will, my *Yorick*, who is my friend for ever.

I will ſing thy little ſtanza to Hope in my matin and evening oriſons — yet I cannot help deploring our ſeparation.

Farewell, my Bramin, my faithful monitor, farewell. May proſperity attend thee, and peace crown thy days with felicity!

Thine affectionately,
Thine everlaſtingly,
Adieu, adieu, adieu! ELIZA.

LADY MONTAGUE.

Mary Sommerset Worthley Montague, *Gemahlinn des Lord* Worthley Montague, *Engliſchen Geſandten bey der Pforte, ſah in den Jahren 1716 — 18 Deutſchland, Ungarn, die Türkey, Nordafrika, Italien und Frankreich, und beſchrieb die Denkwürdigkeiten dieſer Reiſe, beſonders ihres Aufenthalts zu Conſtantinopel in einer Reihe intereſſanter Briefe, wovon nach ihrem 1762 erfolgten Tode nachſtehende Sammlungen erſchienen ſind:* Letters of the right honourable Lady M — y W — y M — e, written during her travels in Europa, Aſia and Africa, to perſons of diſtinction, men of letters &c. in different parts of Europe. Which contain among other curious relations, accounts of the policy and manners of the Turks; drawn from ſources that have been inacceſſible to other travellers. *London 1763, III Vol. 12.* An additional Volume to the letters of Lady Montague. *London 1768, 8. Sachkundige behaupten, daß ſich dieſe Briefe mehr durch Schönheit des Stils als Glaubwürdigkeit ihres Inhalts empfehlen.* (Lüdeke Beſchreibung des türkiſchen Reichs, Th. I. S. 419.) *Indeſſen ſcheinen die Nachrichten von dem türkiſchen Frauenzimmer, das* Lady Montague *genauer als irgend ein anderer Reiſender kennen zu lernen Gelegenheit hatte, das Gepräge der Wahrheit an ſich zu tragen. Sie hatte ſo gar Zu-*

tritt zu dem Serail des Groſsherrn, muſste jedoch für den Vorwitz, der ſie in dies Heiligthum leitete, auf eine Art büſsen, die die Geburt des nachmahls ſo berühmten Sonderlings Eduard Worthley Montague *zur Folge hatte. So ſagte das allgemeine Gerücht; ſelbſt ihr Gemahl war von der ihm durch den Sultan erwieſenen Ehre ſo überzeugt, daſs er ſich von ihr ſcheiden lieſs. Sie gehörte übrigens zu den ſchönſten und geiſtreichſten Damen ihrer Zeit, und zählte einen* Pope *und* Congreve *unter ihre Freunde und Bewunderer. Das Verdienſt, die Blatterneinimpfung nach London gebracht, und dadurch in Europa verbreitet zu haben, wird ihren Namen unſterblich machen.*

TO THE ABBOT OF —

Tunis, July 31. 1718.

I left *Conſtantinople* the ſixth of the laſt month, and this is the firſt poſt from whence I could ſend a letter, though I have often wiſhed for the opportunity, that I might impart ſome of the pleaſure I found in this voyage, through the moſt agreeable part of the world, where every ſcene preſents me ſome poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic tranſport I ſurvey
Th'immortal iſlands, and the well known ſea;
For here ſo oft the muſe her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung.

I beg your pardon for this ſally, and will, if I can, continue the reſt of my account in plain proſe. The ſecond day after we ſet ſail, we paſſed *Gallipolis*, a fair city, ſituated in the bay of *Cherſoneſus*, and much reſpected by the Turks, being the firſt town they took in *Europe*. At five the next morning, we anchored in the *Helleſpont*, between the caſtles of *Seſtos* and *Abydos*, now called the *Dardanelli*. Theſe are now two little ancient caſtles, but of no ſtrength, being commanded by a riſing ground behind them, which I confeſs I ſhould never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it obſerved by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic ſtory, that you are well acquainted with:

The ſwimming lover, and the nightly bride,
How HERO lov'd, and how LEANDER died.

Verſe again! — I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have paſſed through. That of *Abydos* is undoubtedly very amorous ſince that ſoft paſſion betrayed the caſtle into the hands of the Turks who beſieged it in the reign of *Orchanes*. The governour's daughter imagining to have ſeen her future huſband in a dream (though I don't find ſhe had either ſlept upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's faſt) fancied ſhe ſaw the dear figure in the form

of one of her besiegers; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in *Asia*, first founded by the *Milesians. Sestos* is in *Europe*, and was once the principal city of *Cherjonesus*. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of *Leander*, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of *Xerxes*. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it. But then, 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount Ida:

Where Juno once caress'd her am'rous Jove,
And the world's master lay subdu'd by love.

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old *Hecuba* was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape *Janizary*, the famous promontory of *Sigaeum*, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where *Achilles* was buried, and where *Alexander* ran naked round his tomb, in honour of him, which, no doubt, was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. W—y plainly distinguished the words of *Sigaen Polin*. We ordered this on board the ship, but were shewed others much more curious, by a Greek priest, tho' a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church ly two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman, weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of woman with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. W—y's interpretation I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that, without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side, and, when

it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders. — One of my countrymen, Mr. *Sands*, (whose book I doubt not you have read, as one of the best of its kind) speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by *Constantine*, before his building *Byzantium*; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory, the river *Simois* rolling from mount *Ida*, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called *Simores*; it is joined in the vale by the *Scamander*, which appeared a small stream half choked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was *Xanthus* amongst the gods, ad *Homer* tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name, the nymph *Oenone* invokes it, in her epistle to *Paris*. The Trojan virgins used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of *Scamander*, till the adventure, which *Monsieur de la Fontaine* has told so agreeably, abolish'd that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the *Simois*, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of *Troy* is the ground on which it stood; for, I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it, are much more modern, and I think *Strabo* says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of *Menelaus* and *Paris* had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of *Constantinople*, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of *Constantinople* inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north-wind reigns.

North of the promontary of *Sigaeum* we saw that of *Rhaeteum*, famed for the sepulchre of *Ajax*. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of *Homer*, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations, as ever *Don Quixote* had on mount *Montesinos*. We sailed next night to the shore, where 'tis vulgarly reported *Troy* stood; and I took the pains of

rising

riſing at two in the morning to view cooly thoſe ruins which are commonly ſhewed to ſtrangers, and which the *Turks* call *Eſki Stamboul, i. e. Old Conſtantinople.* For that reaſon, as well as ſome others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by *Conſtantine.* I hired an aſs (the only voiture to be had there) that I might go ſome miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vaſt extent. We found the remains of a caſtle on a hill; and of another in a valley, ſeveral broken pillars and two pedeſtals.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place, are the ruins of one dedicated to *Auguſtus;* and I know not why Mr. *Sands* calls it a Chriſtian temple, ſince the *Romans* certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vaſt pieces of granate, which are daily leſſened by the prodigious balls that the *Turks* make from them, for their cannon. We paſſed that evening the iſle of *Tenedos*, once under the patronage of *Apollo*, as he gave it in, himſelf, in the particulars of his eſtate, when he courted *Daphne.* It is but ten miles in circuit, but, in thoſe days, very rich and well peopled, ſtill famous for its excellent wine. I ſay nothing of *Tenes*, from whom it was called; but naming *Mytilene*, where we paſſed next, I cannot forbear mentioning *Lesbos*, where *Sappho* ſung, and *Pittacus* reigned, famous for the birth of *Alcaeus*, *Theophraſtus* and *Arion*, thoſe maſters in poetry, philoſophy, and muſick. This was one of the laſt iſlands that remained in the Chriſtian dominion after the conqueſt of *Conſtantinople* by the *Turks.* But need I talk to you of *Catucuſeno*, *&c.* princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am. 'Twas with regret I ſaw us ſail from this iſland into the *Egean* ſea, now the *Archipelago*, leaving *Scio* (the ancient *Chios*) on the left, which is the richeſt and moſt populous of theſe iſlands, fruitful in cotton, corn and ſilk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the *Arviſiah* mountain, ſtill celebrated for the nectar that *Virgil* mentions. Here is the beſt manufacture of ſilks in all *Turkey.* The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and ſhew their faces as in Chriſtendom. There are many rich families; though they confine their magnificence to the inſide of their houſes, to avoid the jealouſy of the *Turks*, who have a baſſa here: however, they enjoy a reaſonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

And eat, and ſing, and dance away their time,
Freſh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis not long ſince they were impoſed, not being under the *Turk* till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as eaſy to obey the grand ſignior as the ſtate of *Genoa*, to

whom they were ſold by the *Greek* emperor. But I forget myſelf in theſe hiſtorical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Paſſing the ſtrait between the iſlands of *Andros* and *Achaia*, now *Libadia*, we ſaw the promontory of *Sunium*, now called *Cape Colonna*, where are yet ſtanding the vaſt pillars of a temple of *Minerva*. This venerable ſight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of *Theſeus*, which I am aſſured, was almoſt entire at *Athens*, till the laſt campaign in the *Morea*, that the *Turks* filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd *Peloponneſus*, tho' it were only to look on the rivers of *Aſopus*, *Peneus*, *Inachus* and *Eurotas*, the fields of *Arcadia*, and other ſcenes of ancient mythology. But inſtead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now over-run by robbers, and that I ſhould run a great riſque of falling into their hands, by undertaking ſuch a journey through a deſert country, for which, however, I have ſo much reſpect, that I have much ado to hinder myſelf from troubling you with its whole hiſtory, from the foundation of *Nycæna* and *Corinth*, to the laſt campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We ſailed quietly by *Cape Angelo*, once *Malea*, where I ſaw no remains of the famous temple of *Apollo*. We came that evening in ſight of *Candia*: it is very mountainous; we eaſily diſtinguiſhed that of *Ida*. — We have *Virgil's* authority, that here were a hundred cities —

Centum urbes habitant magnas —

The chief of them — the ſcene of monſtrous paſſions. — *Metellus* firſt conquered this birth-place of *Jupiter*; it fell afterwards into the hands of — I am running on to the very ſiege of *Candia*; and I am ſo angry with myſelf, that I will paſs by all the other iſlands with this general reflection, that 'tis impoſſible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thouſand years ſince, when, after drinking a diſh of tea with *Sappho*, I might have gone, the ſame evening, to viſit the temple of *Homer* in *Chios*, and paſſed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of ſtatuaries, and converſing with the moſt polite and moſt gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it is with vaſt pleaſure I obſerved thoſe of mount *Aetna*, whoſe flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at ſea, and fills the head with a thouſand conjectures. However, I honour philoſophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of *Empedocles*; and *Lucian* ſhall never make me believe ſuch a ſcandal of a man, of whom *Lucretius* ſays:

— *Vix humana videtur ſtirpe creatus*. —

We paſſed *Trinacria* without hearing any of the Syrens that *Homer* deſcribes, and, being thrown on neither *Scylla* nor *Charybdis*, came ſafe to *Malta*, firſt called *Melita*, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The grand maſter lives here in the ſtate of a ſovereign prince; but his ſtrength at ſea now is very ſmall. The fortifications are reckoned the beſt in the world, all cut in the ſolid rock with infinite expence and labour. — Off this iſland we were toſſed by a ſevere ſtorm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into *Porta Farine* on the African ſhore, where our ſhip now rides. At *Tunis* we were met by the Engliſh conſul who reſides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his houſe there for ſome days, being very curious to ſee this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of *Carthage*. I ſet out in his chaiſe at nine at night, the moon being at full. I ſaw the proſpect of the country almoſt as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the ſun is now ſo intolerable, 'tis impoſſible to travel at any other time. The ſoil is, for the moſt part, ſandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the moſt delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are inclos'd by hedges of that plant we call Indian fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beaſt being able to paſs it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the ſpikes or thorns are as long and ſharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peaſants, and which has no ill taſte.

It being now the ſeaſon of the Turkiſh *Ramadan*, or *Lent*, and all here profeſſing, at leaſt, the Mahometan religion, they faſt till the going down of the ſun, and ſpend the night in feaſting. We ſaw under the trees, companies of the country people, eating, ſinging, and dancing, to their wild muſic They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the moſt frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almoſt naked, only wearing a piece of coarſe ſerge wrapped about them. — But the women have their arms, to their very ſhoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, ſtars, and various ſorts of figures impreſſed by gun-powder; a conſiderable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, eſteemed very ornamental amongſt them; and I believe they ſuffer a good deal of pain by it.

About ſix miles from *Tunis*, we ſaw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to *Carthage*, over ſeveral high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are ſtill many arches entire. We ſpent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. *W—y* aſſured me that of *Rome* is very much inferior to it. The ſtones are of a prodigious ſize, and yet all poliſhed, and ſo

exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made uſe of to join them. Yet they may probably ſtand a thouſand years longer, if art is not made uſe of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at *Tunis*, a town fairly built of very white ſtone, but quite without gardens, which, they ſay, were all deſtroyed when the *Turks* firſt took it, none having been planted ſince. The dry ſand gives a very diſagreeable proſpect to the eye; and the want of ſhade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it ſo exceſſive, that I have much ado to ſupport it. 'Tis true here is, every noon, the refreſhment of the ſea-breeze, without which it would be impoſſible to live; but no freſh water but what is preſerved in the ciſterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape, and being mix'd with a breed of renegadoes, are ſaid to be many of them fair and handſome. This city was beſieged in 1270, by *Lewis* King of France, who died under the walls of it, of a peſtilential fever. After his death, *Philip*, his ſon, and our prince *Edward*, ſon of *Henry III.* raiſed the ſiege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural *African* kings, till betrayed into the hands of *Barbaroſſa*, admiral of *Solyman* the *Magnificent*. The emperor *Charles V.* expelled *Barbaroſſa*, but it was recovered by the *Turk*, under the conduct of *Sinan Baſſa*, in the reign of *Selim II.* From that time till now, it hat remained tributary to the grand ſignior, governed by a *Bey*, who ſuffers the name of ſubject to the *Turk*, but has renounced the ſubjection, being abſolute, and very ſeldom paying any tribute. The great city of *Bagdad* is, at this time, in the ſame circumſtances; and the grand ſignior connives at the loſs of theſe dominions, for fear of loſing even the titles of them.

I went very early yeſterday morning (after one night's repoſe) to ſee the ruins of *Carthage*. — I was, however, half broiled in the ſun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the ſubterranean apartments, which they called, *The ſtables of the elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever deſigned for that uſe. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and ſome of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the inſignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine ſuch fine pillars were deſigned for the uſe of ſtables. I am apt to believe they were ſummer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered neceſſary. They are now uſed as granaries by the country people. While I ſat here, from the town of *Tents* not far off, many of the women flocked in to ſee me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their poſture in ſitting, the colour of their ſkin, their lank black hair falling on each ſide their faces, their features, and the ſhape of

their limbs, differ ſo little from their country-people, the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a diſtinct race; I could not help thinking, there had been ſome ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreſhed by reſt, and ſome milk and exquiſite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once ſtood the caſtle of *Byrſa*, and from thence I had a diſtinct view of the ſituation of the famous city of *Carthage*, which ſtood on an iſthmus, the ſea coming on each ſide of it. 'Tis now a marſhy ground on one ſide, where there are ſalt ponds. *Strabo* calls *Carthage* forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have deſcribed, and the hiſtory of it is to well known to want any abridgement of it. You ſee, Sir, that I think you eſteem obedience better than compliments. I have anſwered your letter, by giving you the accounts you deſired, and have reſerved my thanks to the concluſion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through *Italy* and *France*. In one of thoſe places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble ſervant, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBOT OF —

Dover, *Oct. 31. 1718.*

I am willing to take your word for it, that I ſhall really oblige you, by letting you know, as ſoon as poſſible, my ſafe paſſage over the water. I arrived this morning at *Dover*, after being toſſed a whole night in the packet-boat, in ſo violent a manner, that the maſter, conſidering the weakneſs of his veſſel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fiſhing-boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board were crying to heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's ſelf in a ſcene of greater horror than on ſuch an occaſion: and yet, ſhall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double diſtreſs of a fellow-paſſenger. She was an Engliſh lady that I had met at *Calais*, who deſired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which ſhe was contriving to conceal from the cuſtom-houſe officers. When the wind grew high, and our little veſſel cracked, ſhe fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her ſoul. When it ſeemed to abate, ſhe returned to the worldly care of her head-dreſs and addreſſed herſelf to me — „*Dear Madam, will* „*you take care of this point? if it ſhould be loſt! — Ah, Lord,* „*we ſhall all be loſt! — Lord have mercy on my ſoul! — Pray,*

Madam, take care of this head-dreſs." This eaſy tranſition from her ſoul to her head-dreſs, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which ſhe thought of greateſt value. But, however, the ſcene was not ſo diverting, but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with ſome hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me ſafe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirſt after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it, is a fruitleſs deſire of mixing the different pleaſures and conveniencies which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages, I am miſtreſs of, and having decayed my ſight by midnight ſtudies, I envy the eaſy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who undiſturbed by doubt, hears the ſermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the ſentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain inquiries of the ſchools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, muſt remain as ignorant. And, after having ſeen part of *Aſia* and *Africa*, and almoſt made the tour of *Europe*, I think the honeſt Engliſh ſquire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines leſs delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not ſo fine a flavour as golden pippins; that the Beca ſiguas of *Italy* are not ſo well taſted as a rump of beef, and that, in ſhort, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of *Old England*. I pray God I may think ſo for the reſt of my life; and, ſince I muſt be contented with our ſcanty allowance of daylight, that I may forget the enlivening ſun of *Conſtantinople*.

CHESTERFIELD.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, GRAF VON CHESTERFIELD, *ſtammte aus einem alten, um den Staat verdienten Geſchlecht, und wurde 1694 zu* London *gebohren. Durch ſeine Erziehung, und den im* Trinity-hall *zu* Cambridge *ſeit 1712 genoſſenen Unterricht zum Weltmann vorbereitet, beſuchte er 1714 den* Haag, *wo ſich der geiſtreiche Jüngling, in den glänzendſten Geſellſchaften willkommen, dem Spiel ergab, einer Leidenſchaft, die ſelbſt in höhern Jahren ſeine Philoſophie vergeblich zu unterdrücken ſuchte. 1715 kehrte er über* Paris *nach* London *zurück, worauf er zum Kammerherrn des Prinzen von* Wallis, *nachmahligen Königs* Georg II, *und zum Mit-*

glied des Unterhauses ernannt wurde. Schon jetzt zeichnete er sich durch seine eben so geschmackvolle als feurige Beredsamkeit aus, ein Talent, das sich jedoch nicht eher in seiner ganzen Stärke entwickelte, als bis er nach dem 1726 erfolgten Tode seines Vaters ins Oberhaus trat. Als einer der wärmsten Anhänger der Oppositionsparthei und des Prinzen VON WALLIS *schmeichelte er sich mit der Aussicht zu den glänzendsten Ehrenstellen. Allein der Erfolg entsprach seinen Wünschen nicht ganz. Der neue König, dessen bekannte Rathgeber des Grafen Gegenwart zu fürchten Ursache hatten, ernannte ihn zum Gesandten bey den Generalstaaten. Er ging nach dem* Haag *ab (1728) resignirte aber bald, theils weil er sich durch die Vereitelung seiner Hofnungen gekränkt fühlte, theils weil Spiel und gelehrte Beschäftigungen sein Vermögen und seine Gesundheit geschwächt hatten. Er kehrte also 1732 nach* London *zurück, und trat zur Oppositionsparthey, worüber er die Gunst des Königs und seine Stelle als Oberhofmeister verlohr. Dafür hielt ihn indeß der vertraute Umgang mit den geistreichsten Männern seiner Zeit, einem* POPE, LORD BOLINGBROKE, ARBUTHNOT, *einem* ALGAROTTI, VOLTAIRE, MONTESQUIEU, *und andern gelehrten Ausländern, die sich damahls zu* London *befanden, schadlos. 1742 sah sich sein Gegner, der Premierminister* WALPOLE, *genöthigt, das Ministerium zu verlassen, worauf der König gnädiger gegen ihn gesinnt zu werden anfing. Eine Folge davon war, daß er 1745 bey den äußerst bedenklichen Umständen, worin sich damahls England befand, abermahls zum Gesandten bey den Generalstaaten, und bald darauf zum Vicekönig in* Irland *ernannt wurde. Es glückte ihm, das auflodernde Feuer der Empörung, das auch hier der* Praetendent *anzufachen wußte, zu dämpfen, worauf er 1746 von den Seegenswünschen der Irländer begleitet, nach* London *zurückkehrte, und zur Belohnung seiner Dienste die Stelle eines Staatssecretärs erhielt, die er jedoch schon 1748 wieder niederlegte, weil er seine patriotischen Absichten durch das Ministerium vereitelt sah. Er endigte hiermit seine politische Laufbahn, und lebte von nun an ganz seinen Freunden und den Musen. Vorzüglich beschäftigte ihn die Bildung seines einzigen außer der Ehe erzeugten Sohnes. Eine eben so gesunde Pädagogik als zärtliche Vaterliebe flößten ihm eine Reihe schätzbarer Briefe ein, worin er seinen Liebling von der Wiege bis zum Eintritt in die große Welt begleitet. Ihr englischer Titel ist:* Letters written by the late right honourable PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD to his son PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq. published by Mrs. EUGENIA STANHOPE, from the originals now in her possession. In four Volumes. London 1776. 8. *So lebte der Graf, von allen Partheien geliebt, und seines Witzes und seiner Urbanität wegen von jedermann geschätzt und bewundert, bis zu seinem 79sten Jahre. Außer den gedachten Briefen, wovon hier eine Probe erfolgt, hat man von*

ihm eine Sammlung moralischer und literarischer Essays, *die, in verschiedenen Zeitschriften, besonders* the World, *zerstreut, in den* Miscellaneous Works of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, London 1777, 2 Voll. in gr. 4. *zusammen gedruckt sind. — Diese Nachrichten sind theils aus dem 40sten Bande der* histoire & memoires de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions & belles lettres, *theils aus einem von* Maty *angefangenen, von* Justamond *fortgesetzten, und den angeführten* Miscellaneous Works *vorgesetzten Leben des Grafen, theils aus den* curious Particulars and genuine Anecdotes, respecting the late Lord Chesterfield and David Hume. Kearsley 1788, 8. *entlehnt.*

Dear Boy, *London, October the 16 th. 1747,*

The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess; but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules; and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it, than I can. Do as you would be done by, is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same things in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it, the same complaisance and attention, on your part, to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humour of the company: this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company; there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable: if by chance you know a very short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible; and even then throw out, that you do not love to tell stories; but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things, banish the egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns, or private affairs; though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to every body else; besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company; nor labour, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation, which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered, without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamour, though you think or know yourself to be in the right; but give your opinion modestly and

cooly, which is the only way to convince; and, if that does not do, try to change the converſation, by ſaying with good humour: „We ſhall hardly convince one another, nor is it neceſſary „that we ſhould, ſo let us talk of ſomething elſe!"

Remember that there is a local propriety to be obſerved in all companies; and that what is extremely proper in one company, may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bons mots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will ſeem flat and tedious, when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company may give credit to a word, or a geſture, which would have none at all if diveſted of thoſe accidental circumſtances. Here people very commonly err; and, fond of ſomething that has entertained them in one company, and in certain circumſtances, repeat it with emphaſis in another, where it is either inſipid, or, it may be, offenſive, by being ill-timed or miſplaced. Nay, they often do it with this ſilly preamble: „I will tell you an excellent thing," or: „I will tell you the beſt „thing in the world." This raiſes expectations, which, when abſolutely diſappointed, make the relator of this excellent thing look very deſervedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendſhip of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakneſs, which every body has; and do juſtice to the one, and ſomething more than juſtice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at leaſt would be thought to excel; and, though they love to hear juſtice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are moſt and beſt flattered upon thoſe points where they wiſh to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As for example: Cardinal *Richelieu*, who was undoubtedly the ableſt Stateſman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the beſt poet too: he envied the great *Corneille* his reputation, and ordered a criticiſm to be written upon the *Cid*. Thoſe, therefore, who flattered ſkillfully, ſaid little to him of his abilities in ſtate affairs, or at leaſt but *en paſſant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incenſe which they gave him, the ſmoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favour, was as a *bel eſprit* and a poet. Why? Becauſe he was ſure of one excellency, and diſtruſtfull as to the other. You will eaſily diſcover every man's prevailing vanity, by obſerving his favourite topic of converſation; for every man talks moſt of what he has

moſt a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. The late Sir *Robert Walpole*, who was certainly an able man, was little open to flattery upon that head; for he was in no doubt himſelf about it; but his prevailing weakneſs was, to be thought, to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry; of which he had undoubtedly leſs than any man living: it was his favourite and frequent ſubject of converſation; which proved, to thoſe who had any penetration, that is was his prevailing weakneſs. And they applied to it with ſucceſs.

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty; upon which, ſcarce any flattery is too groſs for them to ſwallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough, to be inſenſible to flattery upon her perſon; if her face is ſo ſhocking, that ſhe muſt in ſome degree be conſcious of it, her figure and her air, ſhe truſts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, ſhe thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, ſhe comforts herſelf that ſhe has graces; a certain manner; a *je ne ſais quoi*, ſtill more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident, from the ſtudied and elaborate dreſs of the uglieſt women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conſcious beauty, is, of all women, the leaſt ſenſible of flattery upon that head; ſhe knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She muſt be flattered upon her underſtanding; which, though ſhe may poſſibly not doubt of herſelf, yet ſhe ſuſpects that men may diſtruſt.

Do not miſtake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery; no; flatter nobody's vices or crimes: on the contrary, abhor and diſcourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaiſant indulgence for people's weakneſſes, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiſer, and a woman handſomer, than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themſelves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavouring (and that to no purpoſe) to undeceive them.

There are little attentions, likewiſe, which are infinitely engaging, and which ſenſibly affect that degree of pride and ſelf-love, which is inſeparable from human nature, as they are unqueſtionable proofs of the regard and conſideration which we have for the perſons, to whom we pay them. As for example: to obſerve the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the taſtes of thoſe whom we would gain, and then take care to provide them with the one, and to ſecure them from the other, giving them, genteely, to underſtand, that you had obſerved they liked ſuch a

diſh, or ſuch a room, for which reaſon you had prepared it: or, on the contrary, that having obſerved they had an averſion to ſuch a diſh, a diſlike to ſuch a perſon, &c. you had taken care to avoid preſenting them. Such attention to ſuch trifles, flatters ſelf-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themſelves almoſt the only objects of your thoughts and care.

Theſe are ſome of the arcana's neceſſary for your initiation in the great ſociety of the world. I wiſh, I had known them better, at your age; I have paid the price of three-and-fifty years for them, and ſhall not grudge it, if you reap the advantage. Adieu!

Dear Boy, *Bath, October the 12th. 1748.*

I came here three days ago, upon account of a diſorder in my ſtomach, which affected my head, and gave me vertigos. I already find myſelf ſomething better; and conſequently do not doubt, that a courſe of theſe waters will ſet me quite right. But however, and wherever I am, your welfare, your character, your knowledge and your morals, employ my thoughts more than any thing that can happen to me, or that I can fear or hope for myſelf. I am going off the ſtage, you are coming upon it; with me, what has been, has been, and reflection now would come too late; with you, every thing is to come, even, in ſome manner, reflection itſelf: ſo that this is the very time, when my reflections, the reſult of experience, may be of uſe to you, by ſupplying the want of yours. As ſoon as you leave *Leipſig*, you will gradually be going into the great world, where the firſt impreſſions that you ſhall give of yourſelf will be of great importance to you; but thoſe which you ſhall receive will be deciſive, for they always ſtick. To keep good company, eſpecially at your firſt ſetting out, is the way to receive good impreſſions. If you aſk me, what I mean by good company, I will confeſs to you, that it is pretty difficult to define; but I will endeavour to make you underſtand it as well as I can.

Good company is not what reſpective ſets of company are pleaſed either to call or think themſelves; but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithſtanding ſome objections which they may form to ſome of the individuals who compoſe it. It conſiſts chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of conſiderable birth, rank and character: for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently, and very juſtly, admitted into it, if diſtinguiſhed by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal

art or ſcience. Nay, ſo motley a thing is good company, that many people, without birth, rank or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardneſs, and others ſlide into it by the protection of ſome conſiderable perſon; and ſome even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But, in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blaſted characters are never admitted. In this faſhionable good company, the beſt manners and the beſt language of the place are moſt unqueſtionably to be learnt; for they eſtabliſh and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company; there being no legal tribunal to aſcertain either.

A company conſiſting wholly of people of the firſt quality, cannot, for that reaſon, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phraſe, unleſs they are, into the bargain, the faſhionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very firſt quality can be as ſilly, as ill-bred and as worthleſs, as people of the meaneſt degree. On the other hand, a company conſiſting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and conſequently ſhould not be much frequented, though by no means deſpiſed.

A company, wholly compoſed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and reſpected, is not meant by the words *good company:* they cannot have the eaſy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in ſuch a company, it is extremely right, to be in it ſometimes, and you will be but more eſteemed in other companies for having a place in that. But then do not let it engroſs you; for if you do, you will be only conſidered as one of the *literati* by profeſſion; which is not the way, either to ſhine, or riſe in the world.

The company of profeſſed Wits and Poets is extremely inviting to moſt young men; who, if they have wit themſelves, are pleaſed with it, and if they have none, are ſillily proud of being one of it: but it ſhould be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you ſhould by no means give yourſelf up to it. A Wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live Wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which ſhe thinks may go off of itſelf, and do her a miſchief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth ſeeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not excluſively of others, nor to ſuch a degree as to be conſidered only as one of that particular ſet.

But the company, which of all others you ſhould moſt carefully avoid, is that low company, which, in every ſenſe of

the word, is low indeed; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will, perhaps, be ſurpriſed, that I ſhould think it neceſſary to warn you againſt ſuch company; but yet I do not think it wholly unneceſſary, after the many inſtances which I have ſeen of men of ſenſe and rank, diſcredited, viliſied, and undone, by keeping ſuch company. Vanity, that ſource of many of our follies, and of ſome of our crimes, has ſunk many a man into company, in every light infinitely below himſelf, for the ſake of being the firſt man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and, for the ſake of being the *Coryphaeus* of that wretched chorus, diſgraces and diſqualifies himſelf ſoon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will ſink or riſe to the level of the company which you commonly keep: people will judge of you, and not unreaſonably, by that. There is good ſenſe in the Spaniſh ſaying: „Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your buſineſs, wherever you are, to get into that company, which every body of the place allows to be the beſt company, next to their own: which is the beſt definition, that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very neceſſary; for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company. Good company, (as I have obſerved) is compoſed of a great variety of faſhionable people, whoſe characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the ſame. When a young man, new in the world, firſt gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to and imitate it. But then he too often, and fatally, miſtakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that abſurd term of genteel and faſhionable vices. He there ſees ſome people who ſhine, and who in general are admired and eſteemed; and obſerves, that theſe people are whoremaſters, drunkards or gameſters: upon which he adopts their vices, miſtaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their faſhion and their luſtre to thoſe genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverſe; for theſe people have acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good-breeding and other real accompliſhments; and are only blemiſhed and lowered, in the opinions of all reaſonable people, and of their own, in time, by theſe genteel and faſhionable vices. A whoremaſter, in a flux, or without a noſe, is a very genteel perſon indeed; and well worthy of imitation. A drunkard, vomiting up at night the wine of the day, and ſtupified by the head-ach all the next, is, doubtleſs a fine model to copy from. And a gameſter tearing his hair, and blaſpheming, for having loſt more than he had in the world, is ſurely a moſt amiable character. No: theſe are allays, and great ones

too, which can never adorn any character, but will always debafe the beft. To prove this; fuppofe any man, without parts and fome other good qualities, to be merely a whoremafter, a drunkard or a gamefter; how will he be looked upon, by all forts of people? Why, as a moft contemptible and vicious animal. Therefore it is plain, that in thefe mixed characters, the good part only makes people forgive, but not approve, the bad.

I will hope and believe, that you will have no vices; but if, unfortunately, you fhould have any, at leaft I beg of you to be content with your own, and to adopt no other body's. The adoption of vice has, I am convinced, ruined ten times more young men, than natural inclinations.

As I make no difficulty of confeffing my paft errors, where I think the confeffion may be of ufe to you, I will own, that, when I firft went to the univerfity, I drank and fmoked, notwithftanding the averfion I had to wine and tobacco, only becaufe I thought it genteel, and that it made me look like a man. When I went abroad, I firft went to the *Hague*, where gaming was much in fafhion, and where I obferved that many people of fhining rank and character, gamed too. I was then young enough and filly enough to believe, that gaming was one of their accomplifhments; and as I aimed at perfection, I adopted gaming as a neceffary ftep to it. Thus I acquired by error, the habit of a vice, which far from adorning my character, has, I am confcious, been a great blemifh in it.

Imitate then with difcernment and judgment the real perfections of the good company, into which you may get; copy their politenefs, their carriage, their addrefs, and the eafy and well-bred turn of their converfation; but remember that, let them fhine ever fo bright, their vices, if they have any, are fo many fpots, which you would no more imitate, than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, becaufe fome very handfome man had the misfortune to have a natural one upon his: but on the contrary think, how much handfomer he would have been without it.

Having thus confeffed fome of my *égaremens*, I will now fhow you a little of my right fide. I always endeavoured to get into the beft company wherever I was, and commonly fucceeded. There I pleafed to fome degree, by fhowing a defire to pleafe. I took care never to be abfent or *diftrait;* but, on the contrary attended to every thing that was faid, done, or even looked, in company: I never failed in the minuteft attentions, and was never *journalier*. Thefe things, and not my *égaremens*, made me fafhionable.

Adieu! this letter is full long enough.

SWIFT.

Letters written by Jonathan Swift and ſeveral of his friends, from the year 1703 to 1740, publiſhed from the originals, with notes explanatory and hiſtorical; by John Hawkesworth, London 1766, 3 Vols. 8. 2 Vols. 4. *Dies iſt eine der erſten und vollſtändigſten Sammlungen der nachmahls häufig gedruckten Swiftſchen Briefe. Sie ſind an die größten Geiſter damahliger Zeit, einen* Addison, Bolingbroke, Gay, Pope, Prior, Steele &c. *gerichtet, und enthalten eine Menge die Geſchichte des Tages betreffende Bemerkungen und Anecdoten, wodurch ihre Lectüre zwar anziehend gemacht, aber nicht wenig erſchwert wird. Folgende ſorgfältig ausgewählte Briefe werden indeſſen auch ohne nähere Bekanntſchaft mit den Verbindungen und Verhältniſſen ihres Verfaſſers nicht ohne Intereſſe ſeyn.*

TO LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

On the death of his Daughter the Marchioneſs of Caermarthen.

My Lord, *Nov. 21. 1713.*

Your Lordſhip is the perſon in the world to whom every body ought to be ſilent upon ſuch an occaſion as this, which is only to be ſupported by the greateſt wiſdom and ſtrength of mind: wherein, God knows, the wiſeſt and beſt of us, who would preſume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and diſturb the underſtanding. This, indeed, might be ſome pretence to us to adminiſter our conſolations, if we had been wholly ſtrangers to the perſon gone. But, my Lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your Lordſhip; becauſe, though their loſs is not ſo great, yet they have not the ſame firmneſs and prudence, to ſupport the want of a friend, a patroneſs, a benefactor, as you have to ſupport that of a daughter. My Lord, both religion and reaſon forbid me to have the leaſt concern for that Lady's death, upon her own account; and he muſt be an ill Chriſtian, or a perfect ſtranger to her virtues, who would not wiſh himſelf, with all ſubmiſſion to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your Lordſhip, who hath loſt ſuch a daughter, and we, who have loſt ſuch a friend, and the world, which hath loſt ſuch an example, have in our ſeveral degrees greater cauſe to lament, than perhaps, was ever given by any private perſon before. For, my Lord, I have ſat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the compoſition of a Lady, and could not ſingle out one, which ſhe did not poſſeſs in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of.

But, as to your Lordſhip's own particular, as it is an unconceivable misfortune to have loſt ſuch a daughter, ſo it is a poſſeſſion which few can boaſt of, to have had ſuch a daughter. I have often ſaid to your Lordſhip, that I never knew any one, by many degrees, ſo happy in their domeſtics as you; and I affirm you are ſo ſtill, though not by ſo many degrees; from whence it is very obvious, that your Lordſhip ſhould reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have loſt.

To ſay the truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is uſual with the diſpenſations of providence long to continue. You had been the great inſtrument of preſerving your country from foreign and domeſtic ruin: you have had the felicity of eſtabliſhing your family in the greateſt luſtre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any induſtry of your own: you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by your courage and abilities; and, by the ſteadineſs of your temper, over the inconſtancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your Lordſhip has felt too much complacency within yourſelf, upon this univerſal ſucceſs: and God Almighty, who would not diſappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to puniſh you with a domeſtic loſs, where he knew your heart was moſt expoſed; and, at the ſame time has fulfilled his own wiſe purpoſes, by rewarding, in a better life, that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my Lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am ſure it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your Lordſhip any eaſe. I think it was an impulſe upon me that I ſhould ſay ſomething. And whether I ſhall ſend you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, &c.

TO MRS. PRATT.

Madam, *March, 18 th. 1724.*

Mrs. *Fitſmorrice* did the unkindeſt thing ſhe could imagine; ſhe ſends an open note by a ſervant, (for ſhe was too much a prude to write me a letter) directing me to enquire for one *Howard* maſter of a ſhip, who had brought over a ſcreen to me from *Mrs. Pratt.* Away I ran to the cuſtom-houſe, where they told me the ſhip was expected every day: but the God of winds, in confederacy with *Mrs. Fitſmorrice* to teaze me, kept the ſhip at leaſt a month longer, and left me miſerable in a ſtate of impatience between hope and fear, worſe than a lady who apprehends her cloaths will not be ready againſt the birth-day.

I will

I will not move your good-nature, by reprefenting how many reftlefs days and nights I have paffed, with what dreams my fleep has been difturbed, when I fometimes faw the fhip finking, and my fcreen floating in the fea, and the mermaids ftruggling which of them fhould get it. At laft Mr. *Medlicott*, whofe heart inclines him to pity the diftreffed, gave me notice of it's fafe arrival. He interpofed his authority; and, over-ruling the tedious forms of the cuftom-houfe, fent me my fcreen to the Deanry, where it was immediately opened, on Tuefday the 16th inftant, three minutes feven feconds after four o' clock, the day being fair but fomewhat windy, the fun in Aries, and the moon within 39 hours 8 feconds and a half of being full. All which I find, by confulting *Ptolemy*, to be fortunate incidents, and that, with due care, my fcreen will efcape the mops of the houfemaid, and the greafy hands of the footmen.

At the opening of the fcreen, juft after dinner, fome company of both fexes were prefent. The ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I was very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing fhewed a better judgment than to know how to make a proper prefent, and that no prefent could be more judicioufly chofen. For no man in this kingdom wanted a fcreen fo much as myfelf; and, befides, fince I had left the world, it was very kind to fend the world to me. As for my own part, I confefs I never expected to be fheltered by the world, when I have been fo long endeavouring to fhelter myfelf from it. See how ill you beftow your favours, when you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches, inftead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midft of courts, upon an abfent infignificant man, buried in obfcurity. But I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them: therefore I fhall fay no more, than that I receive your acceptable prefent juft as I am fure you defire I fhould. But I cannot promife that it will add one jot to the love and efteem I have for you; becaufe it is impoffible for me to be more than I have always been,

Madam

Your &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Sept. 29. 1725.

I am now returning to the noble ſcene of *Dublin*, into the grand monde, for fear of burying my parts; to ſignalize myſelf among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting, amending, and tranſcribing my travels*), in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the preſs when the world ſhall deſerve them, or rather when a printer ſhall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the ſcheme of our meeting after diſtreſſes and diſperſions: but the chief end I propoſe to myſelf in all labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compaſs that deſign without hurting my own perſon or fortune, I would be the moſt indefatigable writer you have ever ſeen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleaſed that you have done with tranſlations. Lord Treaſurer *Oxford* often lamented, that a raſcally world ſhould lay you under a neceſſity of miſ-employing your genius for ſo long a time. But ſince you will now be ſo much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one laſh the more at my requeſt. I have ever hated all nations, profeſſions and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. For inſtance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love Counſellor ſuch a one, and Judge ſuch a one. 'Tis ſo with phyſicians, (I will not ſpeak of my own trade) ſoldiers, Engliſh, Scotch, French, and the reſt. But principally I hate and deteſt that animal called *man*, although I heartily love *John*, *Peter*, *Thomas*, and ſo forth. This is the ſyſtem upon which I have governed myſelf many years, (but do not tell) and ſo I ſhall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatiſe, proving the falſity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to ſhow it ſhould be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of miſanthropy (though not in *Timon's* manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honeſt men are of my opinion. By conſequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deſerve my eſteem may do ſo too. The matter is ſo clear, that it will admit of no diſpute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your *Odyſſey* was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly

*) *Gulliver's* travels.

for the present; but ſhall like it three-fourths the leſs, for the mixture you mention of other hands: however I am glad you ſaved yourſelf ſo much drudgery. — I have been long told by Mr. *Ford* of your great atchievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica.*

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you deſcribe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy; for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf; but neither is ſhe a court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady; but then ſhe is a moſt damnable party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be riches, which anſwers all your deſcription. I am glad ſhe viſits you; but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr. *Lewis* ſent me an account of Dr. *Arbuthnott's* illneſs; which is a very ſenſible affliction to me, who, by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of *Arbuthnott's* in it, I would burn my travels! But however he is not without fault. There is a paſſage in *Beda*, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age; where, after abundance of praiſes, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! the kept Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or uſeful; but alas! he has a ſort of ſlouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent chriſtian, though not a catholic.

Are you altogether a country-gentleman, that I muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the hazard of your loſing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although ſo much paper is left? I have an ill name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe it; but you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteems and loves you about half as much as you deſerve, I mean as much as he can.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Madam *Twickenham*, *Aug.* 15. 1727.

I wiſh I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I ſhould make you the beſt huſband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and inſtead of a poor pain in my

face, I have a good ſubſtantial giddineſs and head-ache. The beſt of it is, that, although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no ſecrets that might not be heard five rooms diſtant. Theſe diſorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they uſed to do ſome years ago, will laſt as long as my leave of abſence, which I ſhall not renew: and then the Queen will have the misfortune not to ſee me, and I ſhall go back with the ſatisfaction never to have ſeen her ſince ſhe was Queen, but when I kiſſed her hand. And, although ſhe were a thouſand Queens, I will not loſe my privilege of never ſeeing her but when ſhe commands it I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do laſt year: but I would not ſhew it to either of them. I am the greateſt courtier and flatterer you have; becauſe I try your good ſenſe and taſte more than all of them put together, which is the greateſt compliment I could put upon you: and you have hitherto behaved yourſelf tolerably well under it; much better than your Miſtreſs, if what a lady told me was true; that, talking with the Queen about me, her Majeſty ſaid, I was an odd ſort of man. But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing in an honeſt man to ſpeak freely to princes. I will ſay another thing in your praiſe, that goodneſs would become you better than any perſon I know: and, for that very reaſon, there is no-body I wiſh to be good ſo much as yourſelf. I am, &c.

P O P E.

Pope's *Briefe, die nach Dr.* Warburton's *Urtheil die einzigen wahren Muſter freundſchaftlicher Briefe ſind, die die engliſche oder irgend eine andere Nation aufzuweiſen hat, erſchienen zuerſt, von dem Verfaſſer ſelbſt beſorgt*, London 1737, 4. *Denn die* Familiar letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq. by Mr. Pope, printed for E. Curl, 1727, 12 *und* Alexander Pope's literary correſpondence for thirty years, from 1704 to 1734, London, printed for E Curl, Vol. I. II. III 1735. Vol IV. 1736, Vol. V. 1737. 8. *und* 12, *enthalten nur einige wenige, und noch dazu verfälſchte Briefe des Dichters. Nachher ſind ſie allen Ausgaben der* Popeſ*chen Werke einverleibt worden. In der* Warburton*ſchen nehmen ſie den 7ten bis 9ten Theil ein.*

TO TWO LADIES.

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once ufed to pleafe me, than my laft day's journey; for after having pafs'd through my favourite woods in the foreft, with a thoufand reveries of paft pleafures, I rid over hanging hills, whofe tops were edged with groves, and whofe feet water'd with winding rivers, liftening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: the gloomy verdure of *Stonor* fucceeded to thefe; and then the fhades of the evening overtook me. The moon rofe in the cleareft fky I ever faw, by whofe folemn light I paced on flowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd *Oxford*, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college anfwer'd one another, and founded forth (fome in a deeper, fome a fofter tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led fince, among thofe old walls, venerable galleries, ftone portico's, ftudious walks, and folitary fcenes of the Univerfity. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a falary, to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conform'd myfelf to the college hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the moft ancient, dusky parts of the Univerfity, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the defart. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, fuch as even thofe good men ufed to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extoll'd their piety and abftraction. For I found myfelf receiv'd with a fort of refpect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own fpecies; who are as confiderable here, as the bufy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in fuch a manner, that I could not but fometimes afk myfelf in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from feeing myfelf feated with dignity on the moft confpicuous fhelves of a library, put myfelf into the abject pofture of lying at a lady's feet in *St. James's fquare*.

I will not deny, but that, like *Alexander*, in the midft of my glory I am wounded, and find myfelf a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpofe, fince neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and fuck the poifon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord *H—'s*, I fee a creature nearer an angel than a woman (tho' a woman by very near as good as an angel); I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T— as a

credit to the maker of angels; ſhe is a relation of his Lordſhip's, and he gravely propoſ'd her to me for a wife; being tender of her intereſts, and knowing (what is a ſhame to providence) that ſhe is leſs indebted to fortune than I. I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſee both her and myſelf.

TO MR. CROMWELL.

Oct, 19, 1709.

I may truly ſay I am more obliged to you this ſummer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you ſent me, I had been perfectly *oblitusque meorum*, *obliviſcendus & illis.* The only companions I had were thoſe Muſes, of whom *Tully* ſays, *adoleſcentiam alunt*, *ſenectutem oblectant*, *ſecundas res ornant*, *adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium praebent*, *delectant domi*, *non impediunt foris*, *pernoctant nobiscum*, *peregrinantur*, *ruſticantur:* which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them: for the Muſes, if you take them as companions, are very pleaſant and agreeable, but whoever ſhould be forced to live or depend upon'em, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. That Quiet, which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obſcurity*, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long ſilence. However, the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of virtue, and of Mr. *Wycherley.* I am ſurprized at the danger, you tell me, he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation would have loſt in him, as much wit and probity, as would have remain'd (for ought I know) in the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me (ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. *Wycherley*, which I fear, may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity then I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, tho' of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my dog undervalued; (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was us'd to do Mr. *Wycherley* in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject, which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince *Montaigne* (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his cat. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favorite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhap'd. He is not much a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhows itſelf when he thinks me ill us'd by others, that when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in *St. James's Park.* — Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of them, becauſe it is poſſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, &c. I will only ſay for the honour of dogs, that the two moſt ancient and eſteemable books, ſacred and prophane, extant (viz. the *Scripture* and *Homer*) have ſhown a particular regard to theſe animals. That of *Toby* is the more remarkable, becauſe there ſeem'd no manner of reaſon to take notice of the dog, beſides the great humanity of the author. *Homer's* account of *Ulyſſes's* dog *Argus* is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the circumſtances conſider'd, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good-nature. *Ulyſſes* had left him at *Ithaca* when he embark'd for *Troy*, and found him at his return after twenty years (which by the way is not unnatural, as ſome critics have ſaid, ſince I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when ſhe dy'd: may the omen of longævity prove fortunate to her ſucceſſors.) You ſhall have it in verſe.

ARGUS.

When wiſe *Ulyſſes*, from his native coaſt
Long kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to aſk his bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,

Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful men,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again,
Him when he ſaw — he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy — then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and d'yd!

Plutarch relating how the *Athenians* were obliged to abandon *Athens* in the time of *Themiſtocles*, ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, purely to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that follow'd his maſter acroſs the ſea to *Salamis*, where he dy'd, and was honour'd with a tomb by the *Athenians*, who gave the name of the *Dog's Grave* to that part of th Iſland where he was buried. This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite people of the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gratitude to a dog (tho' we have but few ſuch) is, that the chief order of *Denmarck* (now injuriouſly call'd the order of the Elephant) was inſtituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, nam'd *Wild-brat*, to one of their kings who had been deſerted by his ſubjects: he gave his Order this motto, or to this effect (which ſtill remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir *William Trumbull* has told me a ſtory, which he heard from one that was preſent: *King Charles* I. being with ſome of his court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the ſpaniel or grey-hound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the grey-hound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſcourſe of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, &c.

TO MR. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

You formerly obſerv'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and

I hope, have received ſome advantage by it, if what WALLER ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our outworks. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, „what care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger." I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expreſſ'd in the Book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. „For honourable „age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſur'd „by number of years. But wiſdom is the grey hair to men, and

„an unſpotted life is old age. He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt „wickedneſs ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile „his ſoul,"&c. I am

Your, &c.

TO MR. SWIFT.

Bath, *Nov.* 12, 1728.

I have paſt ſix weeks in queſt of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of ſollicitude about it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or phyſicians for themſelves, and zealots, or divines themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit, but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from *Ireland*; from which I am juſt relieved by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir *A*—'*s* planting and building; two things that I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have receiv'd of late at the finding yours and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing *Jo Triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and, I believe, if you won't, I ſhall. The inſcription to the *Dunciad* is now printed and inſerted in the poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay any thing farther how much that poem is yours? ſince certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the reſt of our lives! The whole weight of ſcriblers would juſt ſerve to find us amuſement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every ſtick you plant, and every ſtone you lay, is to ſome purpoſe; but the buſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but eaſe, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it was. If I liv'd in *Ireland*, I fear the wet climate wou'd indanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am ſo atmoſpherical a creature.

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words ſpoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The ſayings of princes are generally as ill related as the ſayings of wits. To ſuch reports little of our regard ſhould be given, and leſs of our conduct influenced by them.

BRUCHSTÜCKE
AUS DER
GESCHICHTE.

ROBERTSON.

Dr. William Robertson, *Sohn eines presbyterianischen Geistlichen, studierte zu* Edinburg *die Theologie, und war so glücklich, daß ihm bald eine Pfarre in Ost-Lothian anvertrauet wurde. Hier schrieb er seine Geschichte von Schottland. Dies Werk war es indessen nicht, wodurch er sich zuerst öffentlichen Beyfall erwarb. Er mußte nehmlich kurz vor dessen Bekanntmachung vermöge seines Amts bey der Synode der Schottländischen Kirche zugegen seyn. Diese Zusammenkunft bietet nach der kirchlichen Einrichtung des Königreichs Männern von Talenten eine Gelegenheit dar, die glänzendsten Proben ihres Genies und ihrer Kenntnisse vor einer zahlreichen und gelehrten Gesellschaft abzulegen. Hier zeichnete sich* Robertson *gleich bey seinem Eintritt durch seine Beredsamkeit so rühmlich aus, daß ihn die Regierung, die allemahl eines Anführers ihrer Parthey in dieser Versammlung bedarf, zum* Minister of the high church in Edinburgh *ernannte, und diese Stelle, die kaum rühmlich genug für seine Tugend ist, bekleidet er noch. Außerdem ist der jetzt 71jährige Greis Principal der Universität Edinburg, Geschichtschreiber Sr. Majestät für Schottland &c. Seine* History of Scotland during the reigns of Queen Mary and king James VI, till his accefs into the crown of England, 2 Vols. 4. *erschien zuerst 1759.* Additions 1787 8. *In wenig Tagen hatte ihm die allgemeine Stimme des Publikums eine der ersten Stellen unter den Geschichtschreibern angewiesen. Indessen fand dies Werk im Auslande weniger Beyfall als die* History of the Emperour Charles the fifth, with a view of the progrefs of society in Europe, from the subversion of the roman empire to the beginning of the XVIth. Century. *Zuerst* London 1769. 3 Vols. 4. *Der Verfasser erhielt für das* Msc. 4500 l.; *ein Beweis, wie gespannt die Erwartung von diesem Werke war. Im Jahr 1777 erschien* the History of America, with notes and a Catalogue of Spanish books, London, 2 Vols. 4. Additions 1788. 8. *Das schätzbarste unter den Geschichtbüchern von* America, *das aber noch schätzbarer seyn würde, wenn* Robertson *die Spanischen Archive zu* Simancas *hätte benutzen können. Sein neuestes Werk ist die* historical disquisition concerning the knowledge which the ancients had of India, London 1791. 4. *Ueber* Robertson *als Stilist siehe Wiggers vermischte Aufsätze.*

The progreſs of ſcience, and the cultivation of literature, had conſiderable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now diſtinguiſhed. At the time when their Empire was overturned, the *Romans*, though they had loſt that correct taſte which has rendered the productions of their anceſtors the ſtandards of excellence, and models for imitation to ſucceeding ages, ſtill preſerved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude barbarians were ſo far from being ſtruck with any admiration of theſe unknown accompliſhments, that they deſpiſed them. They were not arrived at that ſtate of ſociety, when thoſe faculties of the human mind, which have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themſelves. They were ſtrangers to all thoſe wants and deſires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they deſtroyed the monuments of them, with induſtry not inferior to that with which poſterity have ſince ſtudied to preſerve, or to recover them. The convulſions occaſioned by their ſettlement in the Empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they eſtabliſhed; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, baniſhed ſecurity and leiſure; prevented the growth of taſte, or the culture of ſcience; and kept *Europe*, during ſeveral centuries, in that ſtate of ignorance which has been already deſcribed. But the events and inſtitutions which I have enumerated, produced great alterations in ſociety. As ſoon as their operation, in reſtoring liberty and independence to one part of the community, began to be felt, as ſoon as they began to communicate to all the members of ſociety ſome taſte of the advantages ariſing from commerce, from public order, and from perſonal ſecurity, the human mind became conſcious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or purſuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we diſcern the firſt ſymptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had been long ſunk, and obſerve it turning with curioſity and attention towards new objects.

The firſt literary efforts, however, of the European nations in the middle age, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain ſome degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exerciſed in ſpeculative or abſtract diſquiſition. Men are poets before

they are philoſophers. They feel with ſenſibility, and deſcribe with force, when they have made but little progreſs in inveſtigation or reaſoning.

The age of *Homer* and of *Heſiod* long preceded that of *Thales*, or of *Socrates*. But, unhappily for literature, our anceſtors, deviating from this courſe which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abſtruſe and metaphyſical inquiry. They had been converted to the Chriſtian faith, ſoon after they ſettled in their new conqueſts. But they did not receive it pure. The preſumption of men had added to the ſimple and inſtructive doctrines of Chriſtianity, the theories of a vain philoſophy, that attempted to penetrate into myſteries, and to decide queſtions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to reſolve. Theſe over-curious ſpeculations were incorporated with the ſyſtem of religion, and came to be conſidered as the moſt eſſential part of it. As ſoon, then, as curioſity prompted men to inquire and to reaſon, theſe were the ſubjects which firſt preſented themſelves, and engaged their attention. The ſcholaſtic theology, with its infinite train of bold diſquiſitions, and ſubtile diſtinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reaſon, was the firſt production of the ſpirit of inquiry after it began to reſume ſome degree of activity and vigour in *Europe*. It was not this circumſtance alone that gave ſuch a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exerciſe talents which they had ſo long neglected. Moſt of the perſons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received inſtruction, or derived their principles of ſcience from the *Greeks* in the eaſtern Empire, or from the *Arabians* in *Spain* and *Africa*. Both theſe people, accute and inquiſitive to exceſs, corrupted thoſe ſciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a ſyſtem of ſpeculative refinement, or of endleſs controverſy. The latter communicated to philoſophy a ſpirit of metaphyſical and frivolous ſubtlety. Miſled by theſe guides, the perſons who firſt applied to ſcience were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Inſtead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce ſuch works of invention as might have improved their taſte, and refined their ſentiments; inſtead of cultivating thoſe arts which embelliſh human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority, they were led aſtray by example, and waſted the whole force of their genius in ſpeculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitleſs and ill directed as theſe ſpeculations were, their novelty rouſed, and their boldneſs intereſted the human mind. The ardour with which men purſued thoſe uninviting ſtudies,

was aſtoniſhing. Genuine philoſophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with more zeal. Schools, upon the model of thoſe inſtituted by *Charlemagne*, were opened in every cathedral, and almoſt in every monaſtery of note. Colleges and univerſities were erected, and formed into communities or corporations, governed by their own laws, and inveſted with ſeparate and extenſive juriſdiction over their own members. A regular courſe of ſtudies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on maſters and ſcholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the ſchools alone that ſuperiority in ſcience led to reputation and authority; it became an object of reſpect in life, and advanced ſuch as acquired it to a rank of no inconſiderable eminence. Allured by all theſe advantages, an incredible number of ſtudents reſorted to thoſe new ſeats of learning, and crowded with eagerneſs into that new path which was opened to fame and diſtinction.

But how conſiderable ſoever theſe firſt efforts may appear, there was one circumſtance which prevented the effects of them from being as extenſive as they ought to have been. All the languages in *Europe*, during the period under review, were barbarous. They were deſtitute of elegance, of force, and even of perſpicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to poliſh them. The latin tongue was conſecrated by the church to religion. Cuſtom, with authority ſcarcely leſs ſacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the ſciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were taught in Latin. All books with reſpect to them were written in that language. To have treated of any important ſubject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined ſcience within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was ſhut againſt all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkneſs and ignorance.

But though ſcience was thus prevented, during ſeveral ages, from diffuſing itſelf through ſociety, and its influence much circumſcribed, the progreſs which it made may be mentioned, nevertheleſs, among the great cauſes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into *Europe*. The ardent, though ill-judged ſpirit of inquiry which I have deſcribed, occaſioned a fermentation of mind that put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable as well as intereſting. It accuſtomed them to exerciſes and occupations which tended to ſoften their manners, and to give them ſome reliſh for the gentle

virtues

virtues, peculiar to nations among which ſcience has been cultivated with ſucceſs.

The progreſs of commerce had conſiderable influence in poliſhing the manners of the European nations, and in leading them to order, equal laws, and humanity. The wants of men, in the original and moſt ſimple ſtate of ſociety, are ſo few, and their deſires ſo limited, that they reſt contented with the natural productions of their climate and ſoil, or with what they can add to theſe by their own rude induſtry. They have no ſuperfluities to diſpoſe of, and few neceſſities that demand a ſupply. Every little community ſubſiſting on its own domeſtick ſtock and ſatisfied with it, is either unacquainted with the ſtates around it, or at variance with them. Society and manners muſt be conſiderably improved, and many proviſions muſt be made for public order and perſonal ſecurity, before a liberal intercourſe can take place between different nations. We find, accordingly, that the firſt effect of the ſettlement of the barbarians in the Empire, was to divide thoſe nations which the Roman power had united. *Europe* was broken into many ſeparate communities. The intercourſe between theſe divided ſtates, ceaſed almoſt totally during ſeveral centuries. Navigation was dangerous in ſeas infeſted by pirates; nor could ſtrangers truſt to a friendly reception in the ports of uncivilized nations. Even between diſtant parts of the ſame kingdom, the communication was rare and difficult. The lawleſs rapine of banditti, together with the avowed exactions of the nobles, ſcarcely leſs formidable and oppreſſive, rendered a journey of any length a perilous enterpriſe. Fixed to the ſpot in which they reſided, the greater part of the inhabitants of *Europe* loſt, in a great meaſure, the knowledge of remote regions, and were unacquainted with their names, their ſituations, their climates and their commodities.

Various cauſes, however, contributed to revive the ſpirit of commerce, and to renew, in ſome degree, the intercourſe between different nations. The *Italians*, by their connection with *Conſtantinople* and other cities of the Greek empire, had preſerved in their own country ſome reliſh for the precious commodities and curious manufactures of the Eaſt. They communicated ſome knowledge of theſe to the countries contiguous to *Italy*. But this commerce was extremely limited, nor was the intercourſe which it occaſioned between different nations conſiderable. The *Cruſades*, by leading multitudes from every corner of *Europe* into *Aſia*, opened a more extenſive communication between the Eaſt and Weſt, which ſubſiſted for two centuries, and though the object of theſe expeditions was conqueſt and not commerce; though the iſſue of them proved as unfortunate, as the motives

for undertaking them were wild and enthusiastic, their commercial effects, were both beneficial and permanent. During the continuance of the Crusades, the greacities in *Italy*, and in other countries of *Europe*, acquired liberty, and together with it such privileges as rendered them respectable and independent communities. Thus, in every state there was formed a new order of citizens, to whom commerce presented itself as their proper object, and opened to them a certain path to wealth and dignity. Soon after the close of the Holy War, the mariner's compass was invented, which, by rendering navigation more secure as well as more adventurous, facilitated the communication between remote nations, and brought them nearer to each other.

The Italian States, during the same period, established a regular commerce with the East in the ports of *Egypt*, and drew from thence all the rich products of the *Indies*. They introduced into their own territories manufactures of various kinds, and carried them on with great ingenuity and vigour. They attempted new arts, and transplanted from warmer climates, to which they had been hitherto deemed peculiar, several natural productions which now furnish the materials of a lucrative and extended commerce. All these commodities, whether imported from *Asia*, or produced by their own skill, they disposed of to great advantage among the other people of *Europe*, who began to acquire some taste of elegance unknown to their ancestors, or despised by them. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the commerce of *Europe* was almost entirely in the hands of the *Italians*, more commonly known in those ages by the name of *Lombards*. Companies or societies of Lombard merchants settled in every different kingdom. They were taken under the immediate protection of the several governments. They enjoyed extensive privileges and immunities. The operation of the ancient barbarous laws concerning strangers, was suspended with respect to them. They became the carriers, the manufacturers, and the bankers of all *Europe*.

While the *Italians*, in the south of *Europe*, cultivated trade with such industry and success, the commercial spirit awakened in the *North* towards the middle of the thirteenth century. As the nations around the *Baltick* were, at that time, extremely barbarous, and infested that sea with their piracies, the cities of *Lubeck* and *Hamburgh*, soon after they began to open some trade with these people, found it necessary to enter into a league of mutual defence. They derived such advantages from this union, that other towns acceded to their confederacy, and, in a short time, eighty of the most considerable cities scattered through

thoſe vaſt countries which ſtretch from the bottom of the *Baltick* to *Cologne* on the *Rhine*, joined in the famous *Hanſeatick league*, which became ſo formidable, that its alliance was courted, and its enmity was dreaded by the greateſt monarchs. The members of this powerful aſſociation formed the firſt ſyſtematick plan of commerce known in the middle ages, and conducted it by common laws enacted in their general aſſemblies. They ſupplied the reſt of *Europe* with naval ſtores, and pitched on different towns, the moſt eminent of which was *Bruges* in *Flanders*, where they eſtabliſhed ſtaples in which their commerce was regularly carried on. Thither the *Lombards* brought the productions of *India*, together with the manufactures of *Italy*, and exchanged them for the more bulky, but not leſs uſeful commodities of the *North*. The Hanſeatick merchants diſpoſed of the cargoes which they received from the *Lombards*, in the ports of the *Baltick*; or carried them up the great rivers into the interior parts of *Germany*.

This regular intercourſe opened between the nations in the *North* and *South* of *Europe*, made them ſenſible of their mutual wants, and created ſuch new and vaſt demands for commodities of every kind, that it excited among the inhabitants of the *Netherlands* a more vigorous ſpirit in carrying on the two great manufactures of wool and flax, which ſeem to have been conſiderable in that country as far back as the age of *Charlemagne*. As *Bruges* became the center of communication between the Lombard and Hanſeatick merchants, the *Flemings* traded with both in that city to ſuch extent as well as advantage, as ſpread among them a general habit of induſtry, which long rendered *Flanders* and the adjacent provinces the moſt opulent, the moſt populous, and beſt cultivated countries in *Europe*.

Struck with the flouriſhing ſtate of theſe provinces, of which he diſcerned the true cauſe, *Edward III.* of *England* endeavoured to excite a ſpirit of induſtry among his own ſubjects, who, blind to the advantages of their ſituation, and ignorant of the ſource from which opulence was deſtined to flow into their country, were ſo little attentive to their commercial intereſts, as hardly to attempt thoſe manufactures, the materials of which they furniſhed to foreigners. By alluring Flemiſh artiſans to ſettle in his dominions, as well as by many wiſe laws for the encouragement and regulation of trade, *Edward* gave a beginning to the woollen manufactures of *England*, and firſt turned the active and enterprizing genius of his people towards thoſe arts which have raiſed the Engliſh to the higheſt rank among commercial nations.

This increaſe of commerce, and of intercourſe between nations, how inconſiderable ſoever it may appear in reſpect of their

rapid and extensive progress during the last and present ages, seems vast, when we compare it with the state of both in *Europe* previous to the twelfth century. It did not fail of producing great effects. Commerce tends to wear off those prejudices which maintain distinction and animosity between nations. It softens and polishes the manners of men. It unites them by one of the strongest of all ties, the desire of supplying their mutual wants. It disposes them to peace, by establishing in every state an order of citizens bound by their interests to be the guardians of publick tranquillity. As soon as the commercial spirit begins to acquire vigour, and to gain an ascendant in any society, we discover a new genius in its policy, its alliances, its wars, and its negociations. Conspicuous proofs of this occur in the history of the Italian States, of the Hanseatick league, and the cities of the *Netherlands* during the period under review. In proportion as commerce made its way into the different countries of *Europe*, they successively turned their attention to those objects, and adopted those manners, which occupy and distinguish polished nations.

GILLIES.

Dr. John Gillies, *Mitglied, so wohl der Königl. Societät der Wissenschaften als der antiquarischen Gesellschaft zu* London, *zeichnete sich zuerst durch eine Uebersetzung der Reden des* Lysias *und* Isocrates (Orations of Lysias and Isocrates, translated from the Greek, London 1778. 4.) *und eine ihr vorgesetzte historische Einleitung über die Geschichte, Sitten und den Character der Griechen vom Schlusse des Peloponnesischen Krieges bis zur Schlacht bey* Chaeronea, *als einen geschmackvollen Schriftsteller und gründlichen Kenner des Alterthums aus. 1786 trat seine Geschichte von Griechenland ans Licht* (History of ancient Greece, its colonies and conquests from the earliest accounts till the division of the Macedonian empire in the east, 2 Vols. 4.) *ein Werk, das in jeder Rücksicht alle vorhergehenden, namentlich* Goldsmith's Grecian history, *weit hinter sich läßt, ob es gleich dem Deutschen Uebersetzer nicht an Gelegenheit zu Berichtigungen gefehlt hat. Man beschuldigt* Gillies, *die 1784 erschienene Griechische Geschichte eines gewissen* William Mitford, *nachherigen Parlamentsgliedes zu stark benutzt zu haben. Das neuste Werk unsers Verfassers,* view of the reign of Frederick II. of Prussia, with a parallel between that prince and Philip II. of Macedon, London 1789. gr. 8. *ist zwar in den militärischen Abschnitten nur ein Auszug aus den historischen Werken*

FRIEDRICHS, *und in den übrigen Artikeln größtentheils nur nähere Erörterung der in den* Mémoires *des Grafen von* HERTZBERG *enthaltenen Data, verdient aber doch als ein Beweis der Achtung, die ein Ausländer für des großen Königs Verdienste hegt, alle Aufmerksamkeit. S. das vierte Heft der Nicolaischen Anekdoten von König* FRIEDRICH II. *Uebrigens muß es als eine literarische Seltenheit bemerket werden, daß* GILLIES *die Deutschen Schriftsteller schätzt, und in der Ursprache lieset.*

HISTORY OF ANCIENT GREECE, VOL. I, CHAP. III.

In the knowledge and practice of war, the *Lacedaemonians* (if we believe *Xenophon*, who had fought with and aginst them) far excelled all *Greeks* and *Barbarians*. Courage, the first quality of a soldier, was enlivened by every motive that can operate most powerfully on the mind, while cowardice was branded as the most odious and destructive of crimes, on the principle that it tended, not like many other vices, merely to the hurt of individuals, but to the servitude and ruin of the community. The *Spartans* preserved the use of the same weapons and defensive armor that had been adopted in the heroic ages; shortening only the length, and thereby improving the form of the sword, which was two-edged, pointed, massy, and fitted either by cutting or thrusting to inflict a dangerous wound. Their troops were divided into regiments, consisting of five hundred and twelve men, subdivided into four companies, and each of these into smaller divisions, commanded by their respective officers; for it was peculiar to the Lacedaemonian armies to contain, comparatively, few men not intrusted with some share of subordinate command. The soldiers were attended by a multitude of artisans and slaves, who furnished them with all necessary supplies, and accompanied by a long train of priests and poets, who flattered their hopes, and animated their valor. A body of cavalry always preceded their march; sensible of the weakness of angles, they encamped in a circular form: the order of their guards and watches was highly judicious; they employed, for their security, out-sentries and vedettes; and regularly, every morning and evening, performed their customary exercises. *Xenophon* has described with what facility they wheeled in all directions; converted the column of march into an order of battle; and, by skilful and rapid evolutions, presented the strength of the line to an unexpected assault. When they found it prudent to attack, the king, who usually rose before dawn, to anticipate, by early prayer and sacrifice, the favor of the gods, communicated his orders to charge in a full line, or in columns, according to the nature of the ground,

and the numbers and diſpoſitions of the enemy. In the day of battle, the *Spartans* aſſumed an unuſual gaiety of aſpect; and diſplayed, in their dreſs and ornaments, more than their wonted ſplendor. Their long hair was arranged with ſimple elegance; their ſcarlet uniforms, and brazen armor, diffuſed a luſtre around them. As they approached the enemy, the king ſacrificed a-new; the muſic ſtruck up, and the ſoldiers advanced with a ſlow and ſteady pace, and with a cheerful but deliberate countenance, to what they were taught to regard as the nobleſt employment of man. Proper officers were appointed to receive the priſoners, to divide the ſpoil, and to decide the conteſted prizes of valor. Both before and after, as well as during the action, every meaſure was conducted with ſuch order and celerity, that a great captain declares, that when he conſidered the diſcipline of the *Spartans*, all other nations appeared but children in the art of war.

But that continual exerciſe in arms, which improved the ſkill and confirmed the valor, muſt gradually have exhauſted the ſtrength of *Sparta*, unleſs the care of population had formed an object of principal concern in the ſyſtem of *Lycurgus*. Marriage was directly enjoined by ſome very ſingular inſtitutions; but ſtill more powerfully encouraged by extirpating its greateſt enemies, luxury and vanity. But *Lycurgus*, not contented with maintaining the populouſneſs of *Sparta*, endeavoured to ſupply the paſt generation with a nobler and more warlike race, and to enlarge and elevate the bodies and minds of men to that full proportion of which their nature is ſuſceptible. The credulous love of wonder has always been eager to aſſert, what the vanity of every age has been unwilling to believe, that the ancient inhabitants of the world poſſeſſed a meaſure of ſize and ſtrength, as well as of courage and virtue, unattainable and unknown amidſt the corruptions and degeneracy of later times. The frequent repetition of the ſame romantic tall renders giants and heroes familiar and inſipid perſonages in the remote hiſtory of almoſt every people: but from the general maſs of fable, a juſt diſcernment will ſeparate the genuine ore of *Homer* and *Lycurgus*. The laws of the latter brought back the heroic manners which the former had deſcribed; and their effects, being not leſs permanent than ſalutary, are, at the diſtance of many centuries, atteſted by eye-witneſſes, whoſe unimpeached veracity declares the *Spartans* ſuperior to other men in the excellencies of mind and body.

Of this extraordinary circumſtance, the evidence of contemporary writers could ſcarcely convince us, if they had barely mentioned the fact, without explaining its cauſe. But in deſcribing the ſyſtem of *Lycurgus*, they have not omitted his important regulations concerning the intercourſe between the ſexes, women,

marriage, and children, whose welfare was, even before their birth, a concern to the republic. The generous and brave, it is ſaid, produce the brave and good; but the phyſical qualities of children ſtill more depend on the conſtitution of their parents. In other countries of *Greece*, the men were liberally formed by war, hunting, and the gymnaſtic exerciſes; but the women were univerſally condemned to drudge in ſedentary and ignoble occupations, which enfeebled the mind and body. Their chief employment was to ſuperintend, more frequently to perform, the meaneſt offices of domeſtic oeconomy, and to prepare, by the labor of their hands, food and raiment for themſelves and families. Their diet was coarſe and ſparing; they abſtained from the uſe of wine; they were deprived of liberal education, and debarred from faſhionable amuſements. Women, thus degraded by ſervility, appeared incapable of giving good ſons to the republic, which *Lycurgus* regarded as the principal duty of the Lacedaemonian females. By the inſtitutions of *Sparta*, therefore, the working of wool, the labors of the loom and needle, and other mean mechanical arts, were generally committed to ſervile hands. The free-born women enjoyed and practiſed thoſe liberal exerciſes and amuſements, which were elſewhere conſidered as the peculiar privilege of men; they aſſiſted at the public ſolemnities, mingled in general converſation, and diſpenſed that applauſe and reproach, which diſpenſed by them, are always moſt effectual. Hence they became not only the companions but the judges of the other ſex; and, except that their natural delicacy was not aſſociated to the honors of war, they enjoyed the benefit without feeling the reſtraint, of the Spartan laws.

The reſtoration of the natural rights of women reſtored moderation and modeſty in the intercourſe between the ſexes. Marriage, though enjoined as a duty, could only be contracted in the full vigor of age; and theſe ſimple inſtitutions had a more ſalutary influence on the phyſical improvement of the *Spartans*, than either the doubtful expedient, which prevailed among them to the lateſt times, of adorning the women's apartments with the fineſt ſtatues of gods and heroes, that, by frequently contemplating theſe graceful images, they might produce fairer offspring; or the unnatural and deteſtable cruelty of expoſing delicate or deformed children, a practice ſtrongly recommended by *Lycurgus*, and ſilently approved, or faintly blamed, by the greateſt philoſophers of antiquity.

Even in a moral view, the character of Spartan mothers muſt have been highly beneficial to their ſons; ſince much of the happineſs of life depends on the firſt impreſſions of our tender years. When boys were emancipated from the juriſdictions of women,

they were not intrusted, as in other parts of *Greece*, to the mercenary tuition of slaves, who might degrade their sentiments, and corrupt their morals. The education of youth, as an office of the highest confidence, was committed to those who had enjoyed, or who were entitled to enjoy, the most splendid dignities of the republic; after the example of ancient times, when *Phoenix* educated *Achilles*, and when it was reasonably required that the master should himself possess the virtues with which he undertook to inspire his disciples. The Spartan youth were taught music and drawing: the former of which comprehended the science not only of sounds, but of number and quantity; they were taught to read and speak their own language with graceful propriety; to compose in prose and in verse; above all, to think, and in whatever they said, even during the flow of unguarded conversation, to accommodate the expression to the sentiment. Their sedentary studies were relieved by the orchestric and gymnastic exercises, the early practice of which might qualify them for the martial labors of the field. For this most important business of their manhood, they were still farther prepared, by being inured, even in their tender years, to a life of hardship and severity. They wore the same garment, summer and winter; they walked barefooted in all seasons; their diet was plain and frugal, and for the most part so sparing, that they lost no opportunity to supply the defect. What they were unable to ravish by force, they acquired by fraud. When their theft (if theft can be practised where separate property is almost unknown) was discovered, they were severely punished; but if their dexterous deceit escaped observation, they were allowed to boast of their success and met with due applause for their activity, vigilance, and caution; which indicated a character well fitted to excel in the useful stratagems of war.

After attaining the ordinary branches of education, youth are frequently left the masters of their own actions. Of all practical errors, *Lycurgus* deemed this the most dangerous. His discernment perceived the value of that most important period of life, which intervenes between childhood and virility; and the whole force of his discipline was applied to its direction and improvement. Instead of being loosened from the usual ties of authority, the *Spartans*, at the age of adolescence, were subjected to a more vigorous restraint; and the most extraordinary expedients were employed to moderate the love of pleasure, to correct the insolence of inexperience, and to control the headstrong impetuosity of other youthful passions. Their bodies were early familiarized to fatigue, hunger, and watching; their minds were early accustomed to difficulty and danger. The laborious

exercise of the chase formed their principal amusement; at stated times, the magistrates took an account of their actions, and carefully examined their appearance. If the seeds of their vicious appetites had not been thoroughly eradicated by a life of habitual toil and temperance, they were subjected to corporal punishment, which it was their custom to endure with patient fortitude. The maxims of honor were instilled by precept, and enforced by example. The public tables, which were frequented by all ages, served as so many schools of wisdom and virtue, where, on ordinary occasions, but more particularly on days of festivity, the old related their ancient exploits, and boasted their past prowess; those in the vigor of life displayed the sentiments which their manly courage inspired; and the young expressed a modest confidence that, by steadfastly adhering to the precepts of *Lycurgus*, they might be enabled in due time to equal, perhaps to surpass, the glory of both.

But the desire of emulating the fame of their illustrious ancestors was not the most ardent principle that animated the minds of the rising generation. They were taught to vie with each other in every agreeable and useful accomplishment. As they were publicly educated in separate classes, according to their respective ages of childhood, adolescence, and puberty, their characters were exactly ascertained and fully known; and the rewards and honors gradually bestowed on them, were apportioned to the various degrees of excellence which they had previously discovered. When they attained the verge of manhood, three youths of superior merit were named by the Ephori, that they might respectively chuse, each an hundred of their companions, who should be entitled to the honorable distinction of serving in the cavalry. The reasons of preference and rejection were openly explained; and the youths who had been set aside, became, from that moment, the rivals and opponents both of the electors and of the elected. At home and abroad, in the assemblies for conversation and exercise, in the gymnastic and musical contests, in their military expeditions, as well as their martial amusements, the two parties displayed the utmost emulation and ardor, the one to regain the equality which they had lost, the other to maintain their ascendant. They seldom rencountered in the streets or walks, without discovering their animosity in mutual reproaches, and sometimes in blows. But these quarrels were not dangerous, either to the safety of the public, or to the persons of individuals, because the combatants were obliged to separate (under the pain of punishment and disgrace) at the peaceful summons of every bystander; and the respected

admonitions of age controlled, on ſuch occaſions, the youthful fermentation of turbulent paſſions.

The reverence of aged wiſdom, which formed the prevailing ſentiment of the heroic times, was reſtored by the legiſlation of *Lycurgus*, and employed as a main pillar of his political edifice. The renovation of limited government, the equal partition of lands, and the abolition of wealth and luxury, had removed the artificial ſources of half the miſeries and diſgrace of human kind. But *Lycurgus* conſidered his ſyſtem as incomplete, until he had levelled not only the artificial, but many of the natural inequalities, in the condition of his fellow-citizens. The fears and infirmities of the old were compenſated by honor and reſpect; the hopes and vigor of the young were balanced by obedience and reſtraint. The difference of years thus occaſioned little diſproportion of enjoyment; the happineſs of every age depended on the practice of virtue; and as all adventitious and accidental diſtinctions were removed, men perceived the importance of perſonal merit, and of its reward, the public eſteem, and eagerly graſped the advantages which glory confers; the only excluſive advantages which the laws of *Lycurgus* permitted them to enjoy. The paternal authority, which maintained the diſcipline, and promoted the grandeur of Rome, was firmly eſtabliſhed at *Sparta*, where every father might exerciſe an unlimited power, over not only his own, but the children of others, who were all alike regarded as the common ſons of the republic. This domeſtic ſuperiority naturally prepared the way for civil pre-eminence; the elective dignities of the ſtate were obtained only by men of experienced wiſdom; and it required ſixty years of laborious virtue to be entitled to a ſeat in the ſenat-houſe, the higheſt ambition of the *Spartan* chiefs. Such regulations, of which it is impoſſible to miſtake the ſpirit, had a direct tendence to produce moderation and firmneſs in the public councils, to control the too impetuous ardor of a warlike people, to allay the ferment of domeſtic faction, and to check the dangerous ambition of foreign conqueſt. The power of the magiſtrate was confounded with the authority of the parent; they mutually aſſiſted and ſtrengthened each other, and their united influence long upheld the unſhaken fabric of the Spartan laws, which the old felt it their intereſt to maintain, and the young deemed it their glory to obey.

GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon, Esq. *ward 1737 in* Hampfhire *gebohren. Sein Vater, ein wohlhabender Gutsbesitzer und Officier unter dem in dieser Grafschaft stehenden Militär, erzog ihn mit der größten Sorgfalt, worüber sich der junge* Gibbon *in der Zueignungsschrift seines* Essai sur l'étude de la Literature *mit liebenswürdiger Dankbarkeit äußert. Nachdem der Sohn einige Zeit unter dem Regiment seines Vaters gedient hatte, trat er 1777 als Deputirter der Stadt* Leskeard *in* Cornwallis *ins Unterhaus, hielt sich dann mehrere Jahre in der* Schweitz *auf, und lebt jetzt in seinem Vaterlande als* homme de lettres *von seinem Vermögen. Der gedachte* Essai, *ein jugendlicher Versuch, enthält unter mehreren entlehnten Gedanken viel eigene und scharfsinnige Bemerkungen, erregte aber nie, weder im Original noch in der Englischen Uebersetzung* (Essay on the study of Literature, London 1764, 8.) *vorzügliche Aufmerksamkeit. Man vermuthet, daß die* Critical observations on the sixth book of the Eneid, *die 1770. 8. herauskamen,* Gibbons *Werk sind. Es wird darin die Hypothese des* Bischofs von Gloucester, *der in diesem Buche die Eleusinischen Geheimnisse suchte, mit Erfolg bestritten und wiederlegt. 1776 erschien der erste, 1781 der zweite und dritte und 1788 die 3 letzten Bände der* History of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, (4.) *ein Werk, wodurch sich* Gibbon *einen unbestrittenen Platz unter den klassischen Geschichtschreibern seiner Nation erworben. Der Umfang seiner Erzählung geht von dem Zeitalter der* Trajane *und* Antonine *bis auf die Eroberung von* Constantinopel. *Die Aufsuchung und Ausführung der Materialien kostete ihm nach seinem eigenen Geständniß 20 der besten Jahre seines Lebens. Sein Fleiß ward jedoch durch ein* Honorar *belohnt, dessen sich schwerlich je ein Deutscher Gelehrter wird rühmen können; er erhielt nehmlich für die 3 letzten Bände* 6000 l. *Man hat ihn einer Partheylichkeit gegen die Christliche Religion beschuldigt, und ihn deshalb gleich nach Erscheinung des ersten Bandes von vielen Seiten her angegriffen und zu wiederlegen gesucht. Er hat sich indessen in seiner* Vindication of some passages in the fifteenth and sixteenth Chapter of the History of the decline &c. 1779. 8. *auf eine Art gerechtfertigt, die seine zahlreichen Gegner größtentheils zum Schweigen gebracht hat. „Sollte* Gibbon *auch als Geschichtschreiber unter* Hume *und* Robertson *stehen, so ist er doch gewiß einer von* Britanniens *ersten Schriftstellern. Denn wie wenige giebt es, welche so viel Gelehrsamkeit mit so vieler Urtheilskraft vereinigen, eine solche Menge philologischer Kenntnisse mit einer solchen Tiefe in den Wissenschaften, welche auf das Glück der Staaten unmittelbaren und wichtigen Einfluß haben. In Absicht des Stils steht er* Hume *und*

ROBERTSON *nach.* TACITUS *ist sein Muster, aber es fehlt ihm wie diesem oft an Klarheit und Leichtigkeit. Ueberhaupt hat sein Stil, der gemeiniglich da, wo er räsonnirt, zu metaphysisch; wo er beschreibt, zu blühend; und wo er erzählt, zu kostbar ist, einen Hang zur Neologie. Der Verfasser wird von seinem Triebe, überall wohlredend zu seyn, oft verleitet, auch da Verzierung anzubringen, wo ohne Zweifel nur Simplicität statt finden sollte. Er wird in dieser Rücksicht oft dem* AMMIAN *ähnlich.*" *Wiggers vermischte Aufsätze.*

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

CHAP. XVIII.

Character of Constantine.

The character of a prince who removed the seat of empire, and introduced such important changes into the civil and religious constitution of his country, has fixed the attention, and divided the opinions, of mankind. By the grateful zeal of the Christians, the deliverer of the church has been decorated with every attribute of a hero, and even of a saint; while the discontent of the vanquished party has compared *Constantine* to the most abhorred of those tyrants, who, by their vice and weakness, dishonoured the imperial purple. The same passions have in some degree been perpetuated to succeeding generations, and the character of *Constantine* is considered, even in the present age, as an object either of satire or of panegyric. By the impartial union of those defects which are confessed by his warmest admirers, and of those virtues which are acknowledged by his most implacable enemies, we might hope to delineate a just portrait of that extraordinary man, which the truth and candour of history should adopt without a blush. But it would soon appear, that the vain attempt to blend such discordant colours, and to reconcile such inconsistent qualities, must produce a figure monstrous rather than human, unless it is viewed in its proper and distinct ligths, by a careful separation of the different periods of the reign of *Constantine*.

The person, as well as the mind of *Constantine*, had been enriched by nature with her choicest endowments. His stature was lofty, his countenance majestic, his deportment graceful; his strength and activity were displayed in every manly exercise, and from his earliest youth, to a very advanced season of life, he preserved the vigour of his constitution by a strict adherence to the domestic virtues of chastity and temperance. He delighted in the social intercourse of familiar conversation; and though he might sometimes indulge his disposition to raillery

with lefs reserve than was required by the fevere dignity of his ftation, the courtefy and liberality of his manners gained the hearts of all who approached him. The fincerity of his friendfhip has been fufpected; yet he fhowed, on fome occafions, that he was not incapable of a warm and lafting attachment. The difadvantage of an illiterate education had not prevented him from forming a juft eftimate of the value of learning; and the arts and fciences derived fome encouragement from the munificent protection of *Conftantine*. In the difpatch of bufinefs, his diligence was indefatigable; and the active powers of his mind were almoft continually exercifed in reading, writing, or meditating, in giving audience to ambaffadors, and in examining the complaints of his fubjects. Even thofe who cenfured the propriety of meafures were compelled to acknowledge, that he poffeffed magnanimity to conceive, and patience to execute, the moft arduous defigns, without being checked either by the prejudices of education, or by the clamours of multitude. In the field, he infufed his own intrepid fpirit into the troops, whom he conducted with the talents of a confummate general; and to his abilities, rather than to his fortune, we may afcribe two fignal victories which he obtained over the foreign and domeftic foes of the republic. He loved glory, as the reward, perhaps as the motive of his labours. The boundlefs ambition, which, from the moment of his accepting the purple at *York*, appears as the ruling paffion of his foul, may be juftified by the dangers of his own fituation, by the character of his rivals, by the confcioufnefs of fuperior merit, and by the profpect that his fuccefs would enable him to reftore peace and order to the diftracted empire. In his civil wars againft *Maxentius* and *Licinius*, he had engaged on his fide the inclinations of the people, who compared the undiffembled vices of thofe tyrants, with the fpirit of wifdom and juftice which feemed to direct the general tenor of the adminiftration of *Conftantine*.

Had *Conftantine* fallen on the banks of the *Tyber*, or even in the plains of *Hadrianople*, fuch is the character which, with a few exceptions, he might have transmitted to pofterity. But the conclufion of his reign (according to the moderate and indeed tender fentence of a writer of the fame age) degraded him from the rank which he had acquired among the moft deferving of the Roman princes. In the life of *Auguftus*, we behold the tyrant of the republic, converted, almoft by imperceptible degrees, into the father of his country and of human kind. In that of *Conftantine*, we may contemplate a hero, who had fo long infpired his fubjects with love, and his enemies with terror, degenerating into a cruel and diffolute monarch, corrupted by his

fortune, or raiſed by conqueſt above the neceſſity of diſſimulation. The general peace which he maintained during the laſt fourteen years of his reign, was a period of apparent ſplendor rather than of real proſperity; and the old age of *Conſtantine* was diſgraced by the oppoſite yet reconcileable vices of rapacioufneſs and prodigality. The accumulated treaſures found in the palaces of *Maxentius* and *Licinius*, were laviſhly conſumed; the various innovations introduced by the conqueror, were attended with an encreaſing expence; the coſt of his buildings, his court, and his feſtivals, required an immediate and plentiful ſupply; and the oppreſſion of the people was the only fund which could ſupport the magnificence of the ſovereign. His unworthy favourites, enriched by the boundleſs liberality of their maſter, uſurped with impunity the privilege of rapine and corruption. A ſecret but univerſal decay was felt in every part of the public adminiſtration, and the emperor himſelf, though he ſtill retained the obedience, gradually loſt the eſteem, of his ſubjects. The dreſs and manners, which, towards the decline of life, he choſe to affect, ſerved only to degrade him in the eyes of mankind. The Aſiatic pomp, which had been adopted by the pride of *Diocletian*, aſſumed an air of ſoftneſs and effeminacy in the perſon of *Conſtantine*. He is repreſented with falſe hair of various colours, laboriously arranged by the ſkilful artiſts of the times; a diadem of a new and more expenſive faſhion; a profuſion of gems and pearls, of collars and bracelets, and a variegated flowing robe of ſilk, moſt curiously embroidered with flowers of gold. In ſuch apparel, ſcarcely to be excuſed by the youth and folly of *Elagabalus*, we are at a loſs to diſcover the wiſdom of an aged monarch, and the ſimplicity of a Roman veteran. A mind thus relaxed by prosperity and indulgence, was incapable of riſing to that magnanimity which diſdains ſuſpicion, and dares to forgive. The deaths of *Maximian* and *Licinius* may perhaps be juſtified by the maxims of policy, as they are taught in the ſchools of tyrants; but an impartial narrative of the executions, or rather murders, which ſullied the declining age of *Conſtantine*, will ſuggeſt to our moſt candid thoughts, the idea of a prince, who could ſacrifice without reluctance the laws of juſtice, and the feelings of nature, to the dictates either of his paſſions or of his intereſt.

CHAP. XXII.

Character of Julian.

Philoſophy had inſtructed *Julian* to compare the advantages of action and retirement; but the elevation of his birth, and the accidents of his life, never allowed him the freedom of choice.

He might perhaps fincerely have preferred the groves of the academy, and the fociety of *Athens*; but he was conftrained, at firft by the will, and afterwards by the injuftice of *Conftantius*, to expofe his perfon and fame to the dangers of imperial greatnefs; and to make himfelf accountable to the world, and to pofterity, for the happinefs of millions. *Julian* recollected with terror the obfervation of his mafter *Plato*, that the government of our flocks and herds is always committed to beings of a fuperior fpecies; and that the conduct of nations requires and deferves the celeftial powers of the Gods or of the Genii. From this principle he juftly concluded, that the man who prefumes to reign, fhould afpire to the perfection of the divine nature; that he fhould purify his foul from her mortal and terreftrial part; that he fhould extinguifh his appetites, enlighten his underftanding, regulate his paffions, and fubdue the wild beaft, which according to the lively metaphor of *Ariftotle*, feldom fails to afcend the throne of a defpot. The throne of *Julian*, which the death of *Conftantius* fixed on an independent bafis, was the feat of reafon, of virtue, and perhaps of vanity. He defpifed the honours, renounced the pleafures, and difcharged with inceffant diligence the duties, of his exalted ftation, and there were few among his fubjects who would have confented to relieve him from the weight of the diadem, had they been obliged to fubmit their time and their actions to the rigorous laws which their philofophic emperor impofed on himfelf. One of his moft intimate friends, who had often fhared the frugal fimplicity of his table, has remarked, that his light and fparing diet (which was ufually of the vegetable kind) left his mind and body always free and active, for the various and important bufinefs of an author, a pontiff, a magiftrate, a general, and a prince. In one and the fame day, he gave audience to feveral ambaffadors, and wrote, or dictated, a great number of letters to his generals, his civil magiftrates, his private friends, and the different cities of his dominions. He liftened to the memorials which had been received, confidered the fubject of the petitions, and fignified his intentions more rapidly than they could be taken in fhort-hand by the diligence of his fecretaries. He poffeffed fuch flexibility of thought, and fuch firmnefs of attention, that he could employ his hand to write, his ear to liften, and his voice to dictate; and purfue at once three feveral trains of ideas without hefitation and without error. While his minifters repofed, the prince flew with agility from one labour to another, and, after a hafty dinner, retired into his library, till the public bufinefs, which he had appointed for the evening, fummoned him to interrupt the profecution of his ftudies. The fupper of the emperor was ftill lefs fubftantial

than the former meal; his ſleep was never clouded by the fumes of indigeſtion; and except in the ſhort interval of marriage, which was the effect of policy rather than love, the chaſte *Julian* never ſhared his bed with a female companion. He was ſoon awakened by the entrance of freſh ſecretaries, who had ſlept the preceding day; and his ſervants were obliged to wait alternately, while their indefatigable maſter allowed himſelf ſcarcely any other refreſhment than the change of occupations. The predeceſſors of *Julian*, his uncle, his brother, and his couſin, indulged their puerile taſte for the games of the circus, under the ſpecious pretence of complying with the inclinations of the people; and they frequently remained the greateſt part of the day, as idle ſpectators, and as a part of the ſplendid ſpectacle, till the ordinary round of twenty-four races was completely finiſhed. On ſolemn feſtivals, *Julian*, who felt and profeſſed an unfaſhionable dislike to theſe frivolous amuſements, condeſcended to appear in the circus; and after beſtowing a careleſs glance on five or ſix of the races, he haſtily withdrew, with the impatience of a philoſopher, who conſidered every moment as loſt, that was not devoted to the advantage of the public, or the improvement of his own mind. By this avarice of time, he ſeemed to protract the ſhort duration of his reign; and if the dates were leſs ſecurely aſcertained, we ſhould refuſe to believe, that only ſixteen months elapſed between the death of *Conſtantius* and the departure of his ſucceſſor for the *Perſian* war. The actions of *Julian* can only be preſerved by the care of the hiſtorian; but the portion of his voluminous writings, which is ſtill extant, remains as a monument of the application, as well as of the genius of the emperor. The *Miſopogon*, the *Caeſars*, ſeveral of his *orations*, and his elaborate work againſt the *Chriſtian* religion, were compoſed in the long nights of the two winters, the former of which he paſſed at *Conſtantinople*, and the latter at *Antioch*. —

Julian was not inſenſible of the advantages of freedom. From his ſtudies he had imbibed the ſpirit of ancient ſages and heroes: his life and fortunes had depended on the caprice of a tyrant; and when he aſcended the throne, his pride was ſometimes mortified by the reflection, that the ſlaves who would not dare to cenſure his defects, were not worthy to applaud his virtues. He ſincerely abhorred the ſyſtem of Oriental deſpotiſm, which *Diocletian*, *Conſtantine*, and the patient habits of fourſcore years, had eſtabliſhed in the empire. A motive of ſuperſtition prevented the execution of the deſign which *Julian* had frequently meditated, of relieving his head from the weight of a coſtly diadem: but he abſolutely refuſed the title of *Dominus or Lord*, a word which was grown ſo familiar to the ears of the *Romans*, that

that they no longer remembered its servile and humiliating origin. The office, or rather the name, of consul, was cherished by a prince who contemplated with reverence the ruins of the republic; and the same behaviour which had been assumed by the prudence of *Augustus*, was adopted by *Julian* from choice and inclination. On the calends of January, at break of day, the new consuls, *Mamertinus* and *Nevitta*, hastened to the palace to salute the emperor. As soon as he was informed of their approach, he leaped from his throne, eagerly advanced to meet them, and compelled the blushing magistrates to receive the demonstrations of his affected humility. From the palace they proceeded to the senate. The emperor, on foot, marched before their litters; and the gazing multitude admired the image of ancient times, or secretly blamed a conduct, which, in their eyes, degraded the majesty of the purple. But the behaviour of *Julian* was uniformly supported. During the games of the Circus, he had, imprudently or designedly, performed the manumission of a slave in the presence of the consul. The moment he was reminded that he had trespassed on the jurisdiction of *another* magistrate, he condemned himself to pay a fine of ten pounds of gold; and embraced this public occasion of declaring to the world, that he was subject, like the rest of his fellow-citizens, to the laws, and even to the forms, of the republic. The spirit of his administration, and his regard for the place of his nativity, induced *Julian* to confer on the senate of *Constantinople*, the same honours, privileges, and authority, which were still enjoyed by the senate of ancient *Rome*. A legal fiction was introduced, and gradually established, that one half of the national council had migrated into the East: and the despotic successors of *Julian*, accepting the title of Senators, acknowledged themselves the members of a respectable body, which was permitted to represent the majesty of the Roman name. From *Constantinople*, the attention of the monarch was extended to the municipal senates of the provinces. He abolished, by repeated edicts, the unjust and pernicious exemptions, which had withdrawn so many idle citizens from the service of their country; and by imposing an equal distribution of public duties, he restored the strength, the splendour, or, according to the glowing expression of *Libanius*, the soul of the expiring cities of his empire. The venerable age of *Greece* excited the most tender compassion in the mind of *Julian*; which kindled into rapture when he recollected the gods, the heroes, and the men, superior to heroes and to gods; who had bequeathed to the latest posterity the monuments of their genius, or the example of their virtues. He relieved the distress, and restored the beauty, of the cities of *Epirus* and *Peloponnesus*.

Athens acknowledged him for her benefactor; *Argos*, for her deliverer. The pride of *Corinth*, again riſing from her ruins with the honours of a Roman colony, exacted a tribute from the adjacent republics, for the purpoſe of defraying the games of the *Iſthmus*, which were celebrated in the amphitheatre with the hunting of bears and panthers. From this tribute the cities of *Elis*, of *Delphi*, and of *Argos*, which had inherited from their remote anceſtors the ſacred office of perpetuating the *Olympic*, the *Pythian*, and the *Nemean* games, claimed a juſt exemption. The immunity of *Elis* and *Delphi* was reſpected by the *Corinthians*; but the poverty of *Argos* tempted the inſolence of oppreſſion; and the feeble complaints of its deputies were ſilenced by the decree of a provincial magiſtrate, who ſeems to have conſulted only the intereſt of the capital, in which he reſided. Seven years after this ſentence, *Julian* allowed the cauſe to be referred to a ſuperior tribunal; and his eloquence was interpoſed, moſt probably with ſucceſs, in the defence of a city, which had been the royal ſeat of *Agamemnon*, and had given to *Macedonia* a race of kings and conquerors.

The laborious adminiſtration of military and civil affairs, which were multiplied in proportion to the extent of the empire, exerciſed the abilities of *Julian*; but he frequently aſſumed the two characters of *Orator* and of *Judge*, which are almoſt unknown to the modern ſovereigns of *Europe*. The arts of perſuaſion, ſo diligently cultivated by the firſt *Caeſars*, were neglected by the military ignorance and Aſiatic pride of their ſucceſſors; and if they condeſcended to harangue the ſoldiers, whom they feared, they treated with ſilent diſdain the ſenators, whom they deſpiſed. The aſſemblies of the ſenate, which *Conſtantius* had avoided, were conſidered by *Julian* as the place where he could exhibit, with the moſt propriety, the maxims of a republican, and the talents of a rhetorician. He alternately practiſed, as in a ſchool of declamation, the ſeveral modes of praiſe, of cenſure, of exhortation; and his friend *Libanius* has remarked, that the ſtudy of *Homer* taught him to imitate the ſimple, conciſe ſtyle of *Menelaus*, the copiouſneſs of *Neſtor*, whoſe words deſcended like the flakes of a winter's ſnow, or the pathetic and forcible eloquence of *Ulyſſes*. The functions of a judge, which are ſometimes incompatible with thoſe of a prince, were exerciſed by *Julian* not only as a duty, but as an amuſement; and although he might have truſted the integrity and diſcernment of his Praetorian prefects, he often placed himſelf by their ſide on the ſeat of judgment. The acute penetration of his mind was agreeably occupied in detecting and defeating the chicanery of the advocates, who laboured to diſguiſe the truth of facts, and to pervert

the fenle of the laws. He fometimes forgot the gravity of his ftation, afked indifcreet or unfeafonable queftions, and betrayed, by the loudnefs of his voice, and the agitation of his body, the earneft vehemence with which he maintained his opinion againft the judges, the advocates, and their clients. But his knowledge of his own temper prompted him to encourage, and even to folicit, the reproof of his friends and minifters; and whenever they ventured to oppofe the irregular fallies of his paffions, the fpectators could obferve the fhame, as well as the gratitude, of their monarch. The decrees of *Julian* were almoft always founded on the principles of juftice; and he had the firmnefs to refift the two moft dangerous temptations, which affault the tribunal of a fovereign, under the fpecious forms of compaffion and equity. He decided the merits of the caufe without weighing the circumftances of the parties; and the poor, whom he wished to relieve, were condemned to fatisfy the juft demands of a noble and wealthy adverfary. He carefully diftinguifhed the judge from the legislator; and though he meditated a neceffary reformation of the Roman jurisprudence, he pronounced fentence according to the ftrict and literal interpretation of thofe laws, which the magiftrates were bound to execute, and the fubjects to obey.

The generality of princes, if they were ftripped of their purple, and caft naked into the world, would immediately fink to the loweft rank of fociety, without a hope of emerging from their obfcurity. But the perfonal merit of *Julian* was, in fome meafure, independent of his fortune. Whatever had been his choice of life; by the force of intrepid courage, lively wit, and intenfe application, he would have obtained, or at leaft he would have deferved, the higheft honours of his profeffion; and *Julian* might have raifed himfelf to the rank of minifter, or general, of the ftate in which he was born a private citizen. If the jealous caprice of power had difappointed his expectations; if he had prudently declined the paths of greatnefs, the employment of the fame talents in ftudious folitude, would have placed, beyond the reach of kings, his prefent happinefs and his immortal fame. When we infpect, with minute, or perhaps malevolent attention, the portrait of *Julian*, fomething feems wanting to the grace and perfection of the whole figure. His genius was lefs powerful and fublime than that of *Caefar*; nor did he poffefs the confummate prudence of *Auguftus*. The virtues of *Trajan* appear more fteady and natural, and the philofophy of *Marcus* is more fimple and confiftent. Yet *Julian* fuftained adverfity with firmnefs, and profperity with moderation. After an interval of one hundred and twenty years from the

death of *Alexander Severus*, the *Romans* beheld an emperor who made no diſtinction between his duties and his pleaſures; who laboured to relieve the diſtreſs, and to revive the ſpirit, of his ſubjects; and who endeavoured always to connect authority with merit, and happineſs with virtue. Even faction, and religious faction, was conſtrained to acknowledge the ſuperiority of his genius, in peace as well as in war; and to confeſs, with a ſigh, that the apoſtate *Julian* was a lover of his country, and that he deſerved the empire of the world.

MIDDLETON.

Dr. Conyers Middleton *wurde 1683 zu* Richmond *in* Yorkſhire *gebohren, und von ſeinem begüterten Vater mit vieler Sorgfalt erzogen. Im 17ten Jahre ſeines Alters ging er nach* Cambridge, *wo er 1707 Magiſter, und 1717 Doctor der Theologie und erſter Univerſitätsbibliothekar ward. 1724 reiſete er, theils um ſeine Geſundheit zu ſtärken, theils um ſeinen Hang nach antiquariſchen Kenntniſſen zu befriedigen, nach* Italien, *kehrte aber ſchon 1725 nach* England *zurück, weil der große Aufwand, den er zur Ehre ſeiner Nation in* Rom *machen zu müſſen glaubte, ſeine Vermögensumſtände zerrüttet hatten. Sein Leben war eine Kette literariſcher Fehden, und nicht leicht hat ein Gelehrter mehr Pamphlets geſchrieben und veranlaßt, als er. Er ſtarb 1752 zu* Cambridge *an einem ſchleichenden Fieber. Sein Hauptwerk,* the hiſtory of the life of M. T. Cicero, *erſchien zuerſt,* London, 1741. 2 Vols. 4. *Ohnſtreitig nimmt* Middleton *eine der erſten Stellen unter den Biographen ein, ob man ihn gleich nicht ohne Grund beſchuldigt, daß er in der Ueberſetzung der* Ciceronian*ſchen Briefe unglücklich geweſen, auch ſeinem Stil nicht Correctheit und Präciſion zu geben gewußt. Die vorzüglichſten ſeiner übrigen größtentheils theologiſchen und antiquariſchen Schriften enthält folgende Sammlung:* Miſcellaneous works of the late reverend and learned Conyers Middleton, D. D. principal Librarian of the Univerſity of Cambridge, London 4 Vols. 4. *Nachſtehende zwey verdienen darunter beſonders ausgezeichnet zu werden:* A letter from Rome, ſhewing an exact conformity between popery and paganiſm, or the religion of the preſent Romans derived from that of their heathen anceſtors, *zuerſt* London, 1729. 4. Geometry no friend to infidelity, or a defence of Sir Isaac Newton and the Britiſh Mathematicians, by Philalethes Cantabrigiensis, *zuerſt* London, 1734. 8. *Dem Forſcher*

der Alterthümer ſind wichtig: Antiquitates Middletonianae, ſive germana quaedam antiquitatis eruditae monumenta, quibus Romanorum veterum ritus varii, tam ſacri quam profani illuſtrantur, London 1754. 4. *Seine Streitigkeiten mit dem Dr.* Bentley, *der ihn wegen ſeiner Liebe zur Muſik den* Fiedler *nannte*, *verlaßten folgende Broſchüre*: Remarks paragraph by paragraph upon the propoſal lately publiſ'd by Richard Bentley, for a new edition of the greek Teſtament and latin verſion, London 1721, 4. *wodurch ſein gelehrter Gegner zum Bedauren aller Liebhaber ächter Bibelkritik veranlaßt ward*, *ſein Vorhaben*, *eine kritiſche Ausgabe des neuen Teſtaments zu liefern*, *aufzugeben*.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF M. T. CICERO. SECT. XII.

The ſtory of *Cicero's* death continued freſh on the minds of the *Romans* for many ages after it; and was delivered down to poſterity with all its circumſtances, as one of the moſt affecting and memorable events of their hiſtory: ſo that the ſpot, on which it happened, ſeems to have been viſited by travellers with a kind of religious reverence. The odium of it fell chiefly on *Antony*; yet it left a ſtain of perfidy and ingratitude alſo on *Auguſtus*; which explains the reaſon of that ſilence, which is obſerved about him, by the writers of that age; and why his name is not ſo much as mentioned either by *Horace* or *Virgil*. For though his character would have furniſhed a glorious ſubject for many noble lines, yet it was no ſubject for court-poets; ſince the very mention of him muſt have been a ſatire on the Prince; eſpecially while *Antony* lived; among the Sycophants of whoſe court it was faſhionable to inſult his memory by all the methods of calumny that wit and malice could invent: nay *Virgil*, on an occaſion, that could hardly fail of bringing him to his mind, inſtead of doing juſtice to his merit, choſe to do an injuſtice rather to *Rome* itſelf, by yielding the ſuperiority of eloquence to the Greeks, which they themſelves had been forced to yield to *Cicero*.

Livy, however, whoſe candor made *Auguſtus* call him a *Pompeian*, while out of complaiſance to the times he ſeems to extenuate the crime of *Cicero's* murder, yet after a high encomium of his virtues, declares, that to praiſe him as he deſerved, required the eloquence of *Cicero* himſelf. *Auguſtus* too, as *Plutarch* tells us, happening one day to catch his grandſon reading one of *Cicero's* books, which, for fear of the Emperor's diſpleaſure, the boy endeavoured to hide under his gown, took the book into his hands, and turning over a great part of it, gave it back again, and ſaid, this was a learned man my child, and a lover of his country.

In the fucceeding generation, as the particular envy to *Cicero* fubfided, by the death of thofe whom private interefts and perfonal quarrels had engaged to hate him when living, and defame him when dead, fo his name and memory began to fhine out in its proper luftre: and in the reign even of *Tiberius*, when an eminent Senator and Hiftorian, *Cremutius Cordus*, was condemned to die for praifing *Brutus*, yet *Paterculus* could not forbear breaking out into the following warm expoftulation with *Antony*, on the fubject of *Cicero's* death: „Thou haft done no„thing *Antony;* haft done nothing, I fay, by fetting a price on „that divine and illuftrious head, and by a deteftable reward, „procuring the death of fo great a Conful and preferver of the „republic. Thou haft fnatched from *Cicero* a troublefome being; „a declining age: a life more miferable under thy dominion, than „death itfelf; but fo far from diminifhing the glory of his deeds „and fayings, thou haft increafed it. He lives and will live in the „memory of all ages; and as long as this fyftem of nature, „whether by chance or providence, or what way foever formed, „which he alone, of all the *Romans*, comprehended in his mind, „and illuftrated by his eloquence, fhall remain entire, it will „draw the praifes of *Cicero* along with it; and all pofterity will „admire his writings againft thee, curfe thy act againft him."—

From this period, all the Roman writers, whether poets or hiftorians, feem to vie with each other in celebrating the praifes of *Cicero*, as the moft illuftrious of all their Patriots, and the parent of the Roman wit and eloquence; who had done more honor to his country by his writings than all their Conquerors by their arms, and extended the bounds of his learning beyond thofe of their empire. So that their very emperors, near three centuries after his death, began to reverence him in the clafs of their inferior deities: a rank, which he would have preferved to this day, if he had happened to live in Papal Rome, where he could not have failed, as *Erafmus* fays, from the innocence of his life, of obtaining the honor and title of a faint.

As to his perfon, he was tall and flender with a neck particularly long; yet his features were regular and manly; preferving a comlinefs and dignity to the laft, with a certain air of chearfulnefs and ferenity, that imprinted both affection and refpect. His conftitution was naturally weak, yet was fo confirmed by his management of it, as to enable him to fupport all the fatigues of the moft active, as well as the moft ftudious life, with perpetual health and vigor. The care that he employed upon his body, confifted chiefly in bathing and rubbing, with a few turns every day in his gardens for the refrefhment of his voice from the labor of the bar: yet in the fummer, he generally

gave himſelf the exerciſe of a journey, to viſit his ſeveral eſtates and villas in different parts of *Italy*. But his principal inſtrument of health, was diet and temperance: by theſe he preſerved himſelf from all violent diſtempers; and when he happened to be attacked by any ſlight indiſpoſition, uſed to enforce the ſeverity of his abſtinence, and ſtarve it preſently by faſting.

In his clothes and dreſs, which the wiſe have uſually conſidered as an index of the mind, he obſerved, what he preſcribes in his book of offices, a modeſty and decency, adapted to his rank and character: a perpetual cleanlineſs, without the appearance of pains; free from the affectation of ſingularity; and avoiding the extremes of a ruſtic negligence and foppiſh delicacy, both of which are equally contrary to true dignity; the one implying an ignorance, or illiberal comtempt of it; the other a childiſh pride and oſtentation of proclaiming our pretenſions to it.

In his domeſtic and ſocial life, his behaviour was very amiable: he was a moſt indulgent parent, a ſincere and zealous friend, a kind and generous maſter. His letters are full of the tendereſt expreſſions of his love for his children; in whoſe endearing converſation, as he often tells us, he uſed to drop all his cares, and relieve himſelf from all his ſtruggles in the ſenate and the forum. The ſame affection, in an inferior degree, was extended alſo to his ſlaves: when by their fidelity and ſervices they had recommended themſelves to favor. We have ſeen a remarkable inſtance of it in *Tiro;* whoſe caſe was no otherwiſe different from the reſt, than as it was diſtinguiſhed by the ſuperiority of his merit. In one of his letters to *Atticus*, I have nothing more, ſays he, to write: and my mind indeed is ſomething ruffled at preſent, for *Socitheus* my reader, is dead, a hopeful youth: which has afflicted me more than one would imagine the death of a ſlave ought to do,

He entertained very high notions of friendſhip; and of its excellent uſe and benefit to human life; which he has beautifully illuſtrated in his entertaining treatiſe on that ſubject; where he lays down no other rules, than what he exemplified by his practice. For in all the variety of friendſhips, in which his eminent rank engaged him, he was never charged with deceiving, deſerting, or even ſlighting any one, whom he had once called his friend, or eſteemed an honeſt man. It was his delight to advance their proſperity, to relieve their adverſity; the ſame friend in both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was the moſt wanted, and his ſervices the moſt diſintereſted; looking upon it not as a friendſhip,

but a ſordid traffic and merchandize of benefits, where good offices are to be weighed by a nice eſtimate of gain and loſs. He calls gratitude the mother of virtue; reckons it the moſt capital of all duties; and uſes the words, grateful and good, as terms ſynonimous, and inſeparably united in the ſame character. His writings abound with ſentiments of this ſort, as his life did with examples of them; ſo that one of his friends, in apologizing for the importunity of a requeſt, obſerves to him with great truth, that the tenor of his life would be a ſufficient excuſe for it; ſince he had eſtabliſhed ſuch a cuſtom, of doing every thing for his friends, that they no longer requeſted, but claimed a right to command him.

Yet he was not more generous to his friends, than placable to his enemies; readily pardoning the greateſt injuries, upon the ſlighteſt ſubmiſſion; and though no man ever had greater abilities or opportunities of revenging himſelf, yet when it was in his power to hurt, he ſought out reaſons to forgive; and whenever he was invited to it, never declined a reconciliation with his moſt inveterate enemies; of which there are numerous inſtances in his hiſtory. He declared nothing to be more laudable and worthy of a great man, than placability; and laid it down for a natural duty, to moderate our revenge, and obſerve a temper in puniſhing; and held repentance to be a ſufficient ground for remitting it: and it was one of his ſayings, delivered to a public aſſembly, that his enmities were mortal, his friendſhips immortal.

His manner of living was agreeable to the dignity of his character; ſplendid and noble: his houſe was open to all the learned ſtrangers and philoſophers of *Greece* and *Aſia*; ſeveral of whom were conſtantly entertained in it, as part of his family, and ſpent their whole lives with him. His levee was perpetually crowded with multitudes of all ranks; even *Pompey* himſelf not diſdaining to frequent it. The greateſt part came, not only to pay their compliments, but to attend him on days of buſineſs to the Senate or the Forum; where upon any debate or tranſaction of moment, they conſtantly waited to conduct him home again: but on ordinary days, when theſe morning-viſits were over, as they uſually were before ten, he retired to his books, and ſhut himſelf up in his library, without ſeeking any other diverſion, but what his children afforded to the ſhort intervals of his leiſure. His ſupper was his greateſt meal; and the uſual ſeaſon with all the great, of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night: yet he was out of his bed every morning before it was light: and never uſed to ſleep again at noon, as all others

generally did, and as it is commonly practiſed in *Rome* to this day.

But though he was ſo temperate and ſtudious, yet when he was engaged to ſup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid aſide his rules, and forgot the invalid, and was gay and ſprightly, and the very ſoul of the company. When friends were met together, to heighten the comforts of ſocial life, he thought it inhoſpitable, not to contribute his ſhare to their common mirth, or to damp it by a churliſh reſervedneſs. But he was really a lover of chearful entertainments; being of a nature remarkably facetious, and ſingularly turned to raillery: a talent, which was of great ſervice to him at the bar, to correct the petulance of an adverſary; relieve the ſatiety of a tedious cauſe; divert the minds of the judges; and mitigate the rigor of a ſentence, by making both the bench and audience merry at the expenſe of the accuſer.

This uſe of it was always thought fair, and greatly applauded in public trials; but in private converſations, he was charged ſometimes with puſhing his raillery too far; and, through a conſciouſneſs of his ſuperior wit, exerting it often intemperately, without reflecting what cruel wounds his laſhes inflicted. Yet of all his ſarcaſtical jokes, which are tranſmitted to us by antiquity, we ſhall not obſerve any, but what were pointed againſt characters, either ridiculous or profligate; ſuch as he deſpiſed for their follies, or hated for their vices; and though he might provoke the ſpleen, and quicken the malice of enemies, more than was conſiſtent with a regard to his own eaſe, yet he never appears to have hurt or loſt a friend, or any one whom he valued, by the levity of jeſting.

Is is certain, that the fame of his wit was as celebrated as that of his eloquence; and that ſeveral ſpurious collections of his ſayings were handed about in *Rome* in his life-time; till his friend *Trebonius*, after he had been Conſul, thought it worth while to publiſh an authentic edition of them, in a volume which he addreſſed to *Cicero* himſelf. *Caeſar* likewiſe, in the height of his power, having taken a fancy to collect the Apophthegms or memorable ſayings of eminent men, gave ſtrict orders to all his friends, who uſed to frequent *Cicero*, to bring him every thing of that ſort, which happened to drop from him in their company. But *Tiro*, *Cicero's* freedman, who ſerved him chiefly in his ſtudies and literary affairs, publiſhed after his death, the moſt perfect collection of his ſayings in three books: where *Quintilian*, however, wiſhes, that he had been more ſparing in the number, and judicious in the choice of them. None of theſe books are now remaining, nor any

other ſpecimen of the jeſts, but what are incidentally ſcattered in different parts of his own and other people's writings; which, as the ſame judicious critic obſerves, through the change of taſte in different ages, and the want of that action or geſture, which gave the chief ſpirit to many of them, could never be explained to advantage, though ſeveral had attempted it. How much more cold then, and inſipid muſt they needs appear to us, who are unacquainted with the particular character and ſtories, to which they relate, as well as the peculiar faſhions, humor and taſte of wit in that age? Yet even in theſe, as *Quintilian* alſo tells us, as well as in his other compoſitions, people would ſooner find what they might reject, than what they could add to them.

He had a great number of fine houſes, in different parts of *Italy*; ſome writers reckon up eighteen; which, excepting the family-ſeat at *Arpinum*, ſeem to have been all purchaſed, or built by himſelf. They were ſituated generally near to the ſea, and placed at proper diſtances along the lower coaſt, between *Rome* and *Pompeii*, which was about four leagues beyond *Naples*; and for the elegance of ſtructure, and the delights of their ſituation, are called by him the eyes, or the beauties of *Italy*. Thoſe in which he took the moſt pleaſure, and uſually ſpent ſome part of every year, were his *Tuſculum*, *Antium*, *Aſtura*, *Arpinum*; his *Formian*, *Cuman*, *Puteolan* and *Pompeian Villas*; all of them large enough for the reception, not only of his own family, but of his friends and numerous gueſts; many of whom of the firſt quality uſed to paſs ſeveral days with him in their excurſions from *Rome*. But beſides theſe, that may properly be reckoned ſeats, with large plantations and gardens around them, he had ſeveral little *Inns*, as he calls them, or baiting places on the road, built for his accommodation in paſſing from one houſe to another.

His *Tuſculan* houſe had been *Sylla's*, the dictator's; and in one of its apartments had a painting of his memorable victory near *Nola*, in the *Marſic* war, in which *Cicero* had ſerved under him as a volunteer: it was about four leagues from *Rome*, on the top of a beautiful hill, covered with the villas of the nobility, and affording an agreeable proſpect of the city, and the country around it; with plenty of water flowing through his grounds in a large ſtream or canal, for which he paid a rent to the corporation of *Tuſculum*. Its neighbourhood to *Rome* gave him the opportunity of a retreat at any hour, from the fatigues of the bar, or the ſenate, to breathe a little freſh air, and divert himſelf with his friends or family; ſo that this was the place in which he took the moſt delight, and ſpent the greateſt ſhare of his leiſure; and for that reaſon improved and adorned it beyond all his other houſes.

When a greater satiety of the city, or a longer vacation in the forum disposed him to seek a calmer scene, and more undisturbed retirement, he used to remove to *Antium* or *Astura*. At *Antium* he placed his best collection of books, and as it was not above thirty miles from *Rome*, he could have daily intelligence there of every thing that passed in the city. *Astura* was a little island, at the mouth of a river of the same name, about two leagues farther towards the south, between the promontories of *Antium* and *Circaeum*, and in the view of them both; a place peculiarly adapted to the purposes of solitude, and a severe retreat; covered with a thick wood, cut out into shady walks, in which he used to spend the gloomy and splenetic moments of his life.

In the height of summer, the mansion-house at *Arpinum*, and the little island adjoining, by the advantage of its groves and cascades, afforded the best defence against the inconvenience of the heats: where in the greatest, that he had ever remembered, we find him refreshing himself, as he writes to his brother, with the utmost pleasure, in the cool stream of his *Fibronus*.

His other villas were situated in the more public parts of *Italy*, where all the best company of *Rome* had their houses of pleasure. He had two at *Formiae*, a lower and upper villa, the one near to the port of *Cajeta*, the other upon the mountains adjoining: he had a third on the shore of *Bajae*, between the lake *Avernus* and *Puteoli*, which he calls his *Puteolan;* a fourth on the hills of old *Cumae*, called his Cuman villa; and a fifth at *Pompeii*, four leagues beyond *Naples*, in a country famed for the purity of its air, fertility of its soil, and delicacy of its fruits. His Puteolan house was built after the plan of the academy of *Athens*, and called by that name; being adorned with a portico and a grove, for the same use of philosophical conferences.

His moral character was never blemished by the stain of any habitual vice, but was a shining pattern of virtue to an age, of all others the most licentious and profligate. His mind was superior to all the sordid passions which engross little souls; avarice, envy, malice, lust. If we sift his familiar letters, we cannot discover in them the least hint of any thing base, immodest, spiteful, or perfidious; but an uniform principle of benevolence, justice, love of his friends and country, flowing through the whole, and inspiring all his thoughts and actions. Though no man ever felt the effects of other people's envy more severely than he, yet no man was ever more free from it: this is allowed to him by all the old writers, and is evident indeed from his works; where we find him perpetually praising and recommending whatever was laudable, even in a rival or an adversary; celebrating merit wherever it was found; whether in the ancients or his

contemporaries; whether in *Greeks* or *Romans*; and verifying a maxim which he had declared in a ſpeech to the ſenate, that no man could be envious of another's virtue, who was conſcious of his own.

His failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius; ſuch as flowed from his conſtitution, not his will; and were chargeable rather to the condition of his humanity, than to the fault of the man. He was thought to be too ſanguine in proſperity, to deſponding in adverſity: and apt to perſuade himſelf in each fortune, that it would never have an end. This is *Pollio's* account of him: which ſeems in general to be true: *Brutus* touches the firſt part of it in one of his letters to him; and when things were going proſperouſly againſt *Antony*, put him gently in mind, that he ſeemed to truſt too much to his hopes: and he himſelf allows the ſecond, and ſays, that if any one was timorous in great and dangerous events, apprehending always the worſt, rather than hoping the beſt, he was the man; and if that was a fault, confeſſes himſelf not to be free from it: yet in explaining afterwards the nature of this timidity, it was ſuch, he tells us, as ſhowed itſelf rather in foreſeeing dangers, than in encountering them: an explication, which the latter part of his life fully confirmed, and above all his death, which no man could ſuſtain with greater courage and reſolution.

But the moſt conſpicuous and glaring paſſion of his ſoul was the love of glory and thirſt of praiſe: a paſſion, that he not only avowed, but freely indulged; and ſometimes, as he himſelf confeſſes, to a degree even of vanity. This often gave his enemies a plauſible handle of ridiculing his pride and arrogance; while the forwardneſs that he ſhowed to celebrate his own merits in all his public ſpeeches, ſeemed to juſtify their cenſures: and ſince this is generally conſidered as the grand foible of his life, and has been handed down implicitly from age to age, without ever being fairly examined, or rightly underſtood, it will be proper to lay open the ſource from which the paſſion itſelf flowed, and explain the nature of that glory, of which he profeſſes himſelf ſo fond.

True glory then, according to his own definition of it, is a wide and illuſtrious fame of many and great benefits conferred upon our friends, our country, or the whole race of mankind: it is not, he ſays, the empty blaſt of popular favor, or the applauſe of a giddy multitude, which all wiſe men had ever deſpiſed, and none more than himſelf; but the conſenting praiſe of all honeſt men, and the incorrupt teſtimony of thoſe who can judge of excellent merit, which reſounds always to virtue, as the echo to the voice; and ſince it is a general companion of good

actions, ought not to be rejected by good men. That thofe who afpired to this glory, were not to expect eafe or pleafure, or tranquillity of life for their pains; but muft give up their own peace to fecure the peace of others; muft expofe themfelves to ftorms and dangers for the public good; fuftain many battles with the audacious and the wicked, and fome even with the powerful: in fhort, muft behave themfelves fo, as to give their citizens caufe to rejoice that they had ever been born. This is the notion that he inculcates every where of true glory: which is furely one of the nobleft principles that can infpire a human breaft; implanted by God in our nature, to dignify and exalt it; and always found the ftrongeft in the beft and moft elevated minds; and to which we owe every thing great and laudable, that hiftory has to offer to us, through all the ages of the heathen world. There is not an inftance, fays *Cicero*, of a man's exerting himfelf ever with praife and virtue in the dangers of his country, who was not drawn to it by the hopes of glory, and a regard to pofterity. Give me a boy, fays *Quintilian*, whom praife excites, whom glory warms: for fuch a fcholar was fure to anfwer all his hopes, and do credit to his difcipline. Whether pofterity will have any refpect for me, fays *Pliny*, I know not; but am fure that I have deferved fome from it: I will not fay by my wit, for that would be arrogant; but by the zeal, by the pains, by the reverence, which I have always paid to it.

It will not feem ftrange, to obferve the wifeft of the ancients pufhing this principle to fo great a length, and confidering glory as the ampleft reward of a well-fpent life; when we reflect, that the greateft part of them had no notion of any other reward or futurity; and even thofe who believed a ftate of happinefs to the good, yet entertained it with fo much diffidence, that they indulged it rather as a wifh, than a well-grounded hope; and were glad therefore to lay hold on that which feemed to be within their reach, a futurity of their own creating; an immortality of fame and glory from the applaufe of pofterity. This, by a pleafing fiction, they looked upon as a propagation of life, and an eternity of exiftence; and had no fmall comfort in imagining, that though the fenfe of it fhould not reach to themfelves, it would extend at leaft to others; and that they fhould be doing good ftill when dead, by leaving the example of their virtues to the imitation of mankind. Thus *Cicero*, as he often declares, never looked upon that to be his life, which was confined to this narrow circle on earth, but confidered his acts, as feeds fown in the immenfe field of the univerfe, to raife up the fruit of glory and immortality to him through a fucceffion of infinite ages: nor has he been fruftrated of his hope, or

disappointed of his end; but as long as the name of *Rome* subsists, or as long as learning, virtue and liberty preserve any credit in the world, he will be great and glorious in the memory of all posterity.

As to the other part of the charge, or the proof of his vanity, drawn from his boasting so frequently of himself in his speeches both to the senate and the people, though it may appear to a common reader to be abundantly confirmed by his writings; yet if we attend to the circumstances of the times, and the part which he acted in them, we shall find it not only excusable, but in some degree even necessary. The fate of *Rome* was now brought to a crisis; and the contending parties were making their last efforts, either to oppress or preserve it: *Cicero* was the head of those who stood up for its liberty; which entirely depended on the influence of his counsels: he had many years therefore been the common mark of the rage and malice of all who were aiming at illegal powers, or a tyranny in the state; and while these were generally supported by the military power of the Empire, he had no other arms or means of defeating them, but his authority with the senate and people, grounded on the experience of his services, and the persuasion of his integrity: so that, to obviate the perpetual calumnies of the factious, he was obliged to inculcate the merit and good effects of his counsels; in order to confirm people in their union and adherence to them, against the intrigues of those, who were employing all arts to subvert them. The frequent commemoration of his acts, says *Quintilian*, was not made so much for glory, as for defence; to repel calumny, and vindicate his measures when they were attacked: and this is what *Cicero* himself declares in all his speeches; „that no man ever „heard him speak of himself but when he was forced to it: that „when he was urged with fictitious crimes, it was his custom to „answer them with his real services: and if ever he said any thing „glorious of himself, it was not through a fondness of praise, but „to repel an accusation: that no man who had been conversant „in great affairs, and treated with particular envy, could refute „the contumely of an enemy, without touching upon his own „praises; and after all his labors for the common safety, if a just „indignation had drawn from him at any time what might seem „to be vainglorious, it might reasonably be forgiven to him: that „when others were silent about him, if he could not then forbear „to speak of himself, that indeed would be shameful; but when he „was injured, accused, exposed to popular odium, he must certainly be allowed to assert his liberty, if they would not suffer „him to retain his dignity." This then was the true state of the case, as it is evident from the facts of his history: he had an

ardent love of glory, and an eager thirſt of praiſe: was pleaſed, when living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more ſtill with imagining, that they would ever be celebrated when he was dead: a paſſion, which for the reaſons already hinted, had always the greateſt force on the greateſt ſouls: but it muſt needs raiſe our contempt and indignation, to ſee every conceited pedant, and trifling declaimer, who know little of *Cicero's* real character, and leſs ſtill of their own, preſuming to call him the vaineſt of mortals.

But there is no point of light, in which we can view him with more advantage or ſatisfaction to ourſelves, than in the contemplation of his learning, and the ſurpriſing extent of his knowledge. This ſhines ſo conſpicuous in all the monuments which remain of him, that it even leſſens the dignity of his general character; while the idea of the ſcholar abſorbs that of the ſenator; and by conſidering him as the greateſt writer, we are apt to forget, that he was the greateſt magiſtrate alſo of *Rome*. We learn our latin from him at ſchool; our ſtyle and ſentiments at the college: here the generality take their leave of him, and ſeldom think of him more, but as of an Orator, a Moraliſt, or Philoſopher of Antiquity. But it is with characters as with pictures; we cannot judge well of a ſingle part, without ſurveying the whole; ſince the perfection of each depends on its proportion and relation to the reſt; while, in viewing them all together, they mutually reflect an additional grace upon each other. His learning, conſidered ſeparately, will appear admirable; yet much more ſo, when it is found in the poſſeſſion of the firſt ſtateſman of a mighty Empire: his abilities as a ſtateſman are glorious; yet ſurpriſe us ſtill more, when they are obſerved in the ableſt Scholar and Philoſopher of his age; but an union of both theſe characters exhibits that ſublime ſpecimen of perfection, to which the beſt parts with the beſt culture can exalt human nature.

No man, whoſe life had been wholly ſpent in ſtudy, ever left more numerous or more valuable fruits of his learning, in every branch of ſcience, and the politer arts; in Oratory, Poetry, Philoſophy, Law, Hiſtory, Criticiſm, Politics, Ethics; in each of which he equalled, the greateſt maſters of his time; in ſome of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a ſmall part of what he really publiſhed; and though many of theſe are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are juſtly eſteemed the moſt precious remains of all antiquity; and like the Sybilline books, if more of them had periſhed, would have been equal ſtill to any price.

His induſtry was incredible, beyond the example, or even the conception of our days: this was the ſecret by which he performed ſuch wonders, and reconciled perpetual ſtudy with perpetual affairs. He ſuffered no part of his leiſure to be idle, or the leaſt interval of it to be loſt; but what other people gave to the public ſhows, to pleaſures, to feaſts, nay, even to ſleep, and the ordinary refreſhments of nature, he generally have to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of buſineſs, when he had any thing particular to compoſe, he had no other time for meditating, but when he was taking a few turns in his walks, where he uſed, to dictate his thoughts to his ſcribes, who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before day-light; ſome from the ſenate; others from his meals, and the crowd of his morning levee.

HUME.

David Hume Eſq. *ſtammte aus dem Geſchlecht der Schottiſchen Grafen* Hume, *und wurde 1711 zu* Edimburg *gebohren. Sein Vater, ein Landedelmann von geringem Vermögen, beſtimmte ihn zum Rechtsgelehrten; allein er fühlte keine Neigung dazu, und las den* Cicero *und* Livius, *wenn man ihn mit* Voetius *und* Vinnius *beſchäftigt glaubte. Philoſophie, Geſchichte und allgemeine Literatur waren ſeine Lieblingsſtudien. Da ihn indeſſen ſeine Verhältniſſe nöthigten, zu irgend einem Erwerbsmittel zu greifen, verſuchte er 1734 zu* Briſtol *die Handlung, ward ihrer aber bald überdrüßig. Er gründete nun ſeine ganze Hoffnung auf Schriftſtellerey, und ging nach Frankreich, um ſich daſelbſt bey äußerſter Sparſamkeit ganz ſeinem Hange zu den Wiſſenſchaften zu überlaſſen. Nachdem er ſich 3 Jahre theils zu* Rheims, *theils zu* La Fleche *aufgehalten, kehrte er 1737 nach ſeinem Vaterlande zurück, und brachte hierauf mehrere Jahre bey ſeinem Bruder auf dem Lande zu. 1742 gab er den erſten Theil ſeiner* Moral and philoſophical eſſays *heraus, hatte aber die Kränkung, daß dies Werk, ſo wie alle ſeine frühern Verſuche, mit großer Kälte aufgenommen ward. In den Jahren 1745 und 1746 war er Aufſeher eines jungen Grafen* Annandale, *und von 1747 — 49 Secretär und Geſellſchafter des Generals* St. Clair, *engliſchen Geſandten am Wiener und Turiner Hofe. In ſeiner Abweſenheit ließ er zu* London *ſeine* philoſophical eſſays on human underſtanding *und den zweiten Theil ſeiner* eſſays, *und nach ſeiner Rückkehr ſeine* political diſcourſes, *und ſeine* inquiries concerning the principles of morals *drucken.*

1751

1751 begab er sich nach Edinburg, *wo ihn das juristische Collegium 1752 zu seinem Bibliothekar erwählte. Hier sah er sich mit einemmahl in die Mitte eines historischen Reichthums versetzt, den er herrlich benutzte, und ohne den wir eins der größten Meisterstücke historischer Kunst nicht haben würden. 1754 erschien der erste Theil seiner Geschichte des Hauses* Stuart *oder seiner* history of Great Britain. *Dies Werk machte in der Brittischen Geschichte Epoche. Aber wie ward es aufgenommen? „Ein allgemeines Geschrey von Vorwürfen und Misbilligung und sogar Verabscheuung erhob sich wider mich," sagt* Hume. *„Engländer, Schottländer, Irländer, Whigs, Tories, Episcopalen und Sectirer, Freidenker und Fanatiker, Patrioten und Hofleute vereinigten sich in ihrer Wuth gegen einen Mann, der kühn genug gewesen war, über das Schicksal* Carls I. *und des* Grafen von Stafford *eine großmüthige Thräne zu weinen." Der zweite Band wurde 1756 gedruckt, und umfaßt die Geschichte des* Stuart*schen Hauses von* Carls I. *Hinrichtung bis zur Revolution im Jahre 1688. Er schwamm, wie sich* Hume *ausdrückt, oben, und zog seinen frühern Bruder mit heraus. Unterdessen erschien zu* London *seine* natural history of religion, *die eben so wenig Aufsehen erregte, als seine frühern philosophischen Schriften. Der Geschichtschreiber mußte erst dem Philosophen aufhelfen. 1759 wurde die Geschichte der* Tudor*schen Familie von* Heinrich VII. *Thronbesteigung bis zu* Elisabeths *Tode unter dem Titel* history of England *in 2 Bänden, und 1761 die frühere Geschichte Englands von* Julius Caesar *bis* Heinrich VII. *in zwei andern gedruckt, so daß das gesammte Werk aus sechs Bänden in 4. bestand.* Hume *wollte nunmehro im Besitz seines jetzt ansehnlichen Vermögens die letztern Jahre seines Lebens als Philosoph in Ruhe verleben. Er gab indessen den dringenden Aufforderungen des zur Gesandschaft an den Pariser Hof bestimmten Grafen von* Hertford *nach, und folgte ihm 1763 als Gesellschafter nach Frankreich. Der Graf wurde bald darauf zum Vice-König in* Irland *ernannt, und* Hume *blieb bis zur Ankunft des Herzogs von* Richmond *als Englischer Geschäftsträger in* Paris. *1766 kehrte er nach seiner Vaterstadt zurück, lebte im Umgange seiner Freunde,* Ferguson, Adam Smith, Blair, Black &c. *bei einem jährlichen Einkommen von 1000l. und starb 1776 mit philosophischer Resignation an einer Auszehrung, ohne die Hülfe seiner Aerzte anzunehmen. Was den Charakter dieses großen Mannes betrifft, sagt* Wiggers *in seinen vermischten Aufsätzen, so lag dabei eine Disposition der Seele zum Grunde, für welche wir im Deutschen keinen eigenen Namen haben, die aber sehr gut durch das griechische σωφροσυνη ausgedrückt wird. Kraft derselben war er als Mensch Herr seiner Leidenschaften, als Bürger außer dem widrigen Einfluß jeder Parthey, als Philosoph skeptisch, als*

Geschichtschreiber behutsam. Eine gewisse Insensibilität, glaubte er, könne unsern Zustand hienieden einigermaßen erträglich machen. Da er keine andere Leidenschaft als die des Ruhms kannte, so waren es nur Angriffe, die seine Seele aus dem Gleichgewicht bringen konnten.

Die einzelnen Abtheilungen seines historischen Werks sind nach der Erscheinung des letzten Bandes in ein Corpus *gesammelt, und in chronologischer Ordnung unter dem allgemeinen Titel* History of England *verschiedenemahl in 8 Bänden in 8. gedruckt. Eine Hauptausgabe ist folgende:* history of ENGLAND from the invasion of Julius Caesar to the revolution in 1688. by DAVID HUME, Esq. a new edition with the author's last corrections and improvements, to which is prefixed a short account of his life written by himself, London 1778. 8 Vols. 8. *Seine anfangs einzeln herausgekommenen philosophischen Aufsätze sind 1772 in 2 Bänden in 8. unter der Aufschrift* HUME's essays and treatises *vereinigt erschienen. Die Hauptwerke über sein Leben sind theils* the life of DAVID HUME, by ADAM SMITH, London 1778. 8. *theils die unter dem Artikel* CHESTERFIELD *angeführten* curious particulars, *theils seine eigenhändig aufgesetzte Biographie, die sowohl einzeln unter dem Titel* the life of DAVID HUME Esq. written by himself, London 1777. 12. *als vor der angeführten Ausgabe seiner Geschichte gedruckt worden ist.*

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. CHAP. XLII.

The execution and character of Mary, Queen of Scotland.

The earls of *Shrewsbury* and *Kent*, being introduced to *Mary*, told her to prepare for death next morning at eight o' clock. She seem'd not terrifyed, tho' somewhat surprized, with the intelligence. She said, with a chearful, and even a smiling countenance, that she did not think the Queen, her sister, would have consented to her death, or have executed the sentence against a person who was not subject to the laws and jurisdiction of *England*. „But as such is her will," said she, „death, which puts an end „to all my miseries, shall be to me most welcome; nor can I „esteem that soul worthy the felicities of heaven, which cannot „support the body under the horrors of the last passage to these „blissful mansions." She then requested the two noblemen, that they would permit some of her servants, and particularly her confessor, to attend her: but they told her, that compliance with this last demand was contrary to their conscience, and that Dr. *Fletcher*, dean of *Peterborow*, a man of great learning, should be present, to instruct her in the principles of true religion. Her refusal to have any conference with this divine inflamed the

earl of *Kent's* zeal; and he bluntly told her, that her death would be the life of their religion; as, on the contrary, her life would have been the death of it. Mention being made of *Babington*, ſhe conſtantly denied his conſpiracy to have been at all known to her; and the revenge of her wrong, ſhe reſigned into the hands of the Almighty.

When the earls had left her ſhe ordered ſupper to be haſtened, that ſhe might have the more leiſure to finiſh the few affairs which remained to her in this world, and to prepare for her paſſage to another. It was neceſſary for her, ſhe ſaid, to take ſome ſuſtenance, leſt a failure of her bodily ſtrength ſhould depreſs her ſpirits on the morrow, and leſt her behaviour ſhould thereby betray a weakneſs unworthy of herſelf. She ſupped ſparingly, as her manner uſually was; and her wonted chearfulneſs did not even deſert her on this occaſion. She comforted her ſervants under the affliction which overwhelmed them, and which was too powerful for them to conceal from her. Turning to *Burgoin*, her phyſician, ſhe aſked him, whether he did not remark the great and invincible force of truth. „They pretend," ſaid ſhe, „that I muſt die, becauſe I conſpired againſt the „*Queen's* life: but the earl of *Kent* avowed, that there was no „other cauſe of my death, but the apprehenſions, which, if I „ſhould live, they entertain for their religion. My conſtancy in „the faith is my real crime: the reſt is only a colour, invented „by intereſted and deſigning men." Towards the end of ſupper, ſhe called in all her ſervants, and drank to them: they pledged her, in order, on their knees; and craved her pardon for any paſt neglect of their duty: ſhe deigned, in return, to aſk their pardon for her offences towards them; and a plentiful effuſion of tears attended this laſt ſolemn farewel, and exchange of mutual forgiveneſs.

Her care of her ſervants was the ſole remaining affair which employed her concern in this world. She peruſed her will, in which ſhe had provided for them by legacies: ſhe ordered the inventory of her goods, cloaths, and jewels to be brought her; and ſhe wrote down the names of thoſe to whom ſhe bequeathed each particular: to ſome ſhe diſtributed money with her own hands; and ſhe adapted the recompence to their different degrees of rank and merit. She wrote alſo letters of recommendation for her ſervants to the French King, and to her couſin the duke of *Guiſe*, whom ſhe made the chief executor of her teſtament. At her wonted time ſhe went to bed, ſlept ſome hours; and then riſing, ſpent the reſt of the night in prayer. Having foreſeen the difficulty of exerciſing the rites of her religion, ſhe had had the precaution to obtain a conſecrated hoſte from the hands of

Pope *Pius*, and ſhe had reſerved the uſe of it for this laſt period of her life. By this expedient ſhe ſupplied, as much as ſhe could, the want of a prieſt and confeſſor, who was refuſed her.

Towards the morning ſhe dreſſed herſelf in a rich habit of ſilk and velvet, the only one which ſhe had reſerved to herſelf. She told her maids, that ſhe would willingly have left them this dreſs rather than the plain garb which ſhe wore the day before: but it was neceſſary for her to appear at the enſuing ſolemnity in a decent habit.

Thomas Andrews, ſheriff of the county, entered the room, and informed her, that the hour was come, and that he muſt attend her to the place of execution. She replied, that ſhe was ready; and bidding adieu to her ſervants, ſhe leaned on two of Sir *Amias Paulet's* guards, becauſe of an infirmity in her limbs; and ſhe followed the ſheriff with a ſerene and compoſed aſpect. In paſſing thro' a hall adjoining to her chamber, ſhe was met by the earls of *Shrewſbury* and *Kent*, Sir *Amias Paulet*, Sir *Drue Drury*, and many other gentlemen of diſtinction. Here ſhe alſo found Sir *Andrew Melvil*, her ſteward, who flung himſelf on his knees before her; and, wringing his hands, cried aloud: „Ah! Madam! unhappy me! What man was ever before „the meſſenger of ſuch heavy tidings as I muſt carry, when I „ſhall return to my native country, and ſhall report, that I „ſaw my gracious queen and miſtreſs beheaded in *England*?" His tears prevented further ſpeech; and *Mary* too felt herſelf moved, more from ſympathy than affliction. „Ceaſe, my good ſervant," ſaid ſhe, „ceaſe to lament: thou haſt cauſe rather to rejoice „than to mourn: for now ſhalt thou ſee the troubles of *Mary* „*Stuart* receive their long expected period and completion." „Know," continued ſhe, „good ſervant, that all the world at „beſt is vanity, and ſubject ſtill to more ſorrow than a whole „ocean of tears is able to bewail. But I pray thee, carry this „meſſage from me, that I die a true woman to my religion and „unalterable in my affections to *Scotland* and to *France*. Heaven „forgive them, that have long deſired my end, and have thirſted „for my blood as the hart panteth after the water brooks." „O „God;" added ſhe, „thou that art the author of truth and „truth itſelf, thou knoweſt the inmoſt receſſes of my heart: „thou knoweſt, that I was ever deſirous, to preſerve an entire „union between *Scotland* and *England*, and to obviate the ſource „of all theſe fatal diſcords. But recommend me, *Melvil*, to my „ſon, and tell him, that, notwithſtanding all my diſtreſſes, I „have done nothing prejudicial to the ſtate and kingdom of „*Scotland*." After theſe words, reclining herſelf, with weeping eyes, and face bedewed with tears, ſhe kiſſed him. „And ſo,"

ſaid ſhe, „good *Melvil*, farewell: once again, farewell, good *Melvil;* and grant the aſſiſtance of thy prayers to thy queen and „miſtreſs."

She then turned to the noblemen who attended her, and made a petition in behalf of her ſervants, that they might be well treated, that they might be allowed to enjoy the preſents which ſhe had made them, and be ſent ſafely into their own country. Having received a favourable anſwer, ſhe moved another requeſt, that they might be permitted to attend her at her death: in order, ſaid ſhe, that their eyes may behold, and their hearts bear witneſs, how patiently their queen and miſtreſs can bear her execution, and how conſtantly ſhe perſeveres in her attachments to her religion. The earl of *Kent* oppoſed this deſire, and told her, that they would be apt, by their ſpeeches and cries, both to diſturb herſelf and the ſpectators: he was alſo apprehenſive, leſt they ſhould practiſe ſome ſuperſtition, unmeet for him to ſuffer; ſuch as dipping their handkerchiefs in her blood: for that was the inſtance which he made uſe of. „My lord," ſaid the queen of *Scots*, „I will give my word „(altho' it be but dead) that they ſhall not incur any blame in „any of the actions which you have named. But alas! poor ſouls! „it would be a great conſolation to them to bid their miſtreſs „farewel. And I hope," added ſhe, „that your miſtreſs, being „a maiden queen, would vouchſafe, in regard of womanhood, „that I ſhould have ſome of my own people about me at my „death. I know, that her majeſty hath not given you any ſuch „ſtrict command, but that you might grant me a requeſt of far „greater courteſy, even tho' I were a woman of much inferior „rank to that which I bear." Finding that the earl of *Kent* perſiſted ſtill in his refuſal, her mind, which had fortified itſelf againſt the terrors of death, was affected by this circumſtance of indignity, for which ſhe was not prepared. „I am couſin „to your queen," cried ſhe, „and deſcended from the blood-„royal of *Henry* the ſeventh, and a married queen of *France*, „and an anointed queen of *Scotland*." The commiſſioners perceiving how invidious their obſtinacy would appear, conferred a little together, and agreed, that ſhe might carry a few of her ſervants along with her. She made choice of four men, and two maid-ſervants, for that purpoſe.

She then paſſed into another hall, where was erected the ſcaffold, covered with black; and ſhe ſaw, with an undiſmayed countenance, the two executioners, and all the preparations of death. The room was crowded with ſpectators, and no one was ſo ſteeled againſt all ſentiments of humanity, as not to be moved, when he reflected on her royal dignity, conſidered the

ſurprizing train of her misfortunes, beheld her mild but inflexible conſtancy, recalled her amiable accompliſhments, or ſurveyed her beauties, which, tho' faded by years, and yet more by her afflictions, ſtill diſcovered themſelves in this fatal moment. Here the warrant for her execution was read to her; and during this ceremony ſhe was ſilent, but ſhewed, in her behaviour, an indifference and unconcern, as if the buſineſs had no wiſe regarded her. Before the executioners performed their office, the dean of *Peterborow* ſtepped forth; and tho' the queen frequently told him, that he needed not concern himſelf about her, that ſhe was ſettled in the antient catholic and Roman religion, and that ſhe meant to lay down her life in defence of that faith; he ſtill thought it his duty to perſiſt in his lectures and exhortations, and to endeavour her converſion. The terms which he employed, were, under colour of pious inſtructions, very cruel inſults on her unfortunate ſituation; and, beſides their own abſurdity, may be regarded as the moſt mortifying indignities, to which ſhe was ever yet expoſed. He told her, that the queen of *England* had in this moment ſhewn a tender care of her; and notwithſtanding the puniſhment juſtly to be inflicted on her, for her manifold treſpaſſes, was determined to uſe every expedient for ſaving her ſoul from that deſtruction with which it was ſo nearly threatned; that ſhe was now ſtanding upon the brink of eternity, and had no other means of eſcaping endleſs perdition, but by repenting her of her former wickedneſs, by juſtifying the ſentence pronounced againſt her, by acknowdleging the queen's favours, and by exerting a true and lively faith in *Chriſt Jeſus*: that the ſcriptures were the only rule of doctrine, the merits of *Chriſt* the only means of ſalvation; and, if ſhe truſted in the inventions or devices of men, ſhe muſt expect in a moment to fall into utter darkneſs, into a place where ſhall be weeping, howling and gnaſhing of teeth: that the hand of death was upon her, the ax was laid to the root of the tree, the throne of the great judge of heaven was erected, the book of her life was ſpread wide, and the particular ſentence and judgment was ready to be pronounced upon her: and that it was now, during this important moment, in her choice, either to riſe to the reſurrection of life, and hear that joyful ſalutation, *Come, ye bleſſed of my Father*, or to ſhare the reſurrection of condemnation, replete with ſorrow and grief; and to ſuffer that dreadful denunciation, *Go, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire.*

During this diſcourſe the queen could not forbear ſometimes betraying her impatience, by interrupting the preacher; and the dean, finding that he had profited nothing by his lecture, at laſt

bid her change her opinion, repent her of her former wickedneſs, and ſettle her faith upon this ground, that only in *Chriſt Jeſus* could ſhe hope to be ſaved. She anſwered, again and again, with great earneſtneſs: „trouble not yourſelf any more about the „matter: for I was born in this religion, I have lived in this „religion, and in this religion I am reſolved to die." Even the two earls perceived, that it was fruitleſs to harraſs her any further with theological diſputes, and they ordered the dean to deſiſt from his unſeaſonable exhortations, and to pray for her converſion. During the dean's prayer, ſhe employed herſelf in private devotion from the office of the Virgin; and after he had finiſhed, ſhe pronounced aloud ſome petitions in Engliſh, for the afflicted church, for an end of her own troubles, for her ſon, and for queen *Elizabeth*; and prayed God, that that princeſs might long proſper, and be employed in his ſervice. The earl of *Kent* obſerving, that in her devotions ſhe made frequent uſe of the crucifix, could not forbear reproving her, for her attachment to that popiſh trumpery, as he termed it; and he exhorted her to have Chriſt in her heart, not in her hand. She replied with preſence of mind, that it was difficult to hold ſuch an object in her hand, without feeling her heart touched with ſome compunction.

She now began, with the aid of her two women, to diſrobe herſelf; and the executioner alſo lent his hand, to aſſiſt them. She ſmiled, and ſaid, that ſhe was not accuſtomed to undreſs herſelf before ſo large a company, nor to be ſerved by ſuch valets. Her ſervants, ſeeing her in this condition, ready to lay her head upon the block, burſt into tear and lamentations: ſhe turned about to them; put her finger upon her lips, as a ſign of impoſing ſilence upon them; and having given them her bleſſing, deſired them to pray for her. One of her maids, whom ſhe had appointed for that purpoſe, covered her eyes with a handkerchief; ſhe laid herſelf down, without any ſign of fear or trepidation; and her head was ſevered from her body at two ſtrokes by the executioner. He inſtantly held it up to the ſpectators, ſtreaming with blood and agitated with the convulſions of death: the dean of *Peterborow* alone exclaimed, „So periſh all queen *Elizabeth's* „enemies:" the earl of *Kent* alone reply'd „Amen": the attention of all the other ſpectators was fixed on the melancholy Scene before them; and zeal and flattery alike gave place to preſent pity and admiration of the expiring Princeſs.

Thus died, in the forty fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity in *England*, *Mary Queen of Scots;* a princeſs of great accompliſhments both of body and mind; natural as well as acquired; but unfortunate in her life, and during

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one period, very unhappy in her conduct. The beauties of her person, and graces of her air, combined to make her the most amiable of women; and the charms of her address and conversation aided the impression which her lovely figure made on the hearts of all beholders. Ambitious and active in her temper, yet inclined to chearfulness and society; of a lofty spirit, constant and even vehement in her purpose; yet polite, and gentle, and affable in her demeanor; she seemed to partake only so much of the male virtues as to render her estimable, without relinquishing those soft graces which compose the proper ornaments of her sex. In order to form a just idea of her character, we must set aside one part of her conduct, while she abandoned herself to the guidance of a profligate man; and must consider these faults, whether we admit them to be imprudences or crimes, as the result of an inexplicable, tho' not uncommon, inconstancy in the human mind, of the frailty of our nature, of the violence of passion, and of the influence, which situations, and sometimes momentary incidents, have on persons, whose principles are not throughly confirmed by experience and reflection. Enraged by the ungrateful conduct of her husband, seduced by the treacherous counsels of one in whom she reposed confidence, transported by the violence of her own temper, which never lay sufficiently under the guidance of discretion; she was betrayed into actions, which may, with some difficulty, be accounted for, but which admit of no apology, nor even of alleviation. An enumeration of her qualities might carry the appearance of a panegyric; an account of her conduct must, in some parts, wear the aspect of a severe satire and invective.

Her numerous misfortunes, the solitude of her long and tedious captivity, and the persecutions to which she had been exposed on account of her religion, had wrought her up to a degree of bigotry during her latter years; and such was the prevalent spirit and principles of that age, that it is the less wonder, if her zeal, her resentment, and her interest uniting, induced her to give consent to a design, which conspirators, actuated only by the first of these motives, had formed against the life of *Elizabeth*.

CHAP. LIX.

The execution and character of King Charles I.

Three days were allowed the King between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity chiefly in reading and devotion. All his family that remained in *England*, were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess

Elizabeth and the duke of *Glocester*; for the duke of *York* had made his escape. *Glocester* was little more than an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, shewed a very advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

To the young duke too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, „Now they „will cut off thy father's head." At these words, the child looked very stedfastly upon him. „Mark! child, what I say: they will cut „off my head! and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say: „thou must not be a king, as long as thy brothers, *Charles* and „*James*, are alive. They will cut off thy brother's heads, when „they can catch them! And thy head too they will cut off at last! „And therefore I charge thee do not be made a king by them!" The duke, sighing, replied, „I will be torn in pieces first!" So determined an answer, from one of such tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

Every night, during this interval, the king slept sound as usual: tho' the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day, he rose early; and calling *Herbert*, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop *Juxon*, a man endowed with the same mild and steddy virtues, by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

The street before *Whitehall* was the place destined for the execution: for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the King came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers, that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly colonel *Tomlinson*, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had operated an intire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed, that he had

not taken arms, till after the parliament had inlifted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations, than to preferve that authority intire, which his anceftors had tranfmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the parliament; but was more inclined to think that ill inftruments had interpofed, and excited in them fears and jealoufies with regard to his intentions. Tho' innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and obferved, that an unjuft fentence which he had fuffered to take effect, was now punifhed by an unjuft fentence upon himfelf. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief inftruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the way of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful fovereign, his fon and fucceffor. When he was preparing himfelf for the block, bifhop *Juxon* called to him: „there is, Sir, but one ftage „more, which, tho' turbulent and troublefome, is yet a very „fhort one. Confider, it will foon carry you a great way; it will „carry you from earth to heaven; and there you fhall find, to „your great joy, the prize, to which you haften, a crown of „glory." „I go," replied the king, „from a corruptible to an „incorruptible crown; where no difturbance can have place." At one blow was his head fevered from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner: another, in a like difguife, held up, to the fpectators, the head, ftreaming with blood, and cried aloud, *this is the head of a traitor!*

It is impoffible to defcribe the grief, indignation, and aftonifhment, which took place, not only among the fpectators, who were overwhelmed with a flood of forrow, but throughout the whole nation, fo foon as the report of this fatal execution was conveyed to them. Never monarch, in the full triumph of fuccefs and victory, was more dear to his people than his misfortunes and magnanimity, his patience and piety, had rendered this unhappy prince. In proportion to their former delufions, which had animated them againft him, was the violence of their return to duty and affection, while each reproached himfelf, either with active difloyalty towards him, or with too indolent defence of his oppreffed caufe. On weaker minds, the effects of thefe complicated paffions were prodigious. Women are faid to have caft forth the untimely fruit of their womb: others fell into convulfions, or funk into fuch a melancholy as attended them to their grave: nay fome, unmindful of themfelves, as tho' they could not, or would not furvive their beloved prince, it is reported, fuddenly fell down dead. The very pulpits were bedewed with unfuborned tears; thofe pulpits, which had formerly thundered out the moft violent imprecations and anathemas againft

him. And all men united in their deteſtation of thoſe hypocritical parricides, who, by ſanctified pretences, had ſo long diſguiſed their treaſons, and in this laſt act of iniquity, had thrown an indelible ſtain upon the nation.

It being remarked, that the king, the moment before he ſtretched out his neck to the executioner, had ſaid to *Juxon*, with a very earneſt accent, the ſingle word, REMEMBER; great myſteries were ſuppoſed to be concealed under that expreſſion, and the generals vehemently inſiſted with the prelate, that he ſhould inform them of the king's meaning. *Juxon* told them, that the king, having frequently charged him to inculcate on his ſon the forgiveneſs of his murderers, had taken this opportunity, in the laſt moment of his life, when his commands, he ſuppoſed, would be regarded as ſacred and inviolable, to re-iterate that deſire: and that his mild ſpirit thus terminated its preſent courſe, by an act of benevolence towards his greateſt enemies.

The character of this prince, as that of moſt men, if not of all men, was mixed; but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices, or, more properly ſpeaking, his imperfections: for ſcarce any of his faults roſe to that pitch as to merit the appellation of vices. To conſider him in the moſt favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakneſs, his bravery from raſhneſs, his temperance from auſterity, his frugality from avarice: all theſe virtues, in him, maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreſerved praiſe. To ſpeak the moſt harſhly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with ſome latent frailty, which, tho' ſeemingly inconſiderable, was able, when ſeconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to diſappoint them of all their influence: his beneficent diſpoſition, was clouded by a manner not very gracious; his virtue was tinctured with ſuperſtition; his good ſenſe was diſfigured by a deference to perſons of a capacity much inferior to his own; and his moderate temper exempted him not from haſty and precipitant reſolutions. He deſerves the epithet of a good, rather than of a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular eſtabliſhed government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular aſſembly, or finally to ſubdue their pretenſions. He wanted ſuppleneſs and dexterity ſufficient for the firſt meaſure: he was not endowed with the vigour requiſite for the ſecond. Had he been born an abſolute prince, his humanity and good ſenſe had rendered his reign happy and his memory precious: had the limitations on prerogative been, in his time, quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard, as ſacred, the boundaries of the conſtitution. Unhappily, his fate

threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns ſavoured ſtrongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not ſufficient to extricate him from ſo perilous a ſituation, he may be excuſed; ſince, even after the event, when it is commonly eaſy to correct all errors, one is at a loſs to determine what conduct, in his circumſtances, could have maintained the authority of the crown, and preſerved the peace of the nation. Expoſed, without revenue, without arms, to the aſſault of furious, implacable and bigotted factions, it was never permitted him, but with the moſt fatal conſequences, to commit the ſmalleſt miſtake; a condition too rigorous to be impoſed on the greateſt human capacity.

This prince was of a comely preſence; of a ſweet, but melancholy aſpect. His face was regular, handſome, and well complexioned; his body ſtrong, healthy, and juſtly proportioned; and being of a middle ſtature, he was capable of enduring the greateſt fatigues. He excelled in horſemanſhip and other exerciſes; and he poſſeſſed all the exterior, as well as many of the eſſential qualities, which form an accompliſhed prince.

The tragical death of *Charles* begot a queſtion, whether the people, in any caſe, were intitled to judge and to puniſh their ſovereign; and moſt men, regarding chiefly the atrocious uſurpation of the pretended judges, and the merit of the virtuous prince who ſuffered, were inclined ſtrongly to condemn the republican principles, as highly ſeditious and extravagant: but there ſtill were a few, who, abſtracting from the particular circumſtances of this caſe, were able to conſider the queſtion in general, and were inclined to moderate, not contradict, the prevailing ſentiment. Such might have been their reaſoning. If ever, on any occaſion, it were laudable to conceal truth from the populace; it muſt be confeſſed, that the doctrine of reſiſtance affords ſuch an example; and that all ſpeculative reaſoners ought to obſerve, with regard to this principle, the ſame cautious ſilence, which the laws, in every ſpecies of government, have ever preſcribed to themſelves. Government is inſtituted, in order to reſtrain the fury and injuſtice of the people; and being always founded on opinion, not on force, it is dangerous to weaken, by theſe ſpeculations, the reverence, which the multitude owe to authority, and to inſtruct them beforehand, that the caſe can ever happen, when they may be freed from their duty of allegiance. Or ſhould it be found impoſſible to reſtrain the licence of human diſquiſitions, it muſt be acknowledged, that the doctrine of *obedience* ought alone to be *inculcated*, and that the exceptions, which are very rare, ought ſeldom or never to be

mentioned in popular reaſonings and diſcourſes. Nor is there any danger, that mankind, by this prudent reſerve, ſhould univerſally degenerate into a ſtate of abject ſervitude. When the exception really occurs, even though it be not previouſly expected and deſcanted on, it muſt, from its very nature, be ſo obvious and undiſputed, as to remove all doubt, and overpower the reſtraint, however great, impoſed by teaching the general doctrine of obedience. But between reſiſting a prince and dethroning him, there is a very wide interval; and the abuſes of power, which can warrant the latter violence, are much greater and more enormous, than thoſe which will juſtify the former. Hiſtory, however, ſupplies us with examples even of this kind; and the reality of the ſuppoſition, though, for the future, it ought ever to be little looked for, muſt, by all candid inquirers, be acknowledged in the paſt. But between dethroning a prince and puniſhing him, there is another very wide interval; and it were not ſtrange, if even men of the moſt enlarged thought ſhould queſtion, whether human nature could ever, in any monarch, reach that height of depravity, as to warrant, in revolted ſubjects, this laſt act of extraordinary juriſdiction. That illuſion, if it be an illuſion, which teaches us to pay a ſacred regard to the perſons of princes, is ſo ſalutary, that to diſſipate it by the formal trial and puniſhment of a ſovereign, will have more pernicious effects upon the people, than the example of juſtice can be ſuppoſed to have a beneficial influence upon princes, by checking their career of tyranny. 'Tis dangerous alſo, by theſe examples, to reduce princes to deſpair, or bring matters to ſuch extremities againſt perſons endowed with great power, as to leave them no reſource, but in the moſt violent and moſt ſanguinary councils. This general poſition being eſtabliſhed, it muſt, however, be obſerved, that no reader, almoſt of any party or principle, was ever ſhocked, when he read, in antient hiſtory, that the Roman ſenate voted *Nero*, their abſolute ſovereign, to be a public enemy, and, even without trial, condemned him to the ſevereſt and moſt ignominious puniſhment; ſuch a puniſhment, as the meaneſt Roman citizen was, by the laws, exempted from. The crimes of that bloody tyrant are ſo enormous, that they break through all rules; and extort a confeſſion, that ſuch a dethroned prince is no longer ſuperior to his people, and can no longer plead, in his own defence, laws, which were eſtabliſhed for conducting the ordinary courſe of adminiſtration. But when we paſs from the caſe of *Nero* to that of *Charles*, the great diſproportion, or rather total contrariety of characters, immediately ſtrikes us; and we ſtand aſtoniſhed, that, among a civilized people, ſo much virtue could ever meet with ſo fatal a cataſtrophe.

BURNET.

Dr. Gilbert Burnet, *1643 zu* Edinburg *gebohren, widmete sich der Theologie, und zeichnete sich so früh durch Talente und Gelehrsamkeit aus, daß ihn die Universität* Aberdeen *als einen 14jährigen Jüngling zum* magister artium *ernannte. Im 18ten Jahre seines Alters erhielt er als* expectant preacher *oder* probationer (*der niedrigste Grad in der Schottischen Kirche,*) *die Erlaubniß zu predigen, und durchreisete hierauf in den Jahren 1663 und 64 England, die vereinigten Niederlande und Frankreich. In* Cambridge, Oxford *und* London *erwarb er sich die Freundschaft der größten Gelehrten seiner Nation, eines* Cudworth, Burnet (*Verfassers der berüchtigten* theory) Pocock, Wallis, Boyle, Tillotson, *und in* Amsterdam *und dem* Haag *im Umgange mit Anhängern aller Religionspartheien den toleranten Sinn, der, ganz gegen den Geist seiner Zeit, aus allen seinen Handlungen und Schriften hervorleuchtet. Auf seiner Rückkehr durch* London *erwählte ihn die ohnlängst gestiftete Königl. Societät zu ihrem Mitgliede. 1665 wurde er in seinem Vaterlande zum Prediger in* Saltoun, *und 1669 zum Professor der Theologie in* Glasgow *befördert. Hier schrieb er auf Veranlassung seiner Gönnerin, der Herzogin von* Hamilton, *seine* Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton (1676. fol.) *wodurch er sich die Feindschaft und Verfolgung des damahligen* Ministerii, *besonders des Herzogs von* Lauderdale, *zuzog. Unter diesen Umständen verließ er* Glasgow, *wo er schon vorher seiner gemäßigten Denkungsart wegen den Presbyterianern und Episcopalen gleich verhaßt gewesen, und nahm zu* London *die Stelle eines Predigers bey der Kapelle* at the Rolls *an. Um diese Zeit stiegen die Besorgnisse wegen des um sich greifenden* Catholicismus *im Königreiche aufs höchste. Es konnte also seine* history of Reformation (fol. Vol. I. 1679. Vol. II. 1681. Vol. III. 1715.) *worin er sich zum Vertheidiger der bedrohten Episcopal-Kirche aufwarf, nicht anders als mit allgemeinem Beifall aufgenommen werden. Der Enthusiasmus für dies Werk ging so weit, daß beide Häuser des Parliaments den Verfasser öffentlich zur Fortsetzung desselben aufforderten. Unterdessen wurde ihm, da er* Carls II. *Anhänglichkeit an der catholischen Kirche laut misbilligte, und seinem Freunde, dem unglücklichen* Lord Russel *freimüthig das Wort redete, die Kapelle* at the Rolls *verschlossen, worauf er bey* Jacob's II. *Regierungsantritt* England *verließ. Er begab sich nun zuförderst nach* Italien, *besonders nach* Rom, *von wo seine* letters concerning his travels (1687.) *datirt sind, und von dort durch die Schweiz und Deutschland, nach dem* Haag, *woselbst er von dem Prinzen* Wilhelm *von* Oranien *und seiner Gemahlin* Maria

schmeichelhaft aufgenommen, und vor Jacob's *Verfolgung beschützt ward, bis er 1688 in des nunmehrigen König* William's *Gefolge, den er in der Qualität eines Hofpredigers begleitete, nach* England *zurückkehrte. Von der Gunst, in der er bey diesem Fürsten stand, zeuget seine Ernennung zum Bischof von* Salisbury *(1689.) und zum Lehrer des Herzogs von* Gloucester, *Sohns der nachmahligen Königin* Anna *(1698). Allgemein geschätzt und geliebt endigte er sein durch eine seltene Thätigkeit bezeichnetes Leben im Jahr 1715. Daß er zu den gelehrtesten Theologen und vorzüglichsten Kanzelrednern seiner Zeit gehört, macht sein Andenken weniger empfehlungswürdig, als daß er einer der sanftesten und duldsamsten Geistlichen war, die das an fanatischen Religionseiferern so fruchtbare Grosbritannien je hervorgebracht. Sein Hauptwerk,* history of my own times, *erschien nach seinem Tode, theils* 1724. 2 Vols. fol. *theils* 1734. 6 Vols. 8. *Es ist eine Hauptquelle für die Periode der englischen Geschichte von der* Restauration *bis zum Jahr 1713, ob es gleich in Rücksicht des Stils den Meisterstücken eines* Hume, Robertson *und* Gibbon *eben so weit nachsteht, als weiland die rohen Producte eines* Fabius Pictor *den classischen Werken eines* Livius, Sallust *und* Tacitus. Burnet's *Biographie, von* Thomas Burnet Esq. *aufgesetzt, findet sich am Schluß der* history of my own times. *Außerdem hat man ein* Eloge historique de feu Mr. Burnet, Evêque de Salisbury *von* Jean le Clerc, *im 3ten Theil der* Bibliothèque ancienne & moderne &c.

HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

Book III.

Thus lived and died King *Charles* the second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life, with the splendor that became the heir of so great a crown. After that he past thro' eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of *England. Scotland* did not only receive him, tho' upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon *England* for him, tho' a feeble one. He lost the battle of *Worcester* with too much indifference: and then he shewed more care of his person, than became one who had so much a stake. He wandered about *England* for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner, as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of *England.*

But he had been obliged to so many, who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all: and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner: for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him. While he was abroad at *Paris*, *Coln* or *Brussels*, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He pursued all his diversions, and irregular pleasures, in a free carrier; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which he often complained that his Chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expence. And it was often said, that, if *Cromwell* would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And, in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most: so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could: under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any vertues to correct them: he had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was during the active part of life given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in any thing that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And, tho' he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risque, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment: but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature: and in the end of his life he

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became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself; yet he never forgave any thing that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of State than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations: the most studied extravagancies that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in, and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left *England* much changed at his death from what he had found it his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in *Scotland*, and the share he had in the war of *Paris*, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topicks. He went over these in a very graceful manner but so often, and so copiously that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them: and when he entred on those stories they usually withdrew: so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done there were not above four or five persons left about him: which drew a severe jest from *Wilmot*, Earl of *Rochester*. He said, he wondred, to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers: for they hearkned to all his often repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that is given us of *Tiberius* so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. *Tiberius's* banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favorites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At *Rome* I saw one of the last statues

made for *Tiberius*, after he had loſt his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was ſo like king *Charles*, that prince *Borgheſe*, and *Signior Dominico* to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a ſtatue made for him.

Book VI.

Thus lived and died *William* the Third king of *Great-Britain*, and prince of *Orange*. He had a thin and weak body, was brown haired, and of clear and delicate conſtitution. He had a Roman eagle noſe, bright and ſparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance compoſed to gravity and authority: all his ſenſes were critical and exquiſite. He was always aſthmatical, and the dregs of the ſmall pox falling on his lungs, he had a conſtant deep cough. His behaviour was ſolemn and ſerious, ſeldom cheerful, and but with a few: he ſpoke little and very ſlowly, and moſt commonly with a diſguſting dryneſs, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, tho' without paſſion: he was then every where, and looked to every thing. He had no great advantage from his education; *De Wit's* diſcourſes were of great uſe to him, and he, being apprehenſive of the obſervation of thoſe, who were looking narrowly into every thing he ſaid or did, had brougbt himſelf under a habitual caution, that he could never ſhake off; tho' in another ſcene it proved as hurtful, as it was then neceſſary to his affairs. He ſpoke *Dutch*, *French*, *Engliſh*, and *German* equally well; and he underſtood the *Latin*, *Spaniſh* and *Italian*, ſo that he was well fitted to command armies compoſed of ſeveral nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact obſerver of men and things: his ſtrength lay rather in a true diſcerning and a ſound judgment, than in imagination or invention. His deſigns were always great and good: but it was thought he truſted too much to that, and that be did not deſcend enough to the humours of his people, to make himſelf and his notions more acceptable to them: this, in a government that has ſo much of freedom in it as ours, was more neceſſary than he was inclined to believe. His reſervedneſs grew on him, ſo that it diſguſted moſt of thoſe who ſerved him: but he had obſerved the errors of too much talking, more than thoſe of too cold a ſilence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions cenſured: but he loved to imploy and favour thoſe, who had the arts of complacence, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct: great errors were often committed by him, but his heroical courage ſet things right, as it inflamed thoſe who

were about him. He was too lavifh of money on fome occafions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too fparing in rewarding fervices, or in encouraging thofe who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impreffions of people, and thefe ftuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almoft in every thing, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and underftood the ftate of every court in *Europe* very particularly: he inftructed his own minifters himfelf, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by ballancing the two parties one againft another; but he came at laft to be perfuaded, that the tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was refolved to try and truft them no more. In his deportment towards all about him, he feemed to make little diftinction between the good and the bad, and thofe who ferved well, or thofe who ferved him ill. He loved the *Dutch*, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the *Englifh* Nation, their jealoufies of him, and their perverfenefs towards him, had too much foured his mind, and had in a great meafure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, tho' he faw the ill effects this had upon his bufinefs. He grew, in his laft years, too remifs and carelefs as to all affairs, till the treacheries of *France* awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave fo loud an alarm to all *Europe*: for a watching over that court, and a beftirring himfelf againft their practices, was the prevailing paffion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing paffion more than he had, yet few men had ftronger paffions, which were feldom felt but by inferior fervants; to whom he ufually made fuch recompences, for any fudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them: he was too eafy to the faults of thofe about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or crofs any of his defigns: and he was fo apt to think, that his minifters might grow infolent, if they fhould find that they had much credit with him, that he feemed to have made it a maxim, to let them often feel, how little power they had, even in fmall matters. His favourites had a more intire power, but he accuftomed them only to inform him of things, but to be fparing in offering advice, except when it was afked. It was not eafy to account for the reafons of the favour that he fhewed, in the higheft inftances, to two perfons beyond all others, the earls of *Portland* and *Albemarle*; they being in all refpects men, not only of different, but of oppofite characters: fecrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be faid, that

they did in any ſort agree. I have now run thro' the chief branches of his character; I had occaſion to know him well, having obſerved him very carefully in a courſe of ſixteen years. I had a large meaſure of his favour, and a free acceſs to him all the while, tho' not at all times to the ſame degree: the freedom, that I uſed with him, was not always acceptable: but he ſaw that I ſerved him faithfully, ſo, after ſome intervals of coldneſs, he always returned to a good meaſure of confidence in me. The ſeries of the five princes of *Orange*, that was now ended in him, was the nobleſt ſucceſſion of heroes that we find in any hiſtory: and the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted ſo great a part, carry in them ſo many amazing ſteps of a glorious and diſtinguiſhing providence, that in the words of *David*, he may be called, *the man of god's right hand, whom he made ſtrong for himſelf.* After all the abatements, that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought ſtill to be reckoned among the greateſt princes that our hiſtory, or indeed that any other, can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory; ſince he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole ſcheme of the war; ſo that if it ſucceeds, a great part of the honour of it will be aſcribed to him: and if otherwiſe, it will be ſaid he was the ſoul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall aſunder, when he who gave it life, was withdrawn. Upon his death, ſome moved for a magnificent funeral; but it ſeemed not decent to run into unneceſſary expence, when we were entring on a war, that muſt be maintained at a vaſt charge; ſo a private funeral was reſolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equeſtrian ſtatue were ordered. Some years muſt ſhew whether theſe things were really intended, or if they were only ſpoke of to excuſe the privacy of his funeral, which was ſcarce decent, ſo far was it from being magnificent.

ERZÄHLUNGEN.

SWIFT.

Es ist bekannt, daß sich dieser große Schriftsteller, der erste unter den Engländern, der eine classische Prose schrieb, vorzüglich im Fach der Satyre ausgezeichnet, und daß das Mährchen von der Tonne (ein Ausdruck, der dem französischen conte de ma mêre d'oye *entspricht,) die Bücherschlacht und* Gulliver's *Reisen zu den Meisterstücken in dieser Gattung gehören. Das erstere dieser Werke, eine bittere Rüge aller Art theologischer und literärischer Thorheiten und Misbräuche, trat zuerst im Jahr 1704 unter dem Titel* a tale of a Tub, written for the universal improvement of mankind *ans Licht.* Swift *bekannte sich dazu nie, weil er bey aller Lauterkeit seiner Absichten als Geistlicher ein Aergerniß zu geben fürchtete. In der dem Mährchen angehängten Bücherschlacht* (an account of a battle between the ancient and modern books in St. James's Library) *werden die damahligen Streitigkeiten über den Werth der Alten mit vieler Laune persiflirt.* Gulliver's *Reisen* (Lemuel Gulliver's travels into several remote nations of the world) *erschienen 1727. Ein sonderbares Product, das eine gemischte Empfindung von Vergnügen und Erstaunen erweckt. Es wurde bey seiner Erscheinung mit unglaublicher Begierde gelesen, und stiftete großen Nutzen, würde aber noch tiefern Eindruck gemacht haben, wenn man nicht zu deutlich bemerkt hätte, daß es dem Verfasser weniger darum zu thun gewesen, seine Zeitgenossen zu bessern, als sich wegen vereitelter Hoffnungen an der gesammten Menschheit zu rächen.*

A TALE OF A TUB.

Sect. IV.

Peter told his brothers, *) he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. *Peter*; and then he must be styled *father Peter*; and sometimes, *my lord Peter*. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fond*, than

*) *Martin* and *Jack*, the church of *England* and the *Protestant* dissenters.

what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to lord *Peter's* invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the publick, will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of *France* and *Italy*, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the *Chinese*. And so I proceed with great content of mind upon reflecting, how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of lord *Peter* was to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord *Peter* sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for the worms, especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights: as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed; the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering office for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholick; as midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much

wind. An aſs's head was placed ſo conveniently, that the party affected might eaſily with his mouth accoſt either of the animal's ears, to which he was to apply cloſe for a certain ſpace, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord *Peter's* was an office of inſurance for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, ſhadows, — — and rivers: that theſe, nor any of theſe, ſhall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly ſocieties, may plainly find themſelves to be only tranſcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord *Peter* was alſo held the original author of puppets and rareeſhows; the great uſefulneſs whereof being ſo generally known, I ſhall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another diſcovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous univerſal pickle. For having remarked how your common pickle, in uſe among houſe-wives, was of no farther benefit than to preſerve dead fleſh, and certain kinds of vegetables; *Peter*, with great coſt as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houſes, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preſerve them as ſound as inſects in amber. Now, this pickle to the taſte, the ſmell, and the ſight, appeared exactly the ſame, with what is in common ſervice for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great ſucceſs, but for its many ſovereign virtues was a quite different thing. For *Peter* would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlimpimp, after which it never failed of ſucceſs. The operation was performed by ſpargefaction in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be pickled, if it were a houſe, would infallibly be preſerved from all ſpiders rats and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he ſhould be exempt from mange, and madneſs, and hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all ſcabs and lice, and ſcalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all *Peter's* rarities, he moſt valued a certain ſet of bulls, whoſe race was by great fortune preſerved in a lineal deſcent from thoſe, that guarded the golden-fleece. Though ſome who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaſte; becauſe they had degenerated from their anceſtors in ſome qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The bulls of *Colchis* are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it hap-

pened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from invention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain that lord *Peter's* bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils: which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art: to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of *Jason*, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace:

Varias inducere plumas;
and
Atrum desinit in piscem.

For these had fishes tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. *Peter* put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a roaring to fright naughty boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it. An *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden-fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if *Peter* sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I muſt needs mention one more of lord *Peter's* projects, which was very extraordinary, and diſcovered him to be maſter of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, *Peter* would offer him a pardon for a certain ſum of money, which when the poor caitiff had made all ſhifts to ſcrape up, and ſend, his lordſhip would return a piece of paper in this form.

„To all mayors, ſheriffs, jailors, conſtables, bailiffs, „hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that A. B. remains „in the hands of you, or ſome of you, under the ſentence of „death, we will and command you upon ſight hereof to let „the ſaid priſoner depart to his own habitation, whether he „ſtands condemned for murder, ſodomy, rape, ſacrilege, inceſt, „treaſon, blaſphemy, &c. for which this ſhall be your ſufficient „warrant: and if you fail hereof, G—d—mn you and yours „to all eternity. And ſo we bid you heartily farewel."

Your moſt humble
man's man,
Emperor Peter.

The wretches, truſting to this, loſt their lives and money too.

I deſire of thoſe, whom the learned among poſterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatiſe, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form raſh and haſty concluſions, eſpecially in ſome myſterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity ſake, which in the operation muſt be divided. And I am certain, that future ſons of art will return large thanks to my memory for ſo grateful, ſo uſeful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to perſuade the reader, that ſo many worthy diſcoveries met with great ſucceſs in the world; though I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related much the ſmalleſt number; my deſign having been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt benefit for public imitation, or which beſt ſerved to give ſome idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time lord *Peter* was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain ſo long and ſo violently upon the rack, that at laſt it ſhook itſelf, and began to turn round for a little eaſe. In ſhort, what with pride, projects and knavery, poor *Peter* was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of pride, he would call himſelf God Almighty,

and ſometimes monarch of the univerſe. I have ſeen him (ſays my author) take three old highcrowned hats, and clap them all on his head, three ſtory high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guiſe, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of ſalutation, *Peter* with much grace, like a well educated ſpaniel, would preſent them with his foot; and if they refuſed his civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which hath ever ſince been called a ſalute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful ſtrong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upſide down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his firſt *boutade* was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too; and in their ſtead, gave orders to pick up the firſt three ſtrollers could be met with in the ſtreets. A while after he nailed up the cellar door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, *Peter* obſerved him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praiſes of his ſirloin of beef. Beef, ſaid the ſage magiſtrate, „is the king of „meat; beef comprehends in it the quinteſſence of partridge, „and quail, and veniſon, and pheaſant, and plum-pudding, „and cuſtard." When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into uſe, and apply the precept, in default of a ſirloin, to his brown loaf: „bread, ſays „he, dear brothers, is the ſtaff of life; in which bread is con„tained, *incluſivè*, the quinteſſence of beef, mutton, veal, ve„niſon, partridge, plum-pudding, and cuſtard: and to render „all compleat: there is intermingled a due quantity of water, „whoſe crudities are alſo corrected by yeaſt or barm, through „which means it becomes a wholeſome fermented liquor, diffu„ſed through the maſs of the bread." Upon the ſtrength of theſe concluſions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf ſerved up in all the formality of a city feaſt. „Come brothers, „ſaid *Peter*, fall to, and ſpare not; here is excellent good mut„ton; or hold, now my hand is in, I will help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good ſlices of a loaf, and preſents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not ſuddenly entering into lord *Peter's* conceit, began with very civil language to examine the myſtery. „My lord, ſaid he, I doubt, with great ſubmiſ„ſion, there may be ſome miſtake. — What, ſays *Peter*, you „are pleaſant; come then, let us hear this jeſt your head is ſo „big with. — None in the world, my lord; but, unleſs I am

„very much deceived, your lordſhip was pleaſed a while ago to „let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to ſee it „with all my heart. — How, ſaid *Peter*, appearing in great ſur-„prize, I do not comprehend this at all." Upon which, the younger interpoſing to ſet the buſineſs aright; „my lord, ſaid „he, my brother I ſuppoſe is hungry, and longs for the mutton „your lordſhip hath promiſed us to dinner. — Pray, ſaid *Peter*, „take me along with you; either you are both mad, or diſpo-„ſed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like „your piece, I will carve you another; though I ſhould take „that to be the choice bit of the whole ſhoulder. — What „then, my lord, replied the firſt, it ſeems this is a ſhoulder „of mutton all this while. — Pray, ſir, ſays *Peter*, eat your „victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you pleaſe, for I „am not diſpoſed to reliſh it at preſent:" but the other could not forbear, being over provoked at the affected ſerioufneſs of *Peter's* countenance: „by G—, my lord, ſaid he, I can only „ſay, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and noſe, it „ſeems to be nothing but a cruſt of bread." Upon which the ſecond put in his word: „I never ſaw a piece of mutton in my „life ſo nearly reſembling a ſlice from a twelve-penny loaf. — „Look ye, gentlemen, cries *Peter* in a rage, to convince you, „what a couple of blind, poſitive, ignorant, wilful puppies you „are, I will uſe but this plain argument; by G—, it is true, „good, natural mutton as any in *Leadenhall* market; and G— „confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwiſe." Such a thundering proof as this left no further room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their miſtake as haſtily as they could. „Why, truly, ſaid the „firſt, upon more mature conſideration. — Ay, ſays the other „interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your „lordſhip ſeems to have a great deal of reaſon. — Very well, ſaid „*Peter*; here, boy, fill me a beergalſs of claret; here's to you „both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to ſee him ſo readily appeaſed, returned their moſt humble thanks, and ſaid, they would be glad to pledge his lordſhip. „That you „ſhall, ſaid *Peter*; I am not a perſon to refuſe you any thing that „is reaſonable; wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a „glaſs a piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, „none of your damned vintners brewings." Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the uſual office in ſuch delicate conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient period at lord *Peter* and each other, and finding how matters were like to go,

resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate further would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture, which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However it is certain, that lord *Peter* even in his lucid intervals was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lyes upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post, that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men or war. Talking one day of *Chinese* waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains: „Z—ds, said *Peter*, where's the wonder of that? by G—, „I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land, „granting that it stopped sometimes to bait, above two thousand „German leagues." And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lye in his life; and at every word; „by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing „but the truth; and the D—l broil them eternally, that will „not believe me."

In short, *Peter* grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera*; by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next enterprize was to break open the

cellar door, and get a little good drink to ſpirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept againſt whoring, divorce, and ſeparate maintenance; upon which their next work was to diſcard their concubines, and ſend for their wives. Whilſt all this was in agitation, there enters a ſollicitor from Newgate, deſiring lord *Peter* would pleaſe to procure a pardon for a thief; that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to ſeek pardons from a fellow, who deſerved to be hanged much better than his client; and diſcovered all the method of that impoſture, in the ſame form I delivered it a while ago, adviſing the ſollicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king. In the midſt of all this clutter and revolution, in comes *Peter* with a file of dragoons at his heels, and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after ſeveral millions of ſcurrilities and curſes not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

LEMUEL GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. PART. III. CHAP. V.

The Academy of Lagado.

This academy is not an entire ſingle building, but a continuation of ſeveral houſes on both ſides of a ſtreet, which growing waſte, was purchaſed and applied to that uſe.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The firſt man I ſaw was of a meager aſpect, with ſooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged and ſinged in ſeveral places: his clothes, ſhirt, and ſkin, were all of the ſame colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting ſunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically ſealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement ſummers. He told me, he did not doubt in eight years more, he ſhould be able to ſupply the governor's gardens with ſun-ſhine at a reaſonable rate; but he complained that his ſtock was low, and intreated me to give him ſomething as an encouragement to ingenuity, eſpecially ſince this had been a very dear ſeaſon for cucumbers. I made him a ſmall preſent, for my lord had furniſhed me with money on purpoſe, becauſe he knew their practice of begging from all who go to ſee them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to haſten back, being almoſt overcome with a horrible ſtink. My conductor

preſſed me forward conjuring me, in a whiſper, to give no offence, which would be highly reſented, and therefore I durſt not ſo much as ſtop my noſe. The projector of this cell was the moſt ancient ſtudent of the academy: his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes dawbed over with filth. When I was preſented to him, he gave me a very cloſe embrace, (a compliment I could well have excuſed.) His employment from his firſt coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by ſeparating the ſeveral parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the odour exhale, and ſcumming off the ſaliva. He had a weekly allowance from the ſociety, of a veſſel filled with human ordure, about the bigneſs of a Briſtol barrel.

I ſaw another at work to calcine ice into gun-powder, who likewiſe ſhewed me a treatiſe he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publiſh.

There was a moſt ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houſes, by beginning at the roof and working downwards to the foundation, which he juſtified to me by the like practice of thoſe two prudent inſects the bee and the ſpider.

There was a man born blind, who had ſeveral apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their maſter taught them to diſtinguiſh by feeling and ſmelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their leſſons, and the profeſſor himſelf happened to be generally miſtaken: this artiſt is much encouraged and eſteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleaſed with a projector, who had found a device of plowing the ground with hogs, to ſave the charges of plows, cattle and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury at ſix inches diſtance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, cheſnuts, and other maſte or vegetables, whereof theſe animals are fondeſt: then you drive ſix hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in ſearch of their food, and make it fit for ſowing, at the ſame time manuring it with their dung. It is true, upon experiment they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop: however, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow paſſage for the artiſt to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to diſturb his webs. He lamented the fatal miſtake the world had

had been ſo long in, of uſing ſilk-worms, while we had ſuch plenty of domeſtick inſects, who infinitely excelled the former, becauſe they underſtood how to weave as well as ſpin. And he propoſed farther, that by employing ſpiders, the charge of dying ſilks ſhould be wholly ſaved, whereof I was fully convinced when he ſhewed me a vaſt number of flies moſt beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his ſpiders, aſſuring us, that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit every body's fancy, as ſoon as he could find proper food for the flies of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter to give a ſtrength and conſiſtence to the threads.

There was an aſtronomer who had undertaken to place a ſun-dial upon the great weather-cock on the town-houſe by adjuſting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and ſun, ſo as to anſwer and coincide with all accidental turnings by the wind.

I was complaining of a ſmall fit of the cholick, upon which my conductor led me into a room, where a great phyſician reſided, who was famous for curing that diſeaſe by contrary operations from the ſame inſtrument. He had a large pair of bellows; with a long ſlender muzzle of ivory. This he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the diſeaſe was more ſtubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he diſcharged into the body of the patient, then withdrew the inſtrument to repleniſh it, clapping his thumb ſtrongly againſt the orifice of the fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would ruſh out, bringing the noxius along with it (like water put into a pump) and the patient recover. I ſaw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not diſcern any effect from the former. After the latter, the animal was ready to burſt, and made ſo violent a diſcharge, as was very offenſive to me and my companions. The dog died on the ſpot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him by the ſame operation.

I viſited many other apartments, but ſhall not trouble my reader with all the curioſities I obſerved, being ſtudious of brevity.

I had hitherto ſeen only one ſide of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of ſpeculative learning, of whom I ſhall ſay ſomething when I have mentioned one illuſtrious perſon more, who is called among them *the univerſal artiſt.* He told us, he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for

the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiofities, and fifty men at work. Some were condenfing air into a dry tangible fubftance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others foftening marble for pillows and pin-cufhions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horfe to preferve them from foundering. The artift himfelf was at that time bufy upon two great defigns; the firft to fow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true feminal virtue to be contained, as he demonftrated by feveral experiments, which I was not fkilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain compofition of gums, minerals, and vegetables outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reafonable time to propagate the breed of naked fheep all over the kingdom.

We croffed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already faid, the projectors in fpeculative learning refided.

The firft profeffor I faw, was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After falutation, obferving me to look earneftly upon a frame, which took up the greateft part of both the length and breadth of the room, he faid perhaps I might wonder to fee him employed in a project for improving fpeculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would foon be fenfible of its ufefulnefs, and he flattered himfelf that a more noble exalted thought never fprung in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the ufual method is of attaining to arts and fciences; whereas by his contrivance, the moft ignorant perfon at a reafonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, may write both in philofophy, poetry, politicks, law, mathematicks and theology, without the leaft affiftance from genius or ftudy. He then led me to the frame, about the fides whereof all his pupils ftood in ranks. It was twenty foot fquare, placed in the middle of the room. The fuperficies was compofed of feveral bits of wood, about the bignefs of a dye, but fome larger than others. They were all linked together by flender wires. Thefe bits of wood were covered on every fquare with papers pafted on them, and on thefe papers were written all the words of their language in their feveral moods, tenfes, and declenfions, but without any order. The profeffor then defired me to obferve, for he was going to fet his engine at work. The pupils at his command took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a fudden turn, the whole difpofition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded fix and thirty of the lads to

read the ſeveral lines ſoftly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a ſentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys who were ſcribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was ſo contrived, that the words ſhifted into new places, or the ſquare bits of wood moved upſide down.

Six hours a-day the young ſtudents were employed in this labour, and the profeſſor ſhewed me ſeveral volumes in large folio already collected, of broken ſentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of thoſe rich materials to give the world a compleat body of all arts and ſciences; which however might be ſtill improved, and much expedited, if the publick would raiſe a fund for making and employing five hundred ſuch frames in *Lagado*, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their ſeveral collections.

He aſſured me, that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth, that he had employed the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the ſtricteſt computation of the general proportion there is in the book between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of ſpeech.

I made my humbleſt acknowledgment to this illuſtrious perſon for his great communicativeneſs, and promiſed if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him juſtice, as the ſole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I deſired leave to delineate upon paper as in the figure here annexed. I told him, although it were the cuſtom of our learned in *Europe* to ſteal inventions from each other, who had thereby at leaſt this advantage, that it became a controverſy which was the right owner, yet I would take ſuch caution, that he ſhould have the honour entire without a rival.

We next went to the ſchool of language, where three profeſſors ſate in conſultation upon improving that of their own country.

The firſt project was to ſhorten diſcourſe, by cutting polyſyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, becauſe in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other was a ſcheme for entirely aboliſhing all words whatſoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we ſpeak is in ſome degree a diminution of our lungs by corroſion, and conſequently contributes to the ſhortning of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that ſince words are only names for *things*, it would be more convenient for all

men to carry about them ſuch *things* as were neceſſary to diſcourſe on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great eaſe as well as health of the ſubject, if the women in conjunction with the vulgar and the illiterate had not threatned to raiſe a rebellion, unleſs they might be allowed the liberty to ſpeak with their tongues, after the manner of their anceſtors; ſuch conſtant irreconcilable enemies to ſcience are the common people. However, many of the moſt learned and wiſe adhere to the new ſcheme of expreſſing themſelves by *things*, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's buſineſs be very great, and of various kinds, he muſt be obliged in proportion to carry a great bundle of *things* upon his back, unleſs he can afford one or two ſtrong ſervants to attend him. I have often beheld two of thoſe ſages almoſt ſinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlers among us; who, when they met in the ſtreets, would lay down their loads, open their ſaddles, and hold converſation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to reſume their burthens, and take their leave.

But for ſhort converſations, a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to ſupply him, and in his houſe he cannot be at a loſs: therefore the room where company meet who practiſe this art, is full of all *things* ready at hand, requiſite to furniſh matter of this kind of artificial converſe.

Another great advantage propoſed by this invention, was, that it would ſerve as an univerſal language to be underſtood in all civilized nations, whoſe goods and utenſils are generally of the ſame kind, or nearly reſembling, ſo that their uſes might eaſily be comprehended. And the embaſſadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes or miniſters of ſtate, to whoſe tongues they were utter ſtrangers.

I was at the mathematical ſchool, where the maſter taught his pupils after a method ſcarce imaginable to us in *Europe*. The propoſition and demonſtration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink compoſed of a cephalick tincture. This the ſtudent was to ſwallow upon a faſting ſtomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digeſted, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the propoſition along with it. But the ſucceſs hath not hitherto been anſwerable, partly by ſome error in the *quantum* or compoſition, and partly by the perverſeneſs of the lads, to whom this bolus is ſo nauſeous, that they generally ſteal aſide, and diſcharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet perſuaded to uſe ſo long an abſtinence as the preſcription requires.

GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Oliver Goldsmith wurde 1729 zu Elphin in der Irländischen Graffschaft Roscommon gebohren, wo sein Vater ein kleines Landgut besaß. Nachdem er sich im Trinitätscollegio zu Dublin gründliche Kenntnisse in der classischen Literatur erworben, und den Grad eines Bachelor of Arts angenommen hatte (1749), wandte er seine Aufmerksamkeit auf die Arzeneykunde, und besuchte in dieser Rücksicht die im medicinischen Fache von jeher berühmte Universität Edinburg (1751). Allein kaum hatte er seine hiesigen Studien angefangen, als er sich wegen einer unvorsichtig geleisteten Bürgschaft eiligst Schottland zu verlassen genöthigt sah. In dieser Verlegenheit begab er sich am Bord eines Holländischen Schiffs, unbekümmert, wohin es ihn führen werde. Zu Rotterdam abgesetzt, ging er über Brüssel nach Löwen, wo er sich zum Doctor der Arzeneygelahrtheit promoviren ließ. Von einer seltenen Wißbegierde getrieben, entschloß er sich nunmehr, die grand tour through Europe, d. h. eine Reise durch Frankreich, die Schweiz und Italien zu unternehmen. Daß es ihm durchaus an Geld und Empfehlungen mangele, machte ihn keinen Augenblick verlegen. Er ging nach Sitte der Pilgrimme von einem Kloster und von einem Dorfe zum andern, und wußte sich bey den Mönchen durch seine Fertigkeit im Disputiren, und bey den Landleuten durch seine Flöte gastfreundliche Aufnahme zu verschaffen. Von Genf reisete er in Gesellschaft eines jungen Engländers, der ihn zu seinem Führer (travelling tutor) erwählt, nach dem südlichen Frankreich. In Marseille entzweite er sich mit seinem Eleven, worauf er sich genöthigt sah, seine Rückkehr allein und in den hülfsbedürftigsten Umständen anzutreten. Sein Genie half ihm indessen auch diesmahl aus der Verlegenheit, und er langte gegen das Ende des Jahres 1758 zu London an. Aber nie hatte er sich in einer bedrängtern Lage befunden, als jetzt. Durchaus Fremdling in dieser Hauptstadt und gänzlich vom Gelde entblößt, bot er verschiedenen Apothekern seine Dienste als Geselle an, wurde aber wegen seines Irländischen Dialects und seiner zerlumpten Tracht, überall abgewiesen, bis ihn endlich ein Chemiker in der Gegend von Fish-street aus Mitleid zu sich nahm. Seine Talente und Kenntnisse zogen ihn indessen bald aus der Dunkelheit, in der er hier schmachtete, hervor. Nachdem er einige Zeit als usher oder Unterlehrer an einer Erziehungsanstalt zu Peckham gearbeitet, berief ihn Herr Griffith, damahliger redacteur des monthley review zum Mitarbeiter an diesem critischen Journal, worauf er sich zu London niederließ, und ganz dem Autorleben zu widmen beschloß. (1759). Seine ersten Producte

zeichneten sich so vortheilhaft aus, daß ihn die Herausgeber der wichtigsten Englischen Zeitschriften wetteifernd zu ihrem Mitarbeiter ernannten. In dem public ledger *machte er zuerst seinen* citizen of the world, *unter dem Titel* chinese letters, *und in dem* british magazine *den größten Theil seiner später hin gesammelten* essays *und* tales *bekannt. Das Glück schien nunmehr einen Mann begünstigen zu wollen, den es so lange vernachläßigt hatte. Er schrieb in kurzen Zwischenräumen seine Schauspiele* the good natured man *und* she stoops to conquer, *welche mit großem Beifall aufgeführt wurden, seine vortrefflichen Gedichte* the traveller *und* the deserted village, *seinen* Vicar of Wakefield, *seine* history of England (London 1772, 4 Vols, 8.) *seine* Roman history (ib. 1774, 2 Vols, 8.) *und seine* Grecian history (ib. 2 Vols, 8.). *Diese Werke erwarben ihm den Ruhm eines classischen Schriftstellers, und würden ihn bald in die glänzendsten Umstände versetzt haben, wenn nicht eine unglückliche Neigung zum Spiel und eine zu weit getriebene Wohlthätigkeit die schnell erworbenen Summen eben so schnell zerstreuet hätte.* 1800l. *jährlicher Einnahme würden ihn nicht von der Verlegenheit, Schuldenhalber arretirt zu werden, befreit haben, wenn ihm nicht seine Freunde mehr als einmahl aus der Noth geholfen hätten. Zu diesen gehörte ein* Garrick, Johnson, Reynolds, Burke &c. *Sein letztes Werk,* history of the earth and animated nature, 8 Vols. 8. *enthält zwar wenig Neues, ist aber doch der guten Auswahl der Materien wegen seines Verfassers nicht unwürdig. Ein Nervenfieber endigte sein leider zu kurzes Leben im Jahr 1774. Seine Freunde errichteten ihm ein Monument in der Westminsterabtey zwischen* Gay's *und des* Duke of Argyle *Denkmählern in dem sogenannten* Dichterwinkel. *Seinen Character drücket* Pope's *Vers*

In wit a man, simplicity a child

vortrefflich aus. — Diese Nachrichten sind aus einer den poetical and dramatic works of Dr. Goldsmith (London 1791, 2 Vols. 8.) *vorangeschickten Lebensbeschreibung dieses merkwürdigen Mannes entlehnt. Von seinen Gedichten weiter unten ein Mehreres. Sein auch unter uns durch eine meisterhafte Uebersetzung bekannter* Vicar of Wakefield, *erschien zuerst* London 1772 8. *Bemerkenswerth ist es, daß er den ehrwürdigen Landpriester nach seinem Bruder* Heinrich, *einem irländischen Geistlichen, der mit Verleugnung aller Ansprüche auf Gut und Ruhm bey einem jährlichen Einkommen von* 40l. *in Gesellschaft einer liebenswürdigen Gattin sich und den Wissenschaften lebte, copirt, und in der hier folgenden Episode einen Theil der seltsamen Abentheuer seiner Reise* mutatis mutandis *dem Sohne des* Dr. Primrose, George, *in den Mund legt.*

Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my firſt care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our couſin, who was himſelf in little better circumſtances than I. My firſt ſcheme, you know, Sir, was to be uſher at an academy, and I aſked his advice on the affair. Our couſin received the propoſal with a true Sardonic grin. „Aye, cried he, this is indeed a very pretty career, that has been chalked out for you. I have been an uſher at a boarding ſchool myſelf; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was brow-beat by the maſter, hated for my ugly face by the miſtreſs, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to ſtir out to meet civility abroad. But are you ſure you are fit for a ſchool? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the buſineſs? „No." Then you won't do for a ſchool. Can you dreſs the boys hair? „No." Then you won't do for a ſchool. Can you lie three in a bed? „No." Then you will never do for a ſchool. Have you got a good ſtomach? „Yes." Then you will by no means do for a ſchool. No, Sir, if you are for a genteel eaſy profeſſion, bind yourſelf ſeven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a ſchool by any means. Yet come, continued he, I ſee you are a lad of ſpirit and ſome learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius ſtarving at the trade: at preſent I'll ſhew you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honeſt jog-trot men, who go on ſmoothly and dully, and write hiſtory and politics, and are praiſed: men, Sir, who, had they been bred coblers, would all their lives have only mended ſhoes, but never made them.

Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an uſher, I reſolved to accept his propoſal; and having the higheſt reſpect for literature, hailed the antiqua mater of *Grubſtreet* with reverence. I thought it my glory to purſue a track which *Dryden* and *Otway* trod before me. I conſidered the goddeſs of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourſe with the world might give us good ſenſe, the poverty ſhe granted I ſuppoſed to be the nurſe of genius. Big with theſe reflections, I ſate down, and finding that the beſt things remained to be ſaid on the wrong ſide, I reſolved to write a book that ſhould be wholly new. I therefore dreſt up three paradoxes with ſome ingenuity. They were falſe, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been ſo often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but ſome

ſplendid things that at a diſtance looked every bit as well. Witneſs you powers what fancied importance ſate perched upon my quill while I was writing. The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would riſe to oppoſe my ſyſtems; but then I was prepared to oppoſe the whole learned world. Like the porcupine I ſate ſelf-collected, with a quill pointed againſt every oppoſer.

But the learned world ſaid nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, Sir. Every man of them was employed in praiſing his friends and himſelf, or condemning his enemies; and unfortunately, as I had neither, I ſuffered the cruelleſt mortification, neglect.

As I was meditating one day in a coffee-houſe on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himſelf in the box before me, and after ſome preliminary diſcourſe, finding me to be a ſcholar, drew out a bundle of propoſals, begging me to ſubſcribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of *Propertius*, with notes. This demand neceſſarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that conceſſion led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were juſt as great as my purſe, „I ſee, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look at theſe propoſals, upon theſe very propoſals I have ſubſiſted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a *Creolian* arrives from *Jamaica*, or a dowager from her country ſeat, I ſtrike for a ſubſcription. I firſt beſiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my propoſals at the breach. If they ſubſcribe readily the firſt time, I renew my requeſt to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I ſmite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top, Thus, continued he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But between ourſelves, I am now too well known, I ſhould be glad to borrow your face a bit; a nobleman of diſtinction has juſt returned from *Italy;* my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verſes, my life for it you ſucceed, and we divide the ſpoil."

Having a mind too proud to ſtoop to ſuch indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a ſecond attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle courſe, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profeſſion where mere induſtry alone was to enſure ſucceſs. I could not ſuppreſs my lurking paſſion for applauſe; but uſually conſumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it ſhould have been more advantageouſly employed in the diffuſive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little pieces would therefore come forth in the miſt of periodical publication, unnoticed and unknown.

The public were more importantly employed than to obſerve the eaſy ſimplicity of my ſtyle, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after ſheet was thrown off to oblivion. My eſſays were buried among the eſſays upon liberty, eaſtern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while *Philautos*, *Philalethes*, *Phileutheros*, and *Philanthropos*, all wrote better, becauſe they wrote faſter, than I.

Now, therefore, I began to aſſociate with none but diſappointed authors, like myſelf, who praiſed, deplored, and deſpiſed each other. The ſatisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts, was inverſely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could pleaſe me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that ſource of comfort. I could neither read nor write with ſatisfaction; for excellence in another was my averſion, and writing was my trade.

In the midſt of theſe gloomy reflections, as I was one day ſitting on a bench in *St. James's* park, a young gentleman of diſtinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the univerſity, approached me. We ſaluted each other with ſome heſitation, he almoſt aſhamed of being known to one who made ſo ſhabby an appearance; and I afraid of a repulſe. But my ſuſpicions ſoon vaniſhed; for *Ned Thornhill* was at the bottom a very good natured fellow.

My friend's firſt care was to alter my appearance by a very fine ſuit of his own cloaths, and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half-friend, half-underling. My buſineſs was to attend him at auctions, to put him in ſpirits when he ſate for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to aſſiſt at tattering a kip, as the phraſe was, when we had a mind for a frolic. Beſide this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many ſmall things without bidding; to carry the cork-ſcrew; to ſtand godfather to all the butler's children; to ſing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble, and, if I could, to be very happy.

In this honourable poſt, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, oppoſed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundreſs to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taſte for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the ſtudy of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was diſmiſſed from ſeveral for his ſtupidity; yet he found many of them who were as dull as himſelf, that permitted his aſſiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practiſed it with the eaſieſt addreſs imaginable; but it came aukward and ſtiff from me; and as every day my

patron's desire of flattery encreased, so every hour being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir *William Thornhill*, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into a grand apartment, where Sir *William* soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes, „pray, Sir, cried he, inform me what you have done for my kinsman, to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, Sir, I guess your merits, you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me, for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance." — The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand, and of happy contrivance: the paintings, the furniture, the gildings petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom: sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections I heard a

ſtep come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himſelf! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard ſoon after. This muſt be He! No, it was only the great man's valet de chambre. At laſt his lordſhip actually made his appearance. Are you, cried he, the bearer of this here letter? I anſwered with a bow. I learn by this, continued he, as how that — But juſt at that inſtant a ſervant delivered him a card, and without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digeſt my own happineſs at leiſure. I ſaw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordſhip was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordſhip, however, went too faſt for us, and was gaining his chariot door with large ſtrides, when I hallowed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an anſwer, half of which only I heard, the other half was loſt in the rattling of his chariot wheels. I ſtood for ſome time with my neck ſtretched out, in the poſture of one that was liſtening to catch the glorious ſounds, till looking round me, I found myſelf alone at his lordſhip's gate.

My patience was now quite exhauſted: ſtung with the thouſand indignities I had met with, I was willing to caſt myſelf away, and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regarded myſelf as one of thoſe vile things that nature deſigned ſhould be thrown by into her lumber room, there to periſh in obſcurity. I had ſtill, however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herſelf ſhould not deprive me: but in order to be ſure of this, I was reſolved to go inſtantly and ſpend it while I had it, and then truſt to occurrences for the reſt. As I was going along with this reſolution, it happened that Mr. *Criſpe's* office ſeemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. *Criſpe* kindly offers all his majeſty's ſubjects a generous promiſe of 30l. a year, for which promiſe all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permiſſion to let him tranſport them to *America* as ſlaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could loſe my fears in deſperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monaſtic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumſtances like myſelf, expecting the arrival of Mr. *Criſpe*, repreſenting a true epitome of Engliſh impatience. Each untractable ſoul at variance with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. *Criſpe* at laſt came down, and all our murmurs were huſhed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the firſt man who for a month paſt talked to me with ſmiles. After a few queſtions, he found I was

fit for every thing in the world. He paufed a while upon the properest means of providing for me, and flapping his forehead, as if he had found it, affured me, that there was at that time an embaffy talked of from the fynod of *Penfylvania* to the *Chickafaw Indians*, and that he would ufe his intereft to get me made fecretary I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promife gave me pleafure, there was fomething fo magnificent in the found. I fairly, therefore, divided my half guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thoufand pounds, and with the other half I refolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that refolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a fhip, with whom I had formerly fome little acquaintance, and he aggreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chofe to make a fecret of my circumftances, he affured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in liftening to the office-keeper's promifes: for that he only defigned to fell me to the plantations. „But, continued he, I fancy you might, by a much fhorter voyage, be very eafily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My fhip fails to-morrow for *Amfterdam*: what if you go in her as a paffenger? The moment you land all you have to do is to teach the *Dutchmen* Englifh, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I fuppofe you underftand Englifh, added he, by this time, or the deuce is in it." I confidently affured him of that; but expreffed a doubt whether the *Dutch* would be willing to learn Englifh. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to diftraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his propofal, and embarked the next day to teach the *Dutch* Englifh in *Holland*. The wind was fair, our voyage fhort, and after having paid my paffage with half my moveables, I found myfelf, fallen as from the fkies, a ftranger in one of the principal ftreets of *Amfterdam*. In this fituation I was unwilling to let any time pafs unemployed in teaching. I addreffed myfelf therefore to two or three of thofe I met, whofe appearance feemed moft promifing; but it was impoffible to make ourfelves mutually underftood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach *Dutchmen* Englifh, it was neceffary that they fhould firft teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook fo obvious an objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

This fcheme thus blown up, I had fome thoughts of fairly fhipping back to *England* again; but happening into company with an *Irifh* ftudent, who was returning from *Louvain*, our converfation turning upon topics of literature, (for by the way it may be obferved, that I always forgot the meannefs of my

circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects) from him I learned that there were not two men in this whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to *Louvain*, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like *Aesop's* basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the *Dutch* as I travelled on. When I came to *Louvain*, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed at first to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: „you see me, young man, continued he, I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek: I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and in short, continued he, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it."

I was now too far from home to think of returning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of *Flanders*, and among such of the *French* as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house, towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt; a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

In this manner I proceeded to *Paris*, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of *Paris* are much fonder of strangers that have money, than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either,

I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and ſeeing the outſides of the beſt houſes, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hoſpitality, when paſſing through one of the principal ſtreets, whom ſhould I meet but our couſin, to whom you firſt recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not diſpleaſing to him. He enquired into the nature of my journey to *Paris*, and informed me of his own buſineſs there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in *London*, who had juſt ſtept into taſte and large fortune. I was the more ſurpriſed at ſeeing our couſin pitched upon for this office, as he himſelf had often aſſured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon aſking how he had been taught the art of a connoſcento ſo very ſuddenly, he aſſured me that nothing was more eaſy. The whole ſecret conſiſted in a ſtrict adherence to two rules: the one always to obſerve, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praiſe the works of *Pietro Perugino* But, ſays he, as I once taught you how to be an author in *London*, I'll now undertake to inſtruct you in the art of picture-buying at *Paris*.

With this propoſal I very readily cloſed as it was living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improved my dreſs by his aſſiſtance, and after ſome time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the Engliſh gentry were expected to be purchaſers. I was not a little ſurpriſed at his intimacy with people of the beſt faſhion, who referred themſelves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring ſtandard of taſte. He made very good uſe of my aſſiſtance upon theſe occaſions; for when aſked his opinion, he would gravely take me aſide, and aſk mine, ſhrug, look wiſe, return, and aſſure the company, that he could give no opinion upon an affair of ſo much importance. Yet there was ſometimes an occaſion for a more ſupported aſſurance. I remember to have ſeen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a bruſh with brown varniſh, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great compoſure before all the company, and then aſk if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finiſhed his commiſſion in *Paris*, he left me ſtrongly recommended to ſeveral men of diſtinction, as a perſon very proper for a travelling tutor; and after ſome time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to *Paris*, in order to ſet him forward on his tour through *Europe*. I was to be the young gentleman's governor,

but with a proviſo that he ſhould always be permitted to govern himſelf. My pupil in fact underſtood the art of guiding, in money concerns, much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thouſand pounds, left him by an uncle in the *Weſt-Indies*; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing paſſion: all his queſtions on the road were how money might be ſaved; which was the leaſt expenſive courſe of travel; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when diſpoſed of again in *London*. Such curioſities on the way as could be ſeen for nothing he was ready enough to look at; but if the ſight of them was to be paid for, he uſually aſſerted that he had been told they were not worth ſeeing. He never paid a bill that he would not obſerve, how amazingly expenſive travelling was, and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at *Leghorn*, as we took a walk to look at the port and ſhipping, he enquired the expence of the paſſage by ſea home to *England*. This he was informed was but a trifle, compared to his returning by land, he was therefore unable to withſtand the temptation; ſo paying me the ſmall part of my ſalary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for *London*.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was uſed to. However my ſkill in muſic could avail me nothing in a country where every peaſant was a better muſician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which anſwered my purpoſe as well, and this was a ſkill in diſputation. In all the foreign univerſities and convents, there are upon certain days philoſophical theſes maintained againſt every adventitious diſputant; for which, if the champion oppoſes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner therefore I fought my way towards *England*, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may ſo expreſs it, ſaw both ſides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the beſt government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is ſo fond of liberty himſelf as not to be deſirous of ſubjecting the will of ſome individuals in ſociety to his own.

Upon my arrival in *England* I reſolved to pay my reſpects firſt to you, and then to enliſt as a volunteer in the firſt expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down my

resolutions were changed, by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians, that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it: that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last *Horatio* was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.

JOHNSON.

Unter den zahlreichen Werken dieses berühmten Schriftstellers findet sich ein Roman, der im Auslande weniger bekannt und geschätzt zu seyn scheinet, als er es verdienet. Der Prince of Abissinia *hat zur Absicht, das Thörichte unserer nicht selten überspannten Erwartungen von den Freuden der Zukunft ins Licht zu setzen. Die naiven Bemerkungen des* Rasselas *und seiner Schwester, die neuen oder doch neu eingekleideten* sentiments, *womit die Erzählung, ohne überladen zu seyn, durchwebt ist, verbunden mit der edlen Einfalt des Stils, machen dies Buch zu einer eben so angenehmen als lehrreichen Lectür. Die 8te Ausgabe erschien zu* London 1789, 8.

THE PRINCE OF ABISSINIA. CHAP. XVI—XXV.

Very few, said *Imlac*, live by choice. Every man is placed in his present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate; and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neigbour better than his own.

I am pleased to think, said *Rasselas*, that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others, by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me; I will review it at leisure: surely happiness is somewhere to be found.

The

The prince rose next day, and resolved to begin his experiments upon life. „Youth, cried he, is the time of gladness: I will join myself to the young men, whose only business is to gratify their desires, and whole time is all spent in a succession of enjoyments."

To such societies he was readily admitted, but a few days brought him back weary and disgusted. Their mirth was without images, their pleasures were gross and sensual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean; they laughed at order and at law, but the frown of power dejected, and the eye of wisdom abashed them.

The prince soon concluded, that he should never be happy in a course of life of which he was ashamed. He thought it unsuitable to a reasonable being to act without a plan, and to be sad or chearful only by chance. „Happiness, said he, must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained so much of his regard by their frankness and courtesy, that he could not leave them without warning and remonstrance. „My friends, said he, I have seriously considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power: let us live as men who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils not to count their past years but by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced."

They stared a while in silence one upon another, and, at last, drove him away by a general chorus of continued laughter.

The consciousness that his sentiments were just, and his intentions kind, was scarcely sufficient to support him against the horror of derision. But he recovered his tranquillity, and pursued his search.

As he was one day walking in the street, he saw a spacious building which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter: he followed the stream of people, and found it a hall or school of

declamation, in which profeſſors read lectures to their auditory. He fixed his eye upon a ſage raiſed above the reſt, who diſcourſed with great energy on the government of the paſſions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He ſhewed, with great ſtrength of ſentiment, and variety of illuſtration, that human nature is degraded and debaſed, when the lower faculties predominate over the higher; that when fancy, the parent of paſſion, uſurps the dominion of the mind, nothing enſues but the natural effect of unlawful government, perturbation and confuſion; that ſhe betrays the fortreſſes of the intellect to rebels, and excites her children to ſedition againſt reaſon, their lawful ſovereign. He compared reaſon to the ſun, of which the light is conſtant, uniform, and laſting: and fancy to a meteor, of bright but tranſitory luſtre, irregular in its motion, and deluſive in its direction.

He then communicated the various precepts given from time to time for the conqueſt of paſſion, and diſplayed the happineſs of thoſe who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the ſlave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emaſculated by tenderneſs, or depreſſed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or privacies of life, as the ſun purſues alike his courſe through the calm or the ſtormy ſky.

He enumerated many examples of heroes immoveable by pain or pleaſure, who looked with indifference on thoſe modes or accidents to which the vulgar give the names of good and evil. He exhorted his hearers to lay aſide their prejudices, and arm themſelves againſt the ſhafts of malice or misfortune, by invulnerable patience; concluding, that this ſtate only was happineſs, and that this happineſs was in every one's power.

Raſſelas liſtened to him with the veneration due to the inſtructions of a ſuperior being, and, waiting for him at the door, humbly implored the liberty of viſiting ſo great a maſter of true wiſdom. The lecturer heſitated a moment, when *Raſſelas* put a purſe of gold into his hand, which he received with a mixture of joy and wonder.

„I have found, ſaid the prince, at his return to *Imlac*, a man who can teach all that is neceſſary to be known, who from the unſhaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the ſcenes of life changing beneath him. He ſpeaks, and attention watches his lips. He reaſons, and conviction cloſes his periods. This man ſhall be my future guide; I will learn his doctrines, and imitate his life."

„Be not too hasty, ſaid *Imlac*, to truſt, or to admire, the teachers of morality: they diſcourſe like angels, but they live like men."

Raſſelas, who could not conceive how any man could reaſon ſo forcibly without feeling the cogency of his own arguments, paid his viſit in few days, and was denied admiſſion. He had now learned the power of money, and made his way by a piece of gold to the inner apartment, where he found the philoſopher in a room half darkened, with his eyes miſty, and his face pale.

„Sir, ſaid he, you are come at a time when all human friendſhip is uſeleſs; what I have loſt cannot be ſupplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whoſe tenderneſs I expected all the comforts of my age, died laſt night of a fever. My views, my purpoſes, my hopes are at an end: I am now a lonely being diſunited from ſociety."

„Sir, ſaid the prince, mortality is an event by which a wiſe man can never be ſurpriſed: we know that death is always near, and it ſhould therefore always be expected. "Young man, anſwered the philoſopher, you ſpeak like one that has never felt the pangs of ſeparation." „Have you then ſorgot the precepts, ſaid *Raſſelas*, which you ſo powerfully enforced? Has wisdom no ſtrength to arm the heart againſt calamity? Conſider, that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reaſon are always the ſame." "What comfort, ſaid the mourner, can truth and reaſon afford me? of what effect are they now, but to tell me, that my daughter will not be reſtored?"

The prince, whoſe humanity would not ſuffer him to inſult miſery with reproof, went away convinced of the emptineſs of rhetorical ſound, and the inefficacy of poliſhed periods and ſtudied ſentences.

He was ſtill eager upon the ſame inquiry; and having heard of a hermit, that lived near the loweſt cataract of the *Nile*, and filled the whole country with the fame of his ſanctity, reſolved to viſit his retreat, and inquire whether that felicity, which public life could not afford, was to be found in ſolitude; and whether a man, whoſe age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of ſhunning evils, or enduring them.

Imlac and the princeſs agreed to accompany him, and, after the neceſſary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through the fields, where ſhepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs where playing upon the paſture. „This, ſaid the poet, is the life which has been often celebrated for its innocence and quiet; let us paſs the heat of the day among the

ſhepherds tents, and know whether all our ſearches are not to terminate in paſtoral ſimplicity."

The propoſal pleaſed them, and they induced the ſhepherds, by ſmall preſents and familiar queſtions, to tell their opinion of their own ſtate: they were ſo rude and ignorant, ſo little able to compare the good with the evil of the occupation, and ſo indiſtinct in their narratives and deſcriptions, that very little could be learned from them. But it was evident that their hearts were cankered with diſcontent; that they conſidered themſelves as condemned to labour for the luxury of the rich, and looked up with ſtupid malevolence toward thoſe that were placed above them.

The princeſs pronounced with vehemence, that ſhe would never ſuffer theſe envious ſavages to be her companions, and that ſhe ſhould not ſoon be deſirous of ſeeing any more ſpecimens of ruſtic happineſs; but could not believe that all the accounts of primeval pleaſures were fabulous, and was yet in doubt whether life had any thing that could be juſtly preferred to the placid gratifications of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when with a few virtuous and elegant companions ſhe ſhould gather flowers planted by her own hand, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and liſten, without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the ſhade.

On the next day they continued their journey, till the heat compelled them to look round for ſhelter. At a ſmall diſtance they ſaw a thick wood, which they no ſooner entered than they perceived that they were approaching the habitations of men. The ſhrubs were diligently cut away to open walks where the ſhades were darkeſt; the boughs of oppoſite trees were artificially interwoven; ſeats of flowery turf were raiſed in vacant ſpaces, and a rivulet, that wantoned along the ſide of a winding path, had its banks ſometimes opened into ſmall baſons, and its ſtream ſometimes obſtructed by little mounds of ſtone heaped together to increaſe its murmurs.

They paſſed ſlowly through the wood, delighted with ſuch unexpected accomodations, and entertained each other with conjecturing what, or who, he could be, that, in thoſe rude and unfrequented regions, had leiſure and art for ſuch harmleſs luxury.

As they advanced they heard the ſound of muſic, and ſaw youths and virgins dancing in the grove, and, going ſtill further, beheld a ſtately palace built upon a hill ſurrounded with woods. The laws of eaſtern hoſpitality allowed them to enter, and the maſter welcomed them like a man liberal and wealthy.

He was ſkilful enough in appearances ſoon to diſcern that they were no common gueſts, and ſpread his table with magnificence. The eloquence of *Imlac* caught his attention, and the lofty courteſy of the princeſs excited his reſpect. When they offered to depart he entreated their ſtay and was the next day ſtill more unwilling to diſmiſs them than before. They were eaſily perſuaded to ſtop, and civility grew up in time to freedom and confidence.

The prince now ſaw all the domeſtics chearful, and all the face of nature ſmiling round the place, and could not forbear to hope that he ſhould find here what he was ſeeking; but when he was congratulating the maſter upon his poſſeſſions, he anſwered with a ſigh: „my condition has indeed the appearance of happineſs, but appearances are deluſive. My proſperity puts my life in danger; the Baſſa of *Egyptis* my enemy, incenſed only by my wealth and popularity. I have been hitherto protected againſt him by the princes of the country; but, as the favour of the great is uncertain, I know not how ſoon my defenders may be perſuaded to ſhare the plunder with the Baſſa. I have ſent my treaſures into a diſtant country, and upon the firſt alarm, am prepared to follow them. Then will my enemies riot in my manſion, and enjoy the gardens which I have planted."

They all joined in lamenting his danger, and deprecating his exile: and the princeſs was ſo much diſturbed with the tumult of grief and indignation, that ſhe retired to her apartment.

They continued with their kind inviter a few days longer, and then went forward to find the hermit.

They came on the third day, by the direction of the peaſants, to the hermit's cell: it was a cavern in the ſide of a mountain, over-ſhadowed with palm-trees; at ſuch a diſtance from the cataract, that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, ſuch as compoſed the mind to penſive meditation, eſpecially when it was aſſiſted by the wind whiſtling among the branches. The firſt rude eſſay of nature had been ſo much improved by human labour, that the cave contained ſeveral apartments appropriated to different uſes, and often afforded lodging to travellers whom darkneſs or tempeſts happened to overtake.

The hermit ſat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolneſs of the evening. On one ſide lay a book with pens and papers, on the other mechanical inſtruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the princeſs obſerved that he had not the countenance of a man that had found, or could teach the way to happineſs.

They ſaluted him with great reſpect, which he repaid like a man not unaccuſtomed to the forms of courts. „My children,

ſaid he, if you have loſt your way, you ſhall be willingly ſupplied with ſuch conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell."

They thanked him, and, entering, were pleaſed with the neatneſs and regularity of the place. The hermit ſet fleſh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His diſcourſe was chearful without levity, and pious without enthuſiaſm. He ſoon gained the eſteem of his gueſts, and the princeſs repented of her haſty cenſure.

At laſt *Imlac* began thus: „I do not now wonder that your reputation is ſo far extended; we have heard at *Cairo* of your wiſdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the choice of life."

„To him that lives well, anſwered the hermit, every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule of choice, than to remove from all apparent evil."

„He will remove moſt certainly from evil, ſaid the prince, who ſhall devote himſelf to that ſolitude which you have recommended by your example."

„I have indeed lived fifteen years in ſolitude, ſaid the hermit, but have no deſire that my example ſhould gain any imitators. In my youth I profeſſed arms, and was raiſed by degrees to the higheſt military rank. I have traverſed wide countries at the head of my troops, and ſeen many battles and ſieges. At laſt, being diſguſted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I reſolved to cloſe my life in peace, having found the world full of ſnares, diſcord and miſery. I had once eſcaped from the purſuit of the enemy by the ſhelter of this cavern, and therefore choſe it for my final reſidence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and ſtored it with all that I was likely to want.

„For ſome time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempeſt-beaten ſailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the ſudden change of the noiſe and hurry of war to ſtillneſs and repoſe. When the pleaſure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown taſteleſs and irkſome. I have been for ſome time unſettled and diſtracted: my mind is diſturbed with a thouſand perplexities of doubt, and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, becauſe I have no opportunities of relaxation or diverſion. I am ſometimes aſhamed to think that I could not ſecure myſelf from vice, but by

retiring from the exercife of virtue, and begin to fufpect that I was rather impelled by refentment, than led by devotion, into folitude. My fancy riots in fcenes of folly, and I lament that I have loft fo much, and have gained fo little. In folitude, if I efcape the example of bad men, I want likewife the counfel and converfation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of fociety, and refolve to return into the world to-morrow The life of a folitary man will be certainly miferable, but not certainly devout."

They heard his refolution with furprife, but after a fhort paufe, offered to conduct him to *Cairo* He dug up a confiderable treafure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

Raffelas returned home full of reflections, doubtful how to direct his future fteps. Of the way to happinefs he found the learned and fimple equally ignorant; but, as he was yet young, he flattered himfelf that he had time remaining for more experiments, and further inquiries. He communicated to *Imlac* his obfervations and his doubts, but was anfwered by him with new doubts, and remarks that gave him no comfort. He therefore difcourfed more frequently and freely with his fifter, who had yet the fame hope with himfelf, and always affifted him to give fome reafon why, though he had been hitherto fruftrated, he might fucceed at laft.

„We have hitherto, faid fhe, known but little of the world: we have never yet been either great or mean. In our own country, though we had royalty, we had no power, and in this we have not yet feen the private receffes of domeftic peace. *Imlac* favours not our fearch, left we fhould in time find him miftaken. We will divide the tafk between us: you fhall try what is to be found in the fplendour of courts, and I will range the fhades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the fupreme bleffings, as they afford moft opportunities of doing good: or, perhaps, what this world can give may be found in the modeft habitations of middle fortune; too low for great defigns, and too high for penury and diftrefs."

Raffelas applauded the defign, and appeared next day with a fplendid retinue at the court of the Baffa. He was foon diftinguifhed for his magnificence, and admitted, as a prince whofe curiofity had brought him from diftant countries, to an intimacy with the great officers, and frequent converfation with the Baffa himfelf.

He was at firſt inclined to believe, that the man muſt be pleaſed with his own condition, whom all approached with reverence, and heard with obedience, and who had the power to extend his edicts to a whole kingdom. „There can be no pleaſure, ſaid he, equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thouſands all made happy by wiſe adminiſtration. Yet, ſince, by the law of ſubordination, this ſublime delight can be in one nation but the lot of one, it is ſurely reaſonable to think that there is ſome ſatisfaction more popular and acceſſible, and that millions can hardly be ſubjected to the will of a ſingle man, only to fill his particular breaſt with incommunicable content."

Theſe thoughts were often in his mind, and he found no ſolution of the difficulty. But as preſents and civilities gained him more familiarity, he found that almoſt every man who ſtood high in employment hated all the reſt, and was hated by them, and that their lives were a continual ſucceſſion of plots and detections, ſtratagems and eſcapes, faction and treachery. Many of thoſe, who ſurrounded the Baſſa, were ſent only to watch and report his conduct; every tongue was muttering cenſure, and every eye was ſearching for a fault.

At laſt the letters of revocation arrived, the Baſſa was carried in chains to *Conſtantinople*, and his name was mentioned no more.

„What are we now to think of the prerogatives of power, ſaid *Raſſelas* to his ſiſter; is it without any efficacy to good? or, is the ſubordinate degree only dangerous, and the ſupreme ſafe and glorious? Is the Sultan the only happy man in his dominions? or, is the Sultan himſelf ſubject to the torments of ſuſpicion, and the dread of enemies?"

In a ſhort time the ſecond Baſſa was depoſed. The Sultan, that had advanced him, was murdered by the Janiſaries, and his ſucceſſor had other views and different favourites.

The princeſs, in the mean time, inſinuated herſelf into many families; for there are few doors, through which liberality, joined with good humour, cannot find its way. The daughters of many houſes were airy and chearful, but *Nekayah* had been too long accuſtomed to the converſation of *Imlac* and ber brother to be much pleaſed with childiſh levity and prattle which had no meaning. She found their thoughts narrow, their wiſhes low, and their merriment often artificial. Their pleaſures, poor as they were, could not be preſerved pure, but were embittered by petty competitions and worthleſs emulation. They were always jealous of the beauty of each other; of a quality to which ſolicitude can add nothing, and from which detraction can take nothing

away. Many were in love with triflers like themſelves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle. Their affection was fixed on ſenſe or virtue, and therefore ſeldom ended but in vexation. Their grief, however, like their joy, was tranſient; every thing floated in their mind unconnected with the paſt or future, ſo that one deſire eaſily gave way to another, as a ſecond ſtone caſt into the water effaces and confounds the circles of the firſt.

With theſe girls ſhe played as with inoffenſive animals, and found them proud of her countenance, and weary of her company.

But her purpoſe was to examine more deeply, and her affability eaſily perſuaded the hearts that were ſwelling with ſorrow to diſcharge their ſecrets in her ear: and thoſe whom hope flattered, or proſperity delighted, often courted her to partake their pleaſures.

The princeſs and her brother commonly met in the evening in a private ſummer-houſe on the bank of the *Nile*, and related to each other the occurrences of the day. As they were ſitting together, the princeſs caſt her eyes upon the river that flowed before her. „Anſwer, ſaid ſhe, great father of waters, thou that rolleſt thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me if thou watereſt, through all thy courſe, a ſingle habitation from which thou doſt not hear the murmurs of complaint?"

STERNE.

Laurence Sterne, *Sohn eines Officiers, wurde 1713 zu* Dublin, *oder, wie andere behaupten, zu* Clomwell *im ſüdlichen* *Irland* *gebohren. Nach einer Schulerziehung, die zur Entwickelung ſeiner Talente wenig beygetragen, ging er, um ſich zu dem geiſtlichen Stande vorzubereiten, nach* Cambridge, *wo er mehr lachte als ſtudirte, und ſich durch den eigenthümlichen Gang ſeiner Ideen ſo auffallend auszeichnete, daß ihn die Akademie bey ſeiner Entlaſſung ein zwar harmloſes, aber höchſt ſeltſames Subject nannte. Er erhielt hierauf ein Vicariat in* Yorkſhire, *bey deſſen mäßigen Einkünften er vielleicht unbemerkt ſein Leben beſchloſſen haben würde, wenn er nicht durch einen Zufall mit ſeinen Kräften bekannt geworden wäre. Es hatte ſich nehmlich einer ſeiner Freunde um eine Pfründe beworben, die der dermahlige Beſitzer durch Cabalen auf ſeine Frau und Kinder zu vererben ſuchte.* Sterne

grif zur Geißel, und schrieb seine Geschichte eines Wachtmantels (history of a watch coat) die man am Ende der S. 9. angeführten Briefsammlung findet. Die Satyre hatte die gewünschte Wirkung, und erregte die größten Erwartungen, die auch bald durch die 4 erstern Theile der life and opinions of TRISTRAM SHANDY befriedigt wurden. Das planloseste aber launigste aller Bücher, dessen feine Anspielungen jedoch nur STERNE's vertrauteste Freunde ganz aufzufassen im Stande seyn möchten. Es erwarb seinem Verfasser den Ruhm des witzigsten Kopfes seiner Zeit, und den Besitz einer der einträglichsten Praebenden an der Cathedralkirche zu York. 1759 erschienen die 4 letztern Theile, wofür die Buchhändler, die sich mit den erstern für keinen Preis hatten befassen wollen, die ansehnlichsten Summen boten. 1760 traten die beiden ersten, und 1766 die beiden letzten Bände der Predigten ans Licht. Mr. YORICK's sermons, publish'd by Mr. STERNE. Sie tragen die reinste Moral in einem classischen Stil vor, und werden bis auf die oft sonderbaren Wendungen, die sie mit allem, was aus der Feder dieses humoristischen Schriftstellers geflossen ist, gemein haben, von den Kunstrichtern für Meisterstücke gehalten. Nur tadelt man, daß sie den Namen des bekannten Hofnarren aus Hamlet an der Stirn tragen. 1767 erschien a sentimental Journey through FRANCE and ITALY, London 2 Vols. 8. Daß diese leider unvollendete Reisebeschreibung zu den vorzüglichsten Producten der Englischen Literatur gehört, bedarf keiner Erwähnung. Die Nervenschwäche, woran der Verfasser seit mehreren Jahren gelitten hatte, nahm während seiner Reise so überhand, daß sie bald nachher sein Leben endigte, (1768). Seine heitere Laune begleitete ihn bis zum letzten Augenblick; er starb lächelnd über die Thorheiten der Menschen, und voll Gefühls für seine Freunde. Ein schwarzes Kleid, ein Paar sammetne Beinkleider und etwas Wäsche war alles, was er hinterließ. Denn da er die letztern Jahre seines Lebens in London zubrachte, so war seine Pfründe in die Hände ungetreuer Verwalter gerathen, die seine Abneigung gegen die Oekonomie kannten und zu benutzen wußten. Der Buchhändler CADELL, Verleger seiner Schriften, ließ ihn beisetzen, da die erwähnten Effecten zu einer anständigen Beerdigung nicht hinreichend waren.

STERNE war eben so sehr Menschenfreund als unterhaltender Gesellschafter und witziger Schriftsteller. Er schildert uns seinen Character mit liebenswürdiger Naivität in der Person YORICK's seines Lieblingsnamens, (TRIST. SHANDY. Vol. I. Chapt. XI.) Seine Gestalt und Tracht waren so originell, daß man sich beym ersten Anblick nur mit Mühe des Lächelns enthalten konnte. Von seinen Verbindungen mit ELIZA ist S. 9. geredet worden. Er war verheirathet, aber nicht lange. Seine Frau trennte sich von ihm und ging in

ein französisches Kloster. *Seine Tochter, nachmahlige* Mrs. Medalle, *benutzte den Enthusiasmus des Publicums, und gab seine sämmtlichen Werke auf Subscription heraus,* London 1775, 7 B. 8. *Voran ein* Account of the life and the writings of Mr. Sterne.

TRISTRAM SHANDY. VOL. VI. CHAP. VI.

The Story of Le Fevre.

It was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies, — which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country, — and about as many, after the time, that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in *Europe* — when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his ſupper, with *Trim* ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard, — The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman, — I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt, — I think, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me. — —

— If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing, — added the landlord, — I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill. — I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he — we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good - natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf, — and take a couple of bottles with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow — *Trim*, — yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt; — and of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. — Step after him, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, — do *Trim*, — and aſk if he knows his name.

— I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal, — but I can aſk his ſon again. — Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle

Toby. — A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; — but the poor creature has tafted almoft as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not ftirred from the bed-fide thefe two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thruft his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away without faying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

— Stay in the room a little, faid my uncle *Toby.* — *Trim!* — faid my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and fmoaked about a dozen whiffs. — *Trim* came in front of his mafter and made his bow; — my uncle *Toby* fmoaked on, and faid no more. — Corporal! faid my uncle *Toby* — the corporal made his bow. — My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finifhed his pipe.

Trim! faid my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myfelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a vifit to this poor gentleman. — Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, fince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of *St. Nicholas*; — and befides it is fo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear fo, replied my uncle *Toby*: but I am not at reft in my mind, *Trim*, fince the account the landlord has given me. — I wifh I had not known fo much of this affair, — added my uncle *Toby*, — or that I had known more of it: — how fhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleafe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal; — I'll take my hat and ftick, and go to the houfe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. — Thou fhalt go, *Trim*, faid my uncle *Toby*, and here's a fhilling for thee to drink with his fervant. — I fhall get it all out of him, faid the corporal, fhutting the door.

My uncle *Toby* filled his fecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with confidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaile a ftraight line, as a crooked one, — he might be faid to have thought of nothing elfe but poor *Le Fevre* and his boy the whole time he fmoaked it.

It was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the afhes out of his third pipe, that corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant. — Is he in the army then? said my uncle *Toby*. — He is; said the corporal. — And in what regiment? said my uncle *Toby* — I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it. — Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it. — „Your honour is good:" — and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, — and began the story to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked, — That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby* — I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; — that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came. If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, — we can hire horses from hence. — But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, — for I heard the deathwatch all night long, — and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of; — but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. — Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it. — I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself. — I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. — The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. — Poor youth! said my uncle *Toby*, — he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; — I wish I had him here. — I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company: — what could be the matter with me, 'an please your honour? Nothing in the

world, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, blowing his noſe; — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain *Shandy's* ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar — (and thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*) — he was heartily welcome to it: — He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer, — for his heart was full — ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt; I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. — Mr. *Yorick's* curate was ſmoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire, — but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth. — I thought it was wrong, added the corporal — I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs. — I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers, — for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion. —

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never ſaid your prayers at all. — I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. — Are you ſure of it? replied the curate. — A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon; — and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world. — 'Twas well ſaid of thee, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*. — But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, — or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches; — harraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; — harraſſing others to-morrow; — detached here; — countermanded there; — reſting this night out upon his arms; — beat up in his ſhirt the next; — benumbed in his joints; — perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on; — muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can. — I believe, ſaid I, — for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army, — I believe, an't pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray, — he prays as heartily

as a parſon — though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy. — Thou ſhould'ſt not have ſaid that, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,— for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not: — At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then) — — it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world, — — and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly. — — I hope we ſhall, ſaid *Trim* — It is in the ſcripture, ſaid my uncle *Toby*; and I will ſhew it thee to - morrow: — In the mean time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, — it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one: — I hope not; ſaid the corporal — But go on, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes — he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it: — the youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling, — the book was laid upon the bed, — and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time. — Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bedſide: — If you are captain *Shandy's* ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me; — if he was of *Leven's* — ſaid the lieutenant. — I told him your honour was — Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him — but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. — You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good - nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fevre*, a lieutenant in *Angus's* — but he knows me not — ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing; poſſibly he may my ſtory — added he — pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at *Breda*, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent. — I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well. — Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, — then well may I. — In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice — Here, *Billy*, ſaid he, — the boy flew

acrofs the room to the bedfide, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiffed it too, — then kiffed his father, and fat down upon the bed and wept.

I wifh, faid my uncle *Toby*, with a deep figh, — I wifh, *Trim*, I was afleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; — fhall I pour your honour out a glafs of fack to your pipe? — Do, *Trim*, faid my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, faid my uncle *Toby*, fighing again, the ftory of the enfign and his wife, with a circumftance his modefty omitted; — and particularly well that he, as well as fhe, upon fome account or other (I forget what) was univerfally pitied by the whole regiment; — but finifh the ftory thou art upon: — 'tis finifh'd already, faid the corporal, — for I could ftay no longer, — fo wifhed his honour a good night; young *Le Fevre* rofe from off the bed, and faw me to the bottom of the ftairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*. — But alas! faid the corporal, — the lieutenants laft day's march is over. — Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle *Toby*.

It was to my uncle *Toby's* eternal honour, — though I tell it only for the fake of thofe, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a pofitive law, know not for their fouls, which way in the world to turn themfelves — that notwithftanding my uncle *Toby* was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the fiege of *Dendermond*, parallel with the allies, who preffed theirs on fo vigoroufly, that they fcarce allowed him time to get his dinner — that neverthelefs he gave up *Dendermond*, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counterfcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diftreffes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden - gate to be bolted up by which he might be faid to have turned the fiege of *Dendermond* into a blockade, — he left *Dendermond* to itfelf, — to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only confidered how he himfelf fhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his fon. — That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendlefs, fhall recompenfe thee for this.

Thou haft left this matter fhort, faid my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, — and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*. — In the firft place, when thou madeft an offer of my fervices to *Le Fevre*, — as ficknefs and travelling are both expenfive, and thou knoweft he was but a poor lieutenant, with a fon to fubfift as well as himfelf, out of his pay, — that thou

didft

didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf. — Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders; — True, quoth my uncle *Toby*, — thou didſt very right, *Trim*, as a ſoldier, — but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle *Toby*, — when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe, — thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too: — A ſick brother-officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, *Trim*; and if we had him with us, — we could tend and look to him: — Thou art an excellent nurſe, thyſelf, *Trim*,— and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs. —

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, ſmiling, — he might march. — He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal: — He will march; ſaid my uncle *Toby*, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off: — An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave: — He ſhall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch, — he ſhall march to his regiment.— He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal. — He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle *Toby*; — He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy? — He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, firmly. — A-well-o'day, — do what we can for him, ſaid *Trim*, maintaining his point, — the poor ſoul will die: — He ſhall not die, by G —, cried my uncle *Toby*.

— The *Accuſing Spirit* which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſh'd as he gave it in — and the *Recording Angel* as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau, — put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician, he went to bed and fell aſleep.

The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village, but *Le Fevre's* and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſ'd heavy upon his eye-lids, — and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle, — when my uncle *Toby*, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it,

and aſked him how he did, — how he had reſted in the night, what was his complaint, — where was his pain, — and what he could do to help him? — and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. —

— You ſhall go home directly, *Le Fevre*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, to my houſe, — and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter, — and we'll have an apothecary — and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe; — and I'll be your ſervant, *Le Fevre.*

There was a frankneſs in my uncle *Toby*, — not the effect of familiarity, — but the cauſe of it, — which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle *Toby* had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. — The blood and ſpirits of *Le Fevre*, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart — rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment, — he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle *Toby's* face, — then caſt a look upon his boy, — and that ligament, fine as it was, — was never broken. —

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again, — the film returned to its place, — the pulſe fluttered — ſtopp'd — went on — throb'd — ſtopp'd again — moved — ſtopp'd — ſhall I go on? — No.

YORICK'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

Montriul.

When all is ready, and every article is diſputed and paid for in the inn, unleſs you are a little ſour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can yet into your chaiſe; and that is with the ſons and daughters of poverty, who ſurround you. Let no man ſay, "let „them go to the devil" — 'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables, and they have had ſufferings enough without it: I always think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle traveller to do ſo likewiſe; he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them — they will be regiſter'd elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few that I know have ſo little to give: but as this was the firſt public act of my charity in *France*, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! ſaid I. I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd ſoul without a ſhirt on inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two ſteps out of the circle, and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux Dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment of a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt heaven! for what wiſe reaſons haſt thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this? —

I inſiſted upon preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh briſk fellow, who ſtood over-againſt me in the circle, putting ſomething firſt under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his ſnuffbox out of his pocket, and generouſly offer'd a pinch on both ſides of him: it was a gift of conſequence, and modeſtly declined. — The poor little fellow preſs'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeneſs. — *Prenez en* — *prenez*, ſaid he, looking another way; ſo they each took a pinch. — Pity thy box ſhould ever want one! ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a couple of ſous into it — taking a ſmall pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it. — He felt the weight of the ſecond obligation more than that of the firſt — 'twas doing him an honour — the other was only doing him a charity — and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

— Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the ſervice — here's a couple of ſous for thee. — *Vive le Roi!* ſaid the old ſoldier.

I had then but three ſous left: ſo I gave one, ſimply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd. — The poor woman had a diſlocated hip; ſo it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher & très charitable Monſieur! — There's no oppoſing this, ſaid I.

My Lord Anglois — the very ſound was worth the money — ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it.* But in the eagerneſs of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to aſk a ſous for him, and who, I believed, would have periſh'd, ere

he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days. — Good God! said I — and I have not one single sous left to give him. — But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me — so I gave him — no matter what — I am ashamed to say *how much*, now — and was ashamed to think, *how little*, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but, *Dieu vous benisse — & le bon Dieu vous benisse encore* — said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing — he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away — and I thought he thank'd me more than them all.

The dead Ass.

— And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet — and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. — I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind *Sancho's* lamentation for his, but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time — then laid them down — look'd at them and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand — then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle — looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made — and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and *La Fleur* amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

— He said he had come last from *Spain*, where he had been from the furthest borders of *Franconia;* and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seem'd desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all *Germany;* but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling

ill of the fame diftemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him alfo, he would go in gratitude to *St. Iago* in *Spain*.

When the murner got thus far on his ftory, he ftopp'd to pay nature her tribute — and wept bitterly.

He faid, heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had fet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey — that it had eat the fame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ftood about, heard the poor fellow with concern — *La Fleur* offered him money. — The mourner faid, he did not want it — it was not the value of the afs — but the lofs of him. — The afs, he faid, he was affured loved him — and upon this told them a long ftory of a mifchance upon their paffage over the *Pyrenean* mountains which had feparated them from each other three days; during which time the afs had fought him as much as he had fought the afs, and that they had neither fcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haft one comfort, friend, faid I, at leaft in the lofs of thy poor beaft; I'm fure thou haft been a merciful mafter to him. — Alas! faid the mourner, I thought fo, when he was alive — but now that he is dead I think otherwife. — I fear the weight of myfelf and my afflictions together have been too much for him — they have fhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anfwer for. — Shame on the world! faid I to myfelf. — Did we love each other, as this poor foul but loved his afs — 'twould be fomething. —

The Pulfe.

Hail ye fmall fweet courtefies of life, for fmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at firft fight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the ftranger in.

— Pray, Madame, faid I, have the goodnefs to tell me which way I muft turn to go to the Opera comique; — moft willingly, Monfieur, faid fhe, laying afide her work. —

I had given a caft with my eye into half a dozen fhops as I came along in fearch of a face not likely to be difordered by fuch an interruption; till at laft, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as fhe fat in a low chair on the far fide of the fhop facing the door. —

— *Très volontiers*; moft willingly, faid fhe, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rifing up from the low chair fhe was fitting in, with fo chearful a movement and fo

chearful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I ſhould have ſaid — „this woman is grateful."

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take — you muſt turn firſt to your left hand — *mais prenez garde* — there are two turns; and be ſo good as to take the ſecond — then go down a little way and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you muſt croſs — and there, any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhew you. —

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me with the ſame good natur'd patience the third time as the firſt; and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out — ſhe ſeem'd really intereſted, that I ſhould not loſe myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt Griſſet, I think, I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, — and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid — ſo looking back, and ſeing her ſtill ſtanding in the door of the ſhop as if to look whether I went right or not — I returned back, to aſk her whether the firſt turn was to my right or left — for that I had abſolutely forgot. — Is it poſſible! ſaid ſhe, half laughing. — 'Tis very poſſible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth — ſhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a ſlight courteſy.

— *Attendez!* ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilſt ſhe called a lad out of the back-ſhop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am juſt going to ſend him, ſaid ſhe, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaiſance to ſtep in, it will be ready in a moment, and he ſhall attend you to the place. — So I walk'd in with her to the far ſide of the ſhop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which ſhe laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to ſit, ſhe ſat down herſelf in her low chair, and I inſtantly ſat myſelf down beſides her.

— He will be ready, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, in a moment — and in that moment, replied I, moſt willingly would I ſay ſomething very civil to you for all theſe courteſies. Any one may

do a caſual act of good nature, but a continuation of them ſhews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the ſame blood which comes from the heart, which deſcends to the extremes (touching her wriſt) I am ſure you muſt have one of the beſt pulſes of any woman in the world. — Feel it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery. —

— Would to heaven! my dear *Eugenius*, thou hadſt paſſed by, and beheld me ſitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-ſical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever. — How wouldſt thou have laugh'd and moralized on. — Truſt me, my dear *Eugenius*, I ſhould have ſaid, „there are worſe occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's* „*pulſe*." — But a Griſſet's! thou wouldſt have ſaid — and in an open ſhop! *Yorick* —

— So much the better: for when my views are direct, *Eugenius*, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

The husband.

I had counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her huſband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the ſhop, put me a little out in my reckoning. — 'Twas no body but her huſband, ſhe ſaid, — ſo I began a freſh ſcore. — Monſieur is ſo good, quoth ſhe, as he paſs'd by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe.— The huſband took off his hat, and making me a bow, ſaid, I did him too much honour — and having ſaid that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out — and can this man be the huſband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In *London* a ſhopkeeper and a ſhopkeeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one fleſh: in the ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it, ſo as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In *Paris*, there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the huſband, he ſeldom comes there — in ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commerceleſs in his thrum night-cap, the ſame rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *ſalique*, having ceded this department, with ſundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes from morning to night, like ſo many rough pebbles ſhook long together in a bag, by amicable colliſions, they have worn down their aſperities and ſharp angles, and not only become round and ſmooth, but will receive, ſome of them, a poliſh like a brilliant. — Monſieur *le Mari* is little better than the ſtone under your foot. —

— Surely — Surely man! it is not good for thee to ſit alone — thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

— And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe. — With all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected. — She was going to ſay ſomething civil in return — but the lad came into the ſhop with the gloves. — *A propos*, ſaid I, I want a couple of pair myſelf.

The gloves.

The beautiful Griſſet roſe up when I ſaid this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the ſide over-againſt her: they were all too large. The beautiful Griſſet meaſured them one by one acroſs my hand. — It would not alter the dimenſions. — She begg'd I would try a ſingle pair, which ſeemed to be the leaſt. — She held it open — my hand ſlipp'd into it at once. — It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking my head a little. — No, ſaid ſhe, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtlety — where whim, and ſenſe, and ſeriouſneſs, and nonſenſe, are ſo blended, that all the languages of *Babel* ſet looſe together could not expreſs them — they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infecter. I leave it to your men of words to ſwell pages about it — it is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do; ſo folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter — it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Griſſet look'd ſometimes at the gloves, then ſide-ways to the window, then at the gloves — and then at me. I was not diſpoſed to break ſilence. — I follow'd her example: ſo I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and ſo on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack — she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins. — It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did. —

It, is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price. — I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about. — Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger — and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy? — *M'en croyez vous capable?* — Faith! not I, said I, and if you were, you are welcome. — So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

The act of charity.

The man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon day, in large and open streets. — Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of her's worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together — and yet they are *absolutely* fine; — and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of 'em — and for the text. — „*Cappadosia*, *Pontus and Asia*, *Phrygia and Pamphilia*" — is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*, or wish to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, — the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door — 'tis more for ornament than use, you see it as a fix'd star of the least magnitude; it burns — but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discern'd, as I approach'd within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm

in arm, with their backs againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre* — as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand. — I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-ſix; the other of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them — they ſeem'd to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapp'd by careſſes, unbroke in upon by tender ſalutations: I could have wiſh'd to have made them happy — their happineſs was deſtin'd, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it ſingular, that a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms — and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeemed aſtoniſh'd at it as much as myſelf. — Twelve ſous! ſaid one. — A twelve-ſous piece! ſaid the other — and made no reply.

The poor man ſaid, he knew not how to aſk leſs of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

Poo! ſaid they — we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renew'd his ſupplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me. — Upon my word, honeſt man! ſaid the younger, we have no change. — Then God bleſs you, ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others without change! — I obſerved the elder ſiſter put her hand into her pocket — I'll ſee, ſaid ſhe, if I have a ſous. — A ſous! give twelve, ſaid the ſupplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, ſaid the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder, — What is it but your goodneſs and humanity which makes your bright eyes ſo ſweet, that they outſhine the morning even in this dark paſſage? and what was it which made the Marquis de *Santerre* and his brother ſay ſo much of you both as they juſt paſs'd by?

The two ladies ſeemed much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more — it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity — and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

FIELDING.

Henry Fielding, Esq. *Sohn eines verdienstvollen, unter* Marlborough *bis zum Grad eines Generallieutenants gestiegenen Officiers, wurde 1707 zu* Sharpham Park *bey* Glastonbury *in* Somersetshire *gebohren. Im* Eaton College *erzogen, begab er sich, um die Rechte zu studieren, nach* Leyden. *Allein er sah sich bald genöthigt, nach seinem Vaterlande zurück zu kehren, weil die Anzahl seiner Geschwister zu groß war, als daß sein sonst wohlhabender Vater ansehnliche Summen auf seine Bildung verwenden konnte. Er ging nun nach* London, *um in den* inns of court *seine juristischen Studien fortzusetzen, legte aber durch diesen Schritt den Grund zu dem Ungemach, womit er sein künftiges Leben hindurch zu kämpfen hatte. Der eben so unerfahrene als feurige Jüngling ließ sich in dieser gefährlichen Stadt zu Ausschweifungen aller Art hinreißen, und gerieth dadurch bald in die hülflosesten Umstände. In dieser Verlegenheit fing er an, für das Theater zu schreiben. Seine beiden ersten Stücke,* love in several masques, *und* the Temple beau *wurden mit Beifall aufgenommen. Weniger gefielen die folgenden, nicht weil sie schlechter waren, denn sie verrathen sämtlich viel Menschenkenntniß, und eine ächte* vis comica (*S.* Murphy's essay on the life and genius of Henry Fielding), *sondern weil seine Feinde das Publicum gegen ihn einzunehmen wußten. 1736 endigte er seine theatralische Laufbahn, nachdem er 18 Stücke geliefert hatte, die man in den vollständigen Sammlungen seiner Werke in chronologischer Ordnung aufgeführt findet.* Works of Henry Fielding, London 1767, VIII Vols. 8. 1775 XII Vols. 8. Edimburg 1767, XII Vols. 8. *Er arbeitete indessen nicht bloß für die Bühne. Sein* essay on conversation, knowledge of the characters of men, journey from this world to the next *und* history of Jonathan Wild *würden bekannter seyn, wenn sie nicht durch seine später erschienenen Meisterstücke verdunkelt worden wären. In dem gedachten Jahr verließ er* London, *um mit einem schönen, aber armen Frauenzimmer, das er um diese Zeit geheirathet hatte, zu* Stower *in* Dorsetshire, *einem ihm durch den Tod seiner Mutter zugefallenen Landgute, zu leben. Seine Einkünfte, hinreichend seine Bedürf-*

nisse zu befriedigen, konnten seinem Hange zur Ueppigkeit kein Genüge leisten. In weniger als 3 Jahren war ihm nichts als seine Geschicklichkeit übrig. In den elendesten Umständen kehrte er gegen 1740 nach London *zurück, um sein Glück als Rechtsgelehrter zu versuchen. Er trat auch wirklich in* Westminster-hall *mit Beifall auf. Da aber die Ausschweifungen seiner Jugend seine sonst dauerhafte Gesundheit dergestalt untergraben hatten, daß er ununterbrochen am Podagra litt, so ward es ihm unmöglich, auf diesem Wege seinen Unterhalt zu erwerben. Er grif also von neuem zur Feder, und arbeitete einige Zeit an einer periodischen Schrift, politischen Inhalts,* the Champion, *die vorzüglich ihm ihre Aufnahme verdankte. Unter diesen Umständen, die jedes andere Genie seiner Schnellkraft beraubt haben würden, schrieb er seine vortrefflichen Romane* Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, *und* Amelia, *die Zierden der Englischen Literatur. Da ihn jedoch auch diese Werke nicht vor Dürftigkeit zu sichern vermogten so nahm er 1750 das Amt eines Friedensrichters in der Grafschaft* Middlesex *an, verwaltete es aber nicht lange. Seine Aerzte riethen ihm zur Wiederherstellung seiner Gesundheit eine Reise nach dem milden Clima von* Lissabon *zu unternehmen. Er that es, und starb 2 Monath nach seiner Ankunft daselbst, im 47sten Jahre seines Alters. Das Tagebuch dieser Reise erschien 1755.* The journal of a Voyage to Lisboa, by Henry Fielding, Esq. London, 8. *Das Leben dieses merkwürdigen Schriftstellers war eine Kette von Zerstreuungen, Ausschweifungen, und daraus entspringenden Unfällen. Er war unglücklich, sagt* Murphy, *oft unbesonnen, aber nie lasterhaft. Daß er ein Mann von grossem Verstande, wohlgeordneter Einbildungskraft und soliden Kenntnissen gewesen, bezeugen seine Schriften, besonders sein* Tom Jones, *der in den Händen eines jeden Freundes geschmackvoller Lectür ist.* Joseph Andrews, *zufolge der Vorrede eine Nachahmung des Stils und der Manier des* Cervantes, *erreicht sein Original nicht, und* Amelia, *das letzte Product* Fielding's, *steht dem* Tom Jones *eben so weit nach, als die* Odyssee *der* Iliade. Joseph Andrews *erschien* London 1750, 2 Vols. 8. Tom Jones ib. 1750, 4 Vols. 8. Amelia ib. 1752, 2 Vols. 8. *Die vorzüglichste Quelle über* Fielding's *Leben ist* the Companion to the Play-house, *woraus das vor der oben erwähnten* Edinburger *Ausgabe der sämtlichen Werke stehende und hier benutzte Leben ein Auszug ist.*

TOM JONES, BOOK VIII. CHAPT. XI — XIV.

History of the Man of the Hill.

I was born in a village of *Somersetshire*, called *Mark*, in the year 1657; my father was one of those whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little estate of about 300 l. a year of his

own, and rented another eſtate of near the ſame value. He was prudent and induſtrious, and ſo good a huſbandman, that he might have led a very eaſy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife ſoured his domeſtic quiet. But though this circumſtance perhaps made him miſerable, it did not make him poor: for he confined her almoſt entirely at home, and rather choſe to bear eternal upbraidings in his own houſe, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagancies ſhe deſired abroad.

By this *Xanthippe* he had two ſons, of which I was the younger. He deſigned to give us both good education; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; inſomuch that after having been five or ſix years at ſchool with little or no improvement, my father being told by his maſter, that it would be to no purpoſe to keep him longer there, at laſt complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as ſhe called his maſter; though indeed he gave the lad much leſs correction than his idleneſs deſerved, but much more it ſeems, than the young gentleman liked, who conſtantly complained to his mother of his ſevere treatment, and ſhe as conſtantly gave him a hearing.

My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and to every thing elſe but to his dog and gun, with which latter he became ſo expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a ſtanding mark with great certainty, but hath actually ſhot a crow as it was flying in the air. He was likewiſe excellent at finding a hare ſitting, and was ſoon reputed one of the beſt ſportſmen in the country. A reputation which both he and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the fineſt ſcholar.

The ſituation of my brother made me at firſt think my lot the harder, in being continued at ſchool: but I ſoon changed my opinion; for as I advanced pretty faſt in learning, my labours became eaſy; and my exerciſe ſo delightful, that holidays were my moſt unpleaſant time: for my mother, who never loved me, now apprehending that I had the greater ſhare of my father's affection, and finding, or at leaſt thinking, that I was more taken notice of by ſome gentlemen of learning, and particularly by the parſon of the pariſh, than my brother, ſhe now hated my ſight, and made home ſo diſagreeable to me, that what is called by by ſchoolboys Black Monday, was to me the whiteſt in the whole year.

Having, at lenght gone through the ſchool at *Taunton*, I was thence removed to Exeter college in *Oxford*, where I

remained four years; at the end of which an accident took me off entirely from my ſtudies; and hence I may truly date the riſe of all which happened to me afterwards in life.

There was at the ſame college with myſelf one Sir *George Greſham*, a young fellow who was intitled to a very conſiderable fortune; which he was not, by the will of his father, to come into full poſſeſſion of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-five. However, the liberality of his guardians gave him little cauſe to regret the abundant caution of his father: for they allowed him five hundred pound a year while he remained at the univerſity, where he kept his horſes and his whore, and lived as wicked and as profligate a life, as he could have done, had he been never ſo entirely maſter of his fortune; for beſides the five hundred a year which he received from his guardians, he found means to ſpend a thouſand more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleaſed.

This young fellow, among many other tolerable bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a great delight in deſtroying and ruining the youth of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences which they could not afford ſo well as himſelf; and the better, and worthier, and ſoberer, any young man was, the greater pleaſure and triumph had he in his deſtruction. Thus acting the character which is recorded of the devil, and going about ſeeking whom he might devour.

It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of diligence in my ſtudies made a deſirable object of his miſchievous intention; and my own inclination made it ſufficiently eaſy for him to effect his purpoſe; for though I had applied myſelf with much induſtry to books, in which I took great delight, there were other pleaſures in which I was capable of taking much greater; for I was highmettled, had a violent flow of animal ſpirits, was a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir *George*, before I became a partaker of all his pleaſures, and when I was once entered on that ſcene, neither my inclination, nor my ſpirit, would ſuffer me to play an under-part. I was ſecond to none of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I ſoon diſtinguiſhed myſelf ſo notably in all riots and diſorders, that my name generally ſtood firſt in the roll of delinquents; and, inſtead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of Sir *George*, I was now accuſed as the perſon who had miſled and debauched that hopeful young gentleman; for though he was the ringleader and promoter of all the miſchief,

he was never so considered. I fell at last under the censure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly escaped expulsion.

You will easily believe, Sir, that such a life as I am now describing must be incompatible with my further progress in learning; and that in proportion as I addicted myself more and more to loose pleasure, I must grow more and more remiss in application to my studies. This was truly the consequence; but this was not all. My expences now greatly exceeded not only my former income, but those additions which I extorted from my poor generous father, on pretences of sums being necessary for preparing for my approaching degree of bachelor of arts. These demands, however, grew at last so frequent and exorbitant, that my father, by slow degrees, opened his ears to the accounts which he received from many quarters of my present behaviour: and which my mother failed not to echo very faithfully and loudly; adding: „Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the „scholar who doth so much honour to his family, and is to be „the making of it. I thought what all this learning would come „to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after his elder „brother hath been denied necessaries for his sake, to perfect „his education forsooth, for which he was to pay us such in„terest: I thought what the interest would come to;" with much more of the same kind; but I have, I believe satisfied you with this taste.

My father therefore began now to return remonstrances, instead of money, to my demands, which brought my affairs perhaps a little sooner to a crisis; but had he remitted me his whole income, you will imagine it could have sufficed a very short time to support one who kept pace with the expences of Sir *George Gresham.*

It is more than possible, that the distress I was now in for money, and the impracticability of going on in this manner, might have restored me at once to my senses and to my studies, had I opened my eyes, before I became involved in debts, from which I saw no hopes of ever extricating myself. This was indeed the great art of Sir *George*, and by which he accomplished the ruin of many, whom he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs, for vying, as he called it, with a man of his fortune. To bring this about he would now and then advance a little money himself, in order to support the credit of the unfortunate youth with other people: till, by means of that very credit, he was irretrievably undone.

My mind being, by these means, grown as desperate as my fortune, there was scarce a wickedness which I did not meditate, in order for my relief. Self-murder itself became the

ſubject of my ſerious deliberation; and I had certainly reſolved on it, had not a more ſhameful, though perhaps leſs ſinful thought expelled it from my head. I proteſt, ſo many years have not waſhed away the ſhame of this act, and I ſhall bluſh while I relate it. I had a chum, a very prudent, frugal young lad, who, though he had no very large allowance, had by his parſimony heaped up upwards of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his eſcrutore. I took therefore an opportunity of purloining his key from his breeches pocket while he was aſleep, and thus made myſelf of all his riches. After which I again conveyed his key into his pocket, and counterfeiting ſleep, though I never once cloſed my eyes, lay in bed till after he aroſe and went to prayers, an exerciſe to which I had long been unaccuſtomed.

Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often ſubject themſelves to diſcoveries, which thoſe of a bolder kind eſcape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his eſcrutore, I had, perhaps, eſcaped even his ſuſpicion, but as it was plain that the perſon who robbed him had poſſeſſed himſelf of his key, he had no doubt, when he firſt miſſed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief. Now as he was of a fearful diſpoſition, and much my inferior in ſtrength, and, I believe, in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worſe bodily conſequences, which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon ſwearing to the robbery, and to the circumſtances of it, very eaſily obtained a warrant againſt one who had now ſo bad a character through the whole univerſity.

Luckily for me I lay out of the college the next evening; for that day I attended a young lady in a chaiſe to *Whitney*, where we ſtaid all night; and in our return the next morning to *Oxford*, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with ſufficient news concerning myſelf to make turn my horſe another way.

Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to *Oxford*, the next thing which offered itſelf was a journey to *London*. I imparted this intention to my female companion, who at firſt remonſtrated againſt it; but upon producing my wealth, ſhe immediately conſented. We then ſtruck acroſs the country into the great Cirenceſter road, and made ſuch haſte, that we ſpent the next evening (ſave one) in *London*.

I was now reduced to a much higher degree of diſtreſs than before; the neceſſaries of life began to be numbered among my wants; and what made my caſe ſtill the more grievous, was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, ſhared the ſame diſtreſſes with myſelf. To ſee a woman you love in

in diſtreſs; to be unable to relieve her, and, at the ſame time, to reflect that you have brought her into this ſituation, is, perhaps, a curſe of which no imagination can repreſent the horrors to thoſe who have not felt it.

This circumſtance ſo ſeverely aggravated the horrors of my preſent ſituation, that they became abſolutely intolerable. I could with leſs pain endure the raging of my own natural unſatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirſt, than I could ſubmit to leave ungratified the moſt whimſical deſires of a woman, on whom I ſo extravagantly doated, that, though I knew ſhe had been the miſtreſs of half my acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good creature was unwilling to conſent to an action which the world might think ſo much to my diſadvantage. And as, poſſibly, ſhe compaſſionated the daily anxieties which ſhe muſt have perceived me ſuffer on her account, ſhe reſolved to put an end to my diſtreſs. She ſoon indeed found means to relieve me from my troubleſome and perplexed ſituation: for while I was diſtracted with various intentions to ſupply her with pleaſures, ſhe very kindly — betrayed me to one of her former lovers at *Oxford*, by whoſe care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

Here I firſt began ſeriouſly to reflect on the miſcarriages of my former life; on the errors I had been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought on myſelf; and on the grief which I muſt have occaſioned to one of the beſt of fathers. When I added to all theſe the perfidy of my miſtreſs, ſuch was the horror of my mind, that life, inſtead of being longer deſirable, grew the object of my abhorrence; and I could have gladly embraced death, as my deareſt friend, if it had offered itſelf to my choice unattended by ſhame.

The time of the aſſizes ſoon came, and I was removed by Habeas Corpus to *Oxford*, where I expected certain conviction and condemnation; but, to my great ſurpriſe, none appeared againſt me, and I was, at the end of the ſeſſions, diſcharged for want of proſecution. In ſhort, my chum had left *Oxford*, and whether from indolence, or from what other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concerning himſelf any farther in the affair.

I had now regained my liberty, but I had loſt my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the caſe of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of juſtice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conſcious of my guilt, and aſhamed to look any one in the face, ſo reſolved to leave *Oxford* the next

morning, before the day-light discovered me to the eyes of any beholders,

When I had got clear of the city, it first entered into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveness; but as I had no reason to doubt his knowledge of all which had past, and as I was well assured of his great aversion to all acts of dishonesty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, especially since I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother: nay, had my father's pardon been as sure, as I conceived his resentment to be, I yet question whether I could have had the assurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have submitted to live and converse with those, who, I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of so base an action.

I hastened therefore back to *London*, the best retirement of either grief or shame, unless for persons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of solitude without its disadvantage, since you may be alone and in company at the same time; and while you walk or sit unobserved, noise, hurry, and a constant succession of objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the spirits from preying on themselves, or rather on grief or shame, which are the most unwholesome diet in the world; and on which (though there are many who never taste either but in public) there are some who can feed very plentifully, and very fatally, when alone.

But as there is scarce any human good without its concomitant evil, so there are people who find an inconvenience in this unobserving temper of mankind; I mean persons who have no money; for as you are not put out of countenance, so neither are you cloathed or fed by those who do not know you. And a man may be as easily starved in *Leadenhall-market* as in the deserts of *Arabia*.

It was at present my fortune to be destitute of that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by several writers, who, I suppose, were over-burthened with it, namely, money. One evening, as I was passing through the *Inner Temple*, very hungry, and very miserable, I heard a voice on a sudden haling me with great familiarity my christian name; and upon my turning about, I presently recollected the person who so saluted me, to have been my fellow-collegiate; one who had left the university above a year, and long before any of my misfortunes had befallen me. This gentleman, whose name was *Watson*, shook me heartily by the hand and, expressing great joy at meeting me, proposed our immediately drinking a bottle together. I first declined the proposal, and pretended business; but as he

was very earneſt and preſſing, hunger at laſt overcame my pride, and I fairly confeſſed to him I had no money in my pocket; yet not without framing a lie for an excuſe, and imputing it to my having changed my breeches that morning. Mr. *Watſon* anſwered: „I thought, *Jack*, you and I had been too old ac-„quaintance for you to mention ſuch a matter." He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me along; but I gave him very little trouble, for my own inclinations pulled me much ſtronger than he could do.

We then went into the *Friars*, which you know is the ſcene of all mirth and jollity. Here, when we arrived at the tavern, Mr. *Watſon* applied himſelf to the drawer only, without taking the leaſt notice of the cook; for he had no ſuſpicion but that I had dined long ſince. However, as the caſe was really otherwiſe, I forged another falſhood, and told my companion, I had been at the further end of the city on buſineſs of conſe-quence, and had ſnapt up a mutton-chop in haſte; ſo that I was again hungry and wiſhed he would add a beef-ſteak to his bottle.

I began now to feel myſelf extremely happy. The meat and wine ſoon revived my ſpirits to a high pitch, and I en-joyed much pleaſure in the converſation of my old acquaintance, the rather as I thought him entirely ignorant of what had hap-pened at the univerſity ſince his leaving it.

But he did not ſuffer me to remain long in this agreeable deluſion; for taking a bumper in one hand, and holding me by the other: „here, my boy," cries he, „here's wiſhing you joy „of your being honourably acquitted of that affair laid to your „charge." I was thunder-ſtruck with confuſion at thoſe words, which *Watſon* obſerving, proceeded thus — „Nay, never be „aſhamed, man; thou haſt been acquitted, and no one now „dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who am thy „friend, I hope thou didſt really rob him; for rat me if it was „not a meritorious action to ſtrip ſuch a ſneaking pitiful raſcal; „and inſtead of the two hundred guineas, I wiſh you had taken „as many thouſands. Come, come, my boy, don't be ſhy of „confeſſing to me: you are not now brought before one of the „pimps. D—n me, if I don't honour you for it; for, as I „hope for ſalvation, I would have made no manner of ſcruple „of doing the ſame thing."

This declaration a little relieved my abaſhment; and as wine had now ſomewhat opened my heart, I very freely acknow-ledged the robbery, but acquainted him, that he had been miſin-formed as to the ſum taken, which was little more than a fifth part of what he had mentioned.

„I am ſorry for it with all my heart," quoth he, „and I „wiſh thee better ſucceſs another time. Though, if you will take „my advice, you ſhall have no occaſion to run any ſuch riſk. „Here," ſaid he, (taking ſome dice out of his pocket) „here's „the ſtuff. Here are the implements; here are the little doctors „which cure the diſtempers of the purſe. Follow but my coun- „ſel, and I will ſhew you a way to empty the pocket of a „queer cull, without any danger of the nubbing cheat."

We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr. *Watſon* ſaid, the board was ſitting, and that he muſt attend, earneſtly preſ- ſing me, at the ſame time, to go with him and try my for- tune. I anſwered, he knew that was at preſent out of my power, as I had informed him of the emptineſs of my pocket. To ſay the truth, I doubted not, from his many ſtrong expreſſions of friendſhip, but that he would offer to lend me a ſmall ſum for that purpoſe; but he anſwered: „never mind that, man, „e'en boldly run a levant; but be circumſpect as to the man. „I will tip you the proper perſon, which may be neceſſary, as „you do not know the town, nor can diſtinguiſh a rum cull „from a queer one."

The bill was now brought, when *Watſon* paid his ſhare, and was departing. I reminded him, not without bluſhing, of my having no money. He anſwered: „that ſignifies nothing, „ſcore it behind the door, or make a bold bruſh, and take „no notice. — Or — ſtay, ſays he, I will go down ſtairs firſt, „and then do you take up my money, and ſcore the whole „reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for you at the corner." I expreſſed ſome diſlike at this, and hinted my expectation that he would have depoſited the whole; but he ſwore he had not another ſix-pence in his pocket.

He then went down, and I was prevailed on to take up the money and follow him, which I did cloſe enough to hear him tell the drawer the reckoning was upon the table. The drawer paſſed by me up ſtairs; but I made ſuch haſte into the ſtreet, that I heard nothing of his diſappointment, nor did I mention a ſyllable at the bar, according to my inſtructions.

We now went directly to the gaming-table, where Mr. *Watſon* to my ſurprize, pulled out a large ſum of money, and placed it before him, as did many others; all of them, no doubt, conſidering their own heaps as ſo many decoy birds, which were to intice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks which for- tune, or rather the dice, played in this her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few moments reduced to nothing at one part of the table, and roſe as ſuddenly in another. The rich grew

in a moment poor, and the poor as fuddenly became rich; fo that it feemed a philofopher could no where have fo well inftructed his pupils in the contempt of riches, at leaft he could no where have better inculcated the incertainty of their duration.

For my own part, after having confiderably improved my fmall eftate, I at laft entirely demolifhed it. Mr. *Watfon* too, after much variety of luck, rofe from the table in fome heat, and declared he had loft a cool hundred, and would play no longer. Then coming up to me, he afked me to return with him to the tavern; but I pofitively refufed, faying, I would not bring myfelf a fecond time into fuch a dilemma, and efpecially as he had loft all his money, and was now in my own condition. „Pooh," fays he, „I have juft borrowed a couple „of guineas of a friend, and one of them is at your fervice." He immediately put one of them into my hand, and I no longer refifted his inclination.

I was at firft a little fhocked at returning to the fame houfe whence we had departed in fo unhandfome a manner; but when the drawer, with very civil addrefs, told us, „he believed we „had forgot to pay our reckoning," I became perfectly eafy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay himfelf, and acquiefced in the unjuft charge which had been laid on my memory.

Mr. *Watfon* now befpoke the moft extravagant fupper he could well think of, and though he had contented himfelf with fimple claret before, nothing now but the moft precious Burgundy would ferve his purpofe.

Our company was foon encreafed by the addition of feveral gentlemen from the gaming-table; moft of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the tavern to drink, but in the way of bufinefs; for the true gamefters pretended to be ill, and refufed their glafs, while they plied heartily two young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the good fortune to be a fharer, though I was not let yet into the fecret.

There was one remarkable accident attended this tavern play; for the money, by degrees, totally difappeared, fo that, though at the beginning the table was half covered with gold, yet before the play ended, which it did not till the next day, being funday, at noon, there was fcarce a fingle guinea to be feen on the table; and this was the ftranger, as every perfon prefent except myfelf declared he had loft; and what was become of the money, unlefs the devil himfelf carried it away, is difficult to determine.

My fellow collegiate had now entered me in a new ſcene of life. I ſoon became acquainted with the whole fraternity of ſharpers, and was let into their ſecrets. I mean into the knowledge of thoſe groſs cheats which are proper to impoſe upon the raw and unexperienced: for there are ſome tricks of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of the gang, who are at the head of their profeſſion; a degree of honour beyond my expectation: for drink, to which I was immoderately addicted and the natural warmth of my paſſions, prevented me from arriving at any great ſucceſs in an art, which requires as much coolneſs as the moſt auſtere ſchool of philoſophy.

Mr. *Watſon*, with whom I now lived in the cloſeſt amity, had unluckily the former failing to a very great exceſs; ſo that inſtead of making a fortune by his profeſſion, as ſome others did, he was alternately rich and poor, and was often obliged to ſurrender to his cooler friends over a bottle which they never taſted, that plunder that he had taken from culls at the public table.

However, we both made a ſhift to pick up an uncomfortable livelihood, and for two years I continued of the calling, during which time I taſted all the varieties of fortune; ſometimes flouriſhing in affluence, and at others being obliged to ſtruggle with almoſt incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in luxury, and to morrow reduced to the coarſeſt and moſt homely fare; my fine clothes being often on my back in the evening, and at the pawnſhop the next morning.

One night, as I was returning pennyleſs from the gaming table, I obſerved a very great diſturbance, and a large mob gathered together in the ſtreet. As I was in no danger from pick-pockets, I ventured into the croud, where, upon enquiry, I found that a man had been robbed and very ill uſed by ſome ruffians. The wounded man appeared very bloody, and ſeemed ſcarce able to ſupport himſelf on his legs. As I had not therefore been deprived of my humanity by my preſent life and converſation, though they had left me very little of either honeſty or ſhame, I immediately offered my aſſiſtance to the unhappy perſon, who thankfully accepted it, and putting himſelf under my conduct, begged me to convey him to ſome tavern, where he might ſend for a ſurgeon, being, as he ſaid, faint with loſs of blood. He ſeemed indeed highly pleaſed at finding one who appeared in the dreſs of a gentleman: for as to all the reſt of the company preſent, their outſide was ſuch that he could not wiſely place any confidence in them.

I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to the tavern where we kept our rendez-vous, as it happened to be

the neareſt at hand. A ſurgeon happening luckily to be in the houſe, immediately attended, and applied himſelf to dreſſing his wounds, which I had the pleaſure to hear were not likely to be mortal.

The ſurgeon having very expeditiouſly and dextrouſly finiſhed his buſineſs, began to enquire in what part of the town the wounded man lodged; who anſwered, „that he was „come to town that very morning; that his horſe was at an inn „in *Piccadilly*, and that he had no other lodging, and very little „or no acquaintance in town."

This ſurgeon, whoſe name I have forgot, though I remember it began with an R, had the firſt character in his profeſſion, and was ſerjeant-ſurgeon to the king. He had moreover many good qualities, and was a very generous, good-natured man, and ready to do any ſervice to his fellow-creatures. He offered his patient the uſe of his chariot to carry him to his inn, and at the ſame time whiſpered in his ear, that if he wanted any money, he would furniſh him.

The poor man was not now capable of returning thanks for this generous offer: for having had his eyes for ſome time ſtedfaſtly on me, he threw himſelf back in his chair, crying: O, my ſon! my ſon! and then fainted away.

Many of the people preſent imagined this accident had happened through his loſs of blood; but I, who at the ſame time began to recollect the features of my father, was now confirmed in my ſuſpicion, and ſatisfied that it was he himſelf who appeared before me. I preſently ran to him, raiſed him in my arms, and kiſſed his cold lips with the utmoſt eagerneſs. Here I muſt draw a curtain over a ſcene which I cannot deſcribe: for though I did not loſe my being, as my father for a while did, my ſenſes were however ſo overpowered with affright and ſurpriſe, that I am a ſtranger to what paſſed during ſome minutes, and indeed till my father had again recovered from his ſwoon; and I found myſelf in his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while the tears trickled apace down the cheeks of each of us.

Moſt of thoſe preſent ſeemed affected by this ſcene, which we, who might be conſidered as the actors in it, were deſirous of removing from the eyes of all ſpectators, as faſt as we could; my father therefore accepted the kind offer of the ſurgeon's chariot, and I attended him in it to his inn.

When we were alone together, he gently upbraided me with having neglected to write to him during ſo long a time, but entirely omitted the mention of that crime which had occaſioned it. He then informed me of my mother's death, and inſiſted

on my returning home with him, ſaying: „that he had long „ſuffered the greateſt anxiety on my account; that he knew not „whether he had moſt feared my death or wiſhed it; ſince he „had ſo many more dreadful apprehenſions for me. At laſt he „ſaid, a neighbouring gentleman, who had juſt recovered a ſon „from the ſame place, informed him where I was, and that to „reclaim me from this courſe of life, was the ſole cauſe of his „journey to *London*." He thanked heaven he had ſucceeded ſo far as to find me out by means of an accident which had like to have proved fatal to him; and had the pleaſure to think he partly owed his preſervation to my humanity, with which he profeſt himſelf to be more delighted than he ſhould have been with my filial piety, if I had known that the object of all my care was my own father.

Vice had not ſo depraved my heart, as to excite in it an inſenſibility of ſo much paternal affection, though ſo unworthily beſtowed. I preſently promiſed to obey his commands in my return home with him, as ſoon as he was able to travel, which indeed he was in a very few days, by the aſſiſtance of that excellent ſurgeon who had undertaken his cure.

The day preceding my father's journey (before which time I ſcarce ever left him) I went to take my leave of ſome of my moſt intimate acquaintance, particularly of Mr. *Watſon*, who diſſuaded me from burying myſelf, as he called it, out of a ſimple compliance with the fond deſires of a fooliſh old fellow. Such ſolicitations, however, had no effect, and I once more ſaw my own home. My father now greatly ſolicited me to think of marriage; but my inclinations were utterly averſe to any ſuch thoughts. I had taſted of love already, and perhaps you know the extravagant exceſſes of that moſt tender and moſt violent paſſion.

Being now provided with all the neceſſaries of life, I betook myſelf once again to ſtudy, and that with a more inordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time ſolely were thoſe, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philoſophy, a word which is by many thought to be the ſubject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of *Ariſtotle* and *Plato*, with the reſt of thoſe ineſtimable treaſures which ancient *Greece* had bequeathed o the world.

To this I added another ſtudy, compared to which all the philoſophy taught by the wiſeſt heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the ſillieſt jeſter ever pleaſed to repreſent it. This is that divine wiſdom which is alone to be found in the holy ſcriptures: for they impart to us

the knowledge and aſſurance of things much more worthy our attention, than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which heaven itſelf hath condeſcended to reveal to us, and to the ſmalleſt knowledge of which the higheſt human wit unaſſiſted could never aſcend. I began now to think all the time I had ſpent with the beſt heathen writers, was little more than labour loſt: for however pleaſant and delightful their leſſons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with reſpect to this world only; yet when compared with the glory revealed in ſcripture, their higheſt documents will appear as trifling, and of as little conſequence as the rules by which children regulate their childiſh little games and paſtime. True it is, that philoſophy makes us wiſer, but chriſtianity makes us better men. Philoſophy elevates and ſteels the mind, chriſtianity ſoftens and ſweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That inſures us a temporal, but this an eternal happineſs —

I had ſpent about four years in the moſt delightful manner to myſelf, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarraſſed with the affairs of the world, when I loſt the beſt of fathers, and one whom I ſo entirely loved, that my grief at his loſs exceeds all deſcription. I now abandoned my books, and gave myſelf up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and deſpair. Time, however, the beſt phyſician of the mind, at length brought me relief. I then betook myſelf again to my former ſtudies, which I may ſay perfected my cure: for philoſophy and religion may be called the exerciſes of the mind, and, when this is diſordered, they are as wholſome as exerciſe can be to a diſtempered body. They do indeed produce ſimilar effects with exerciſe: for they ſtrengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble ſtrain of Horace,

Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna. —

My circumſtances were now greatly altered by the death of that beſt of men: for my brother, who was now become maſter of the houſe, differed ſo widely from me in his inclinations, and our purſuits in life had been ſo very various, that we were the worſt of company to each other; but what made our living together ſtill more diſagreeable, was the little harmony which could ſubſiſt between the few who reſorted to me, and the numerous train of ſportſmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table: for ſuch fellows, beſides the noiſe and nonſenſe with which they perſecute the ears of ſober men,

endeavour always to attack them with affront and contempt. This was so much the case, that neither I myself, nor my friends, could ever sit down to a meal with them, without being treated with dirision, because we were unacquainted with the phrases of sportsmen. For men of true learning, and almost universal knowledge, always compassionate the ignorance of others; but fellows who excel in some little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to despise those who are unacquainted with that art.

In short, we soon separated, and I went by the advice of a physician to drink the Bath waters: for my violent affliction, added to a sedentary life, had thrown me into a kind of paralytic disorder, for which those waters are accounted an almost certain cure. The second day after my arrival, as I was walking by the river, the sun shone so intensely hot, (though it was early in the year) that I retired to the shelter of some willows, and sat down by the river-side. Here I had not been seated long before I heard a person on the other side of the willows, sighing and bemoaning himself bitterly. On a sudden, having uttered a most impious oath, he cried: I am resolved to bear it no longer, and directly threw himself into the water. I immediately started, and ran towards the place, calling at the same time as loudly as I could for assistance. An angler happened luckily to be a-fishing a little below me, though some very high sedge had hid him from my sight. He immediately came up, and both of us together, not without some hazard of our lives, drew the body to the shore. At first we perceived no sign of life remaining; but having held the body up by the heels, (for we soon had assistance enough) it discharged; a vast quantity of water at the mouth, and at length began to discover some symptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its hands and its legs.

An apothecary, who happened to be present among others, advised that the body, which seemed now to have pretty well emptied itself of water, and which began to have many convulsive motions, should be directly taken up, and carried into a warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the apothecary and myself attending.

As we were going towards an inn, for we knew not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, who after some violent screaming, told us, that the gentleman lodged at her house.

When I had seen the man safely deposited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I suppose, used all the right methods with him; for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his senses.

I then went to visit him, intending to search out, as well as I could, the cause of his having attempted so desperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his pursuing such wicked intentions for the future. I was no sooner admitted into his chamber, than we both instantly knew each other; for who should this person be but my good friend Mr. *Watson!* Here I will not trouble you with what past at our first interview; for I would avoid prolixity as much as possible.

Mr. *Watson* very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy situation of his circumstances, occasioned by a tide of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a resolution of destroying himself.

I now began to argue very seriously with him, in opposition to this heathenish, or indeed diabolical principle of the lawfulness of self-murder; and said every thing which occurred to me on the subject; but, to my great concern, it seemed to have very little effect on him. He seemed not at all to repent of what he had done, and gave me reason to fear, he would soon make a second attempt of the like horrible kind.

When I had finished my discourse, instead of endeavouring to answer my arguments, he looked me steadfastly in the face, and with a smile said: „You are strangely altered, my good „friend, since I remember you. I question whether any of our „bishops could make a better argument against suicide than you „have entertained me with; but unless you can find somebody „who will lend me a cool hundred, I must either hang, or „drown, or starve; and in my opinion the last death is the „most terrible of the three."

I answered him very gravely, that I was indeed altered since I had seen him last; that I had found leisure to look into my follies, and to repent of them. I then advised him to pursue the same steps; and at last concluded with an assurance, that I myself would lend him a hundred pound, if it would be of any service to his affairs; and he would not put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

Mr. *Watson*, who seemed almost composed in slumber by the former part of my discourse, was roused by the latter. He seized my hand eagerly, gave me a thousand thanks, and declared I was a friend indeed; adding that he hoped I had a better opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited so little by experience, as to put any confidence in those damned dice, which had so often deceived him. „No, no," cries he, „let me „but once handsomely be set up again, and if ever fortune „makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her."

I very well understood the language of setting up, and broken merchant. I therefore said to him with a very grave

face: Mr. *Watſon*, you muſt endeavour to find out ſome buſineſs, or employment, by which you may procure yourſelf a livelihood; and I promiſe you, could I ſee any probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger ſum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; but, as to gaming, beſides the baſeneſs and wickedneſs of making it a profeſſion, you are really, to my own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain ruin.

„Why now, that's ſtrange," anſwered he, „neither you, nor „any of my friends, would ever allow me to know any thing of „the matter, and yet, I believe, I am as good a hand at every „game as any of you all; and I heartily wiſh I was to play with „you only for your whole fortune; I ſhould deſire no better „ſport, and I would let you name your game into the bargain: „but come, my dear boy, have you the hundred in your „pocket?"

I anſwered, I had only a bill for 50 l. which I delivered him, and promiſed to bring him the reſt next morning; and, after giving him a little more advice, took my leave.

I was indeed better than my word: for I returned to him that very afternoon. When I entered the room, I found him ſitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gameſter. This ſight, you will imagine, ſhocked me not a little! to which I may add the mortification of ſeeing my bill delivered by him to his antagoniſt, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

The other gameſter preſently quitted the room, and then *Watſon* declared he was aſhamed to ſee me; „but," ſays he, „I „find luck runs ſo damnably againſt me, that I will reſolve to „leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind propoſal you „made me ever ſince, and I promiſe you there ſhall be no fault „in me, if I do not put it in execution."

Though I had no great faith in his promiſes, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in conſequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to ſee in return for my money.

We were prevented from any further diſcourſe at preſent, by the arrival of the apothecary; who, with much joy in his countenance, and without even aſking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was great news arrived in a letter to himſelf, which he ſaid would ſhortly be public: „that the duke of *Monmouth* „was landed in the weſt with a vaſt army of *Dutch*; and that another vaſt fleet hovered over the coaſt of *Norfolk*, and was to make „a deſcent there, in order to favour the duke's enterprize with „a diverſion on that ſide."

This apothecary was one of the greateſt politicians of his time. He was more delighted with the moſt paultry packet, than with the beſt patient; and the higheſt joy he was capable of, he received from having a piece of news in his poſſeſſion an hour or two ſooner than any other perſon in the town. His advices, however, were ſeldom authentic; for he would ſwallow almoſt any thing as a truth, a humour which many made uſe of to impoſe upon him.

Thus it happened with what he at preſent communicated; for it was known within a ſhort time afterwards, that the duke was really landed; but that his army conſiſted only of a few attendants; and as to the diverſion in *Norfolk*, it was entirely falſe.

The apothecary ſtaid no longer in the room than while he acquainted us with his news; and then, without ſaying a ſyllable to his patient on any other ſubject, departed to ſpread his advices all over the town.

Events of this nature in the public are generally apt to eclipſe all private concerns. Our diſcourſe, therefore, now became entirely political. For my own part, I had been for ſome time very ſeriouſly affected with the danger to which the proteſtant religion was ſo viſibly expoſed, under a popiſh prince; and thought the apprehenſion of it alone ſufficient to juſtify that inſurrection: for no real ſecurity can ever be found againſt the perſecuting ſpirit of popery, when armed with power, except the depriving it of that power, as woeful experience preſently ſhewed. You know how king *James* behaved after getting the better of this attempt; how little he valued either his royal word, or coronation-oath, or the liberties and rights of his people. But all had not the ſenſe to foreſee this at firſt, and therefore the Duke of *Monmouth* was weakly ſupported; yet all could feel when the evil came upon them; and therefore all united, at laſt, to drive out that king, againſt whoſe excluſion a great party among us had ſo warmly contended, during the reign of his brother, and for with ſuch zeal and affection.

As mankind in thoſe days was not yet arrived to that pitch of madneſs, which I find they are capable of now, and which, to be ſure, I have only eſcaped by living alone, and at a diſtance from the contagion, there was a conſiderable riſing in favour of *Monmouth*; and, my principles ſtrongly inclining me to take the ſame part, I determined to join him; and Mr. *Watſon*, from different motives concurring in the ſame reſolution, (for the ſpirit of a gameſter will carry a man as far upon ſuch an occaſion as the ſpirit of patriotiſm) we ſoon provided ourſelves with all neceſſaries, and went to the duke at *Bridgewater*.

The unfortunate event of this enterprize you are, I conclude, as well acquainted with as myself. I escaped, together with Mr. *Watson*, from the battle at *Sedgemore*, in which action I received a slight wound. We rode near forty miles together on the *Exeter* road, and, then abandoning our horses, scrambled as well as we could through the fields and bye-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut on a common, where a poor old woman took all the care of us she could, and dressed my wound with salve, which quickly healed it.

Here, Sir, Mr. *Watson* left me the next morning, in order, as he pretended, to get us some provision from the town of *Cullumpton*; — but — can I relate it? or can you believe it? — This Mr. *Watson*, this friend, this base, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to a party of horse belonging to king *James* and, at his return, delivered me into their hands.

The soldiers, being six in number, had now seized me, and were conducting me to *Taunton* gaol; but neither my present situation, nor the apprehensions of what might happen to me, were half so irksome to my mind, as the company of my false friend, who, having surrendered himself, was likewise considered as a prisoner, though he was better treated, as being to make his peace at my expence. He at first endeavoured to excuse his treachery; but when he received nothing but scorn and upbraiding from me, he soon changed his note, abused me as the most atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared, had solicited, and even threatened him, to make him take up arms against his gracious, as well as lawful sovereign.

This false evidence, (for in reality, he had been much the forwarder of the two), stung me to the quick, and raised an indignation scarce conceivable by those who have not felt it. However, fortune at length took pity on me; for as we were got a little beyond *Wellington*, in a narrow lane, my guards received a false alarm, that near fifty of the enemy were at hand, upon which they shifted for themselves, and left me and my betrayer to do the same. That villain immediately ran from me, and I am glad he did, or I should have certainly endeavoured, though I had no arms, to have executed vengeance on his beseness.

I was now once more at liberty, and immediately withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I travelled on, scarce knowing which way I went, and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads, and all towns, nay, even the most

homely houſes; for I imagined every human creature whom I ſaw, deſirous of betraying me.

At laſt, after rambling ſeveral days about the country, during which the fields afforded me the ſame bed, and the ſame food, which nature beſtows on our ſavage brothers of the creation, I at length arrived at this place, where the ſolitude and wildneſs of the country invited me to fix my abode. The firſt perſon with whom I took up my habitation, was the mother of this old woman, with whom I remained concealed, till the news of the glorious Revolution put an end to all my apprehenſions of danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more viſiting my own home, and of enquiring a little into my affairs, which I ſoon ſettled as agreeably to my brother as to myſelf; having reſigned every thing to him, for which he paid me the ſum of a thouſand pounds, and ſettled on me an annuity for life.

His behaviour in this laſt inſtance, as in all others, was ſelfiſh and ungenerous. I could not look on him as my friend, nor indeed did he deſire that I ſhould; ſo I preſently took my leave of him, as well as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to this, my hiſtory is little better than a blank.

SMOLLET.

Dr. TOBIAS SMOLLET, *1720 zu* Cameron *in Schottland gebohren, diente als Schiffswundarzt in dem öſtreichiſchen Erbfolgekriege, und legte ſich, da er nach dem 1748 erfolgten Frieden keine weitere Beſchäftigung zur See hatte, auf die Schriftſtellerey. Sein vortrefſliches Genie zeichnete ihn auch bald auf eine vortheilhafte Art aus. Der ungemeine Beifall, den ſein erſtes Product, der bekannte Roman* RODERICK RANDOM, *erhielt, munterte ihn auf, dieſe Bahn zu verfolgen. 1751 erſchienen ſeine* adventures of PEREGRINE PICKLE, 4 Vols. 8, *die theils durch ihren innern Gehalt, theils durch die als Epiſode eingeflochtene Geſchichte der berühmten* Lady VANE *großen Abgang hatten. Sein dritter Roman*, FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM, *ſteht den beiden vorigen, denen er ſchnell folgte, weit nach. Hierauf überſetzte er den* GIL BLAS, TELEMACH, DON QUIXOTE, *und, von ſeinem Freunde, Dr.* FRANKLIN, *unterſtützt*, VOLTAIRE'S *Werke. 1752 ſchrieb er ſeinen Tractat* on bathing and Bath-Waters, *und erhielt den Grad eines Doctors der Arzeneikunde. Er wohnte jetzt zu* Chelſea, *wo er einige Praxis hatte, ohne jedoch ſeine literariſchen Beſchäftigungen aufzugeben. 1756 erſchien ſeine*

bis aufs Jahr 1748 gehende compleat hiſtory of ENGLAND (London, 7 Vols. 8.) *ein, beſonders von Seiten der Schreibart ſchätzbares Werk. Wenige Zeit nachher ward er Mitarbeiter an dem periodiſchen Blatt*, the critical Review, *aber zu ſeinem Unglück! Denn die Bitterkeit, womit er ſeine Geißelhiebe austheilte, zog ihm vielen Verdruß, und beſonders die Verfolgung des Admiral* KNOWLES *zu, der endlich ſeine Gefangenſchaft in der* Kings-bench *bewirkte. Dies machte ihn indeſſen ſo wenig kleinlaut, daß er ſich vielmehr in die politiſche Fehde gegen den damahligen Premierminiſter* Lord BUTE *einließ, und an einem der Oppoſitionspartheí gewidmeten periodiſchen Blatt*, the BRITON, *arbeitete. Seiner geſchwächten Geſundheit wegen ging er 1763 nach Frankreich und Italien, in der Hoffnung, von dem mildern Clima Linderung ſeiner Beſchwerden zu erhalten. Sein Aufenthalt in beiden Ländern veranlaßte ſeine zum Sprüchwort gewordene* travels through FRANCE and ITALY. *1768 ſchrieb er:* the preſent ſtate of all nations, containing a geographical, natural, commercial and political hiſtory of all the countries in the known world, *und ſeine 1769 in 2 Bänden herausgekommene* hiſtory and adventures of an Atom. *Um dieſe Zeit erſchien* the expedition of HUMPHRY CLINKER, *ſein vorzüglichſter Roman, in deſſen zweitem Bande ſich verſchiedene ihn ſelbſt betreffende Stellen finden. Er ſtarb in Italien, nach einigen zu* Maſſa Carara *1769, nach andern zu* Leghorn (Livorno) *1771. Daß er auch eine angenehme poetiſche Ader hatte, erhellt aus einigen kleinen Gelegenheitsgedichten, hauptſächlich aus den* tears of Scotland, *die in einer Sammlung geiſtreicher Gedichte, die den Titel* the union *führt, abgedruckt ſind. Er iſt auch Verfaſſer zweier Schauſpiele, eines 1749 gedruckten Trauerſpiels*, the Regicide, *und einer 1757 mit geringem Beifall aufgeführten Farce* the repriſal or the tears of Old-England. *Man findet ſie in den* plays and poems, written by T. SMOLLET, London 1777, 8. *Beide Schauſpiele verrathen wenig dramatiſches Talent. Das erſtere kam auf* GARRICK's *Veranlaſſung nie auf die Bühne. Daher der wüthende Ausfall, den ſich* SMOLLET *in der erſten Ausgabe des* PEREGRINE PICKLE *gegen dieſen* Roscius *der Neuern erlaubte. Seine Streitigkeiten mit* STERNE, *der ihn unter dem Namen* SMELFUNGUS *verſchiedentlich geißelte, ſind zu bekannt, als daß es nöthig wäre, ihrer zu erwähnen. Auſſer der Biographie, die den angeführten* plays and poems *vorgeſetzt iſt, findet man* SMOLLET's *Leben in dem* Companion to the play-houſe, *der Quelle des gegenwärtigen Aufſatzes, der übrigens bis auf wenige Aenderungen aus dem Vorbericht zu der vortrefflichen deutſchen Ueberſetzung des* PEREGRINE PICKLE *entlehnt worden iſt.*

I believe, there is fomething mifchievous in my difpofition, for nothing diverts me fo much as to fee certain characters tormented with falfe terrors. — We laft night lodged at the houfe of Sir *Thomas Bullford*, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in fpite of the gout, which has lamed him, is refolved to be merry to the laft; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guefts, let their humour be never fo cauftic or refractory. — Befides our company, there was in the houfe a fat-headed juftice of the peace, called *Frogmore*, and a country practitioner in furgery, who feemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant.— We found the knight fitting on a couch, with his crutches by his fide, and his feet fupported on cufhions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and feemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. — After tea we were entertained with a fonata on the harpfichord by lady *Bullford*, who fung and played to admiration; but Sir *Thomas* feemed to be a little afinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures, and begged his wife, to favour us with an *arietta*, of her own compofing. — This *arietta*, however, fhe no fooner began to perform, than he and the juftice fell afleep; but the moment fhe ceafed playing, the knight waked fnorting, and exclaimed: „O *cara!* „what d'ye think gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your „*Pergolefi* and your *Corelli?*" — At the fame time, he thruft his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who fat on his left hand. — He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times ex tempore. — Notwithftanding his diforder, he did not do penance at fupper, nor did he ever refufe his glafs when the toaft went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I foon perceived the doctor had made himfelf very neceffary to the baronet. — He was the whetftone of his wit, the butt of his fatire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occafionally tried upon ftrangers. — Juftice *Frogmore* was an excellent fubject for this fpecies of philofophy: fleek and corpulent, folemn and fhallow, he had ftudied *Burn* with uncommon application; but he ftudied nothing fo much as the art of living (that is, eating) well. — This fat buck had often afforded good fport to our landlord; and he was frequently ftarted with tolerable fuccefs, in the courfe of this evening; but the baronets appetite for ridicule feemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, addrefs, and conver-

ſation of *Lismahago*, whom he attempted in all the different modes of expoſition; but he put me in mind of a conteſt that I once ſaw betwixt a young hound and an old hedge-hog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prikle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifeſt confuſion. — The captain, when left to himſelf, will not fail to turn his ludicrous ſide to the company, but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes ſtubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked upon the juſtice, who eat a moſt unconſcionable ſupper, and, among other things, a large plate of broiled muſhrooms, which he had no ſooner ſwallowed than the doctor obſerved, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which in ſome conſtitutions had a poiſonous effect. — Mr. *Frogmore*, ſtartled at this remark, aſked, in ſome confuſion, why he had not been ſo kind as to give him that notice ſooner. — He anſwered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them ſo heartily, that he was uſed to the diſh; but as he ſeemed to be under ſome apprehenſion, he preſcribed a bumper of plague-water, which the juſtice drank of immediately, and retired to reſt, not without marks of terror and diſquiet.

At midnight we were ſhewn to our different chambers, and in half an hour, I was faſt aſleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was waked with a diſmal cry of *Fire!* and ſtarting up, ran to the window in my ſhirt. — The night was dark and ſtormy; and a number of people half-dreſſed ran backwards and forwards through the court-yard, with links and lanterns, ſeemingly in the utmoſt hurry and trepidation. — Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran down ſtairs, and, upon enquiry, found the fire was confined to a backſtair, which led to a detached apartment where *Lismahago* lay. — By this time, the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the ſecond ſtory, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outſide. — The ſervants called to him, that the houſe had been robbed; that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, faſtened the door, and ſet the houſe on fire, for the ſtair-caſe was in flames. — In this dilemma the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked like a ſquirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring aſſiſtance. — At length, the knight in perſon was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt *Tabitha*, who ſcreamed, and cried, and tore

her hair, as if ſhe had been diſtracted. — Sir *Thomas* had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earneſtly to deſcend. — There was no need of much rhetoric to perſuade *Lismahago*, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold faſt the ladder.

Notwithſtanding the gravity of the occaſion, it was impoſſible to behold this ſcene without being ſeized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aſpect of the lieutenant in his ſhirt, with a quilted night-cap faſtened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and poſteriors expoſed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance, when illumined by the links and torches which the ſervants held up to light him in his deſcent.— All the company ſtood round the ladder, except the knight, who ſat in his chair, exclaiming from time to time: „Lord have „mercy upon us! — ſave the gentleman's life! — mind your „footing, dear captain! — ſoftly! — ſtand faſt! — — claſp „the ladder with both hands! — there! well done, my dear „boy! — O bravo! — an old ſoldier for ever! — bring a „blanket — bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor car„caſe — warm the bed in the green room — give me your „hand, dear captain — I'm rejoiced to ſee thee ſafe and ſound „with all my heart." *Lismahago* was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorata, who ſnatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-ſervants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green room, ſtill accompanied by Mrs. *Tabitha*, who ſaw him fairly put to bed. — During this whole tranſaction, he ſpoke not a ſyllable, but looked exceeding grim, ſometimes at one, ſometimes at another of the ſpectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where whe had ſupped, every one ſurveying another with marks of aſtoniſhment and curioſity.

The knight being ſeated in an eaſy chair, ſeized my uncle by the hand, and burſting into a long and loud laugh, „*Matt*, (cried he) „crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parſley, „or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de mai*„*tre* in the way of waggery — ha, ha, ha! — Such a *camiſi*„*cata*, *ſcagliata*, *beffata*! — O, *che roba!* O, what a ſubject!— „O, what *caricatura!* O, for a *Roſa*, a *Rembrandt*, a *Schal*„*ken!* — Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it pain„ted — what a fine deſcent from the croſs, or aſcent to the „gallows! — what lights and ſhadows! — what a groupe below! — „what expreſſion above! what an aſpect! — did you mind the „aſpect? — ha, ha, ha! — and the limbs, and the muſcles —

„every toe denoted terror! — ha, ha, ha! — then the blan„ket! — O what *costume! St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barra„bas!* — ha, ha, ha!" „After all then, (cried Mr. *Bramble* very gravely) this was no more than a falſe alarm. — We have „been frightened out of our beds, and almoſt out of our ſenſes, „for the joke's ſake." „Ay, and ſuch a joke! (cried our landlord) ſuch a farce! ſuch a *denouement!* ſuch a *cataſtrophe.*"

„Have a little patience, replied our 'ſquire; we are not yet „come to the *cataſtrophe*; and pray God it may not turn out a „tragedy inſtead of a farce. — The captain is one of thoſe ſa„turnine ſubjects, who have no idea of humour. — He never „laughs in his own perſon; nor can he bear that other „people ſhould laugh at his expence. — Beſides, if the ſubject „had been properly choſen, the joke was too ſevere in all con„ſcience." „'Sdeath! (cried the knight) I could not have bated „him an ace had he been my own father; and as for the ſub„ject, ſuch another does not preſent itſelf once in half a cen„tury." Here Mrs. *Tabitha* interpoſing, and bridling up, declared, ſhe did not ſee that Mr. *Lismahago* was a fitter ſubject for ridicule than the knight himſelf; and that ſhe was very much afraid, he would very ſoon find he had miſtaken his man.— The baronet was a good deal diſconcerted by this intimation, ſaying, that he muſt be a Goth and a barbarian, if he did not enter into the ſpirit of ſuch a happy and humorous contrivance. — He begged, however, that Mr. *Bramble* and his ſiſter would bring him to reaſon; and this requeſt was reinforced by lady *Bullford*, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiſcretion; which lecture he received with ſubmiſſion on one ſide of his face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the ſecond time; and before I got up, my uncle had viſited *Lismahago* in the green-room, and uſed ſuch arguments with him, that when we met in the parlour he ſeemed to be quite appeaſed. — He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even profeſſed himſelf pleaſed at finding he had contributed to the diverſion of the company. — Sir *Thomas* ſhook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then deſired a pinch of ſnuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. — The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waiſtcoat-pocket, pulled out, inſtead of his own ſcots mull, a very fine gold ſnuff-box, which he no ſooner perceived than he ſaid, „Here is a ſmall miſtake." „No miſtake at all (cried the baronet): „a fair exchange is no robbery. — Oblige me ſo far, „captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial." „Sir, (ſaid the lieutenant) „the mull is much at your ſervice; but „this machine I can by no means retain. — It looks like com-

„pounding a ſort of felony in thè code of honour. — Beſides, „I don't know but there may be another joke in this con„veyance; and I don't find myſelf diſpoſed to the brought upon „the ſtage again. — I won't preſume to make free with your „pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own „hand." — So ſaying, with a certain auſterity of aſpect, he preſented the ſnuff-bok to the knight, who received it in ſome confuſion, and reſtored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This tranſaction was like to give a grave caſt to the converſation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Juſtice *Frogmore* hat not made his appearance either at the night-alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet hearing *Frogmore* mentioned, „Odſo! (cried he) I had forgot the juſtice. — Prithee, „doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel." — Then laughing till his ſides were well ſhaken, he ſaid he would ſhew the captain, that he was not the only perſon of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night-ſcene, it could not affect the juſtice, who had been purpoſely lodged in the farther end of the houſe, remote from the noiſe, and lulled with a doſe of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr. Juſtice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and looſe morning-gown, rolling his head from ſide to ſide, and groaning piteouſly all the way. — „*Jeſu!* neigbour *Frog*„*more*, exclaimed the baronet what is the matter? — you „look as if you was not a man for this world. — Set him down „ſoftly on the couch — poor gentleman! — Lord have mercy „upon us! — What makes him ſo pale, and yellow, and bloa„ted?" „Oh, Sir *Thomas!* (cried the juſtice) I doubt 'tis all „over with me. — Thoſe muſhrooms I eat at your table have „done my buſineſs — ah! oh! hey!" „Now the lord forbid! (ſaid the other) — „what! man, have a good heart. — How „does thy ſtomach feel? — hah!"

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aſide his night gown, diſcovered that this waiſtcoat would not meet upon his belly by five good inches at leaſt. „Heaven protect us „all! (cried Sir *Thomas*) — what a melancholy ſpectacle! — „never did I ſee a man ſo ſuddenly ſwelled, but when he was „either juſt dead, or juſt dying. — Doctor, canſt thou do „nothing for this poor object?" „I don't think the caſe is „quite deſperate, (ſaid the ſurgeon) but I would adviſe Mr. „*Frogmore* to ſettle his affairs with all expedition; the parſon „may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyſter and an „emetic draught." The juſtice, rolling his languid eyes, ejacu„lated with great fervency," lord have mercy upon us! *Chriſt*

„have mercy upon us!" — Then he begged the ſurgeon, in the name of God, to diſpatch. — „As for my worldly affairs, (ſaid he) „they are all ſettled but one mortgage, which muſt be „left to my heirs — but my poor ſoul! my poor ſoul! what „will become of my poor ſoul? — miſerable ſinner that I am!" „Nay, pr'ythee, my dear boy, compoſe thyſelf (reſumed the knight); „conſider the mercy of heaven is infinite; thou canſt „not have any ſins of a very deep dye on thy conſcience, or „the devil's in't." „Name not the devil, exclaimed the terri- „fied *Frogmore*, I have more ſins to anſwer for than the world „dreams of. — Ah! friend, I have been ſly — ſly — damn'd „ſly! — Send for the parſon without loſs of time, and put me „to bed, for I am poſting to eternity." — He was accordingly raiſed from the couch, and ſupported by two ſervants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he intreated the good company to aſſiſt him with their prayers. — He added, „take warning by me, who am ſuddenly cut off in „my prime, like a flower of the field; and God forgive you, „Sir *Thomas*, for ſuffering ſuch poiſonous traſh to be eaten at „your table."

He was no ſooner removed out of hearing, than the baronet abandoned himſelf to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greateſt part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by diſcovering, that while he ſlept his waiſtcoat had been ſtraitened by the contrivance of the ſurgeon; and that the diſorder in his ſtomach and bowels was occaſioned by ſome antimonial wine, which he had taken over night, under the denomination of plague-water. — She ſeemed to think that his apprehenſion might put an end to his life. The knight ſwore he was no ſuch chicken, but an old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. — Upon enquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compaſſion or reſpect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its courſe. — A clyſter was actually adminiſtred by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir *Thomas's* nurſe, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of ſquills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was viſited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the ſtate of his ſoul, when thoſe medicines produced their effect; ſo that the parſon was obliged to hold his noſe while he poured forth ſpiritual conſolation from his mouth. The ſame expedient was uſed by the knight and me, who, with the doctor, entered the chamber at his juncture, and found *Frogmore* enthroned on an eaſing-

chair, under the preſſure of a double evacuation. The ſhort intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confeſſing his ſins, or aſking the vicar's opinion of his caſe; and the vicar anſwered, in a ſolemn ſnuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the ſcene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again. When he examined his *egiſta*, and felt his pulſe, he declared that much of the *virus* was diſcharged, and, giving him a compoſing draught, aſſured him he had good hopes of his recovery. — This welcome hint he received with the tears of joy in his eyes, proteſting, that if he ſhould recover, he would always think himſelf indebted for his life to the great ſkill and tenderneſs of his doctor, whoſe hand he ſqueezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repoſe.

We were preſſed to ſtay dinner, that we might be witneſſes of his reſuſcitation; but my uncle inſiſted upon our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it ſhould be dark. — In the mean time, lady *Bullford* conducted us into the garden to ſee a fiſh-pond juſt finiſhed, which Mr *Bramble* cenſured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now ſat by himſelf, dozing in an elbow-chair after the fatigues of his morning atchievement. — In this ſituation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and ſupported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent ſhock, lieutenant *Liſmahago* ruſhed into the room with horror in his looks, exclaiming, „A mad dog! a mad dog!" and throwing up the window-ſaſh, leaped into the garden. — Sir *Thomas*, waked by this tremendous exclamation, ſtarted up, and forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of inſtinctive impulſe. — He not only bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the leaſt ſign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl, „lord have mercy „upon us! — pray take care of the gentleman! — for God's ſake „mind your footing, my dear boy! — get warm blankets — „comfort his poor carcaſe — warm the bed in the green room."

Lady *Bullford* was thunder-ſtruck at this phenomenon, and the reſt of the company gazed in ſilent aſtoniſhment, while the ſervants haſtened to aſſiſt their maſter, who ſuffered himſelf to be carried back into the parlour without ſpeaking a word. — Being inſtantly accomodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in ſtatu quo*, one of the maids, was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in conſequence of which his ſenſes ſeemed to return, and his good humour to revive. — As we had followed hid into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous

expression in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon *Lismahago*, who presented him with a pinch of snuff, and when he took it in silence. „Sir *Thomas Bullford*, (said he) I am „much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them „I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin." „Give my „thy hand (cried the baronet): thou hast indeed paid me *Scot* „*an lot*; and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in „presence of this company, I promise to be accountable." — So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expence; but lady *Bullford* looked very grave; and, in all probability, thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary — but, according to the proverb, he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers.

I have seen a tame bear, very diverting when properly managed, become a very dangerous wild beast when teized for the entertainment of the spectators. — As for *Lismahago*, he seemed to think the fright and the cold-bath would have a good effect upon his patient's constitution; but the doctor hinted some apprehension that the gouty matter might, by such a sudden shock, be repelled from the extremities, and trown upon some of the more vital parts of the machine. — I should be very sorry to see this prognostic verified upon our facetious landlord, who told Mrs. *Tabitha* at parting, that he hoped she would remember him in the distribution of the bride's favours, as he had taken so much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof. — After all, I am afraid our 'squire will appear to be the greatest sufferer by the baronet's wit; for his constitution is by no means calculated for night-alarms. — He has yawned and shivered all day, and gone to bed without supper; so that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we shall make a halt to-morrow.

RICHARDSON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, *der* Shakespeare *unter den Romanschreibern, oder, wie ihn andere mit größerm Recht genannt haben, der* Rousseau *der Engländer, stammte aus einer guten aber armen Familie, und wurde 1689 in* Derbyshire *gebohren. Er besuchte eine der Schulen dieser Grafschaft, fand aber weniger Vergnügen an den alten Sprachen (dem fast einzigen Gegenstande des öffentlichen Unterrichts in England), als an Beobachtung der Natur, am*

Umgange mit einsichtsvollen Personen und an moralischer Lectür. Zu arm, als daß er zu einem gelehrten Fach erzogen werden konnte, bestimmte er sich zum B u c h d r u c k e r, *aus keinem andern Grunde, als weil er auf diesem Wege seine Lesebegierde am besten befriedigen zu können glaubte. 1706 trat er seine Lehrjahre zu* London *an. Er lernte seine Kunst gründlich, und wandte dabey eine jede, von seinen Mitarbeitern den geräuschvollern Vergnügungen gewidmete Stunde, zur Veredelung seines Herzens an. Besonders übte er sich fleißig im Briefstiel, und erreichte hierin, wie seine Schriften bezeugen, eine seltene Vollkommenheit. Nachdem er mehrere Jahre in einer Druckerei als Corrector gearbeitet, wurde er 1715 zu* London *ansässig, und trieb die Buchdruckerkunst mit vielem Ruhm. So wenig er der Gunst der Buchhändler leben durfte (denn er druckte gewöhnlich für das* Parliament), *so häufig wurde er gesucht, weil er in Anfertigung von Registern, Vorreden und Zueignungsschriften eine ganz vorzügliche Fertigkeit hatte. Und wirklich versah er viele zu seiner Zeit erschienenen Werke mit diesem nöthigen Zubehör. Das ansehnliche Vermögen, das er sich bald durch seine Thätigkeit zu erwerben wußte, verwandte er größtentheils auf die Unterstützung Nothleidender und gastfreundliche Aufnahme gebildeter Personen aus allen Ständen. Er hatte deren beständig sowohl in seinem Hause zu* London, *als auf seinem Landsitz zu* Parsons-Green *in der Nähe der Hauptstadt eine große Anzahl um sich. Besonders fand er viel Vergnügen an der Unterhaltung mit dem zweiten Geschlecht, und stand in einem fortdauernden Briefwechsel mit vielen der geistreichsten Damen seiner Zeit. 1740 erschienen die beiden ersten Bände seiner* Pamela, or virtue rewarded, in a series of familiar letters, London, 8. *Die Geschichte gründet sich auf eine Thatsache. Der Vater des Grafen von* Gainsborough *belohnte die geprüfte Tugend der* Elisabeth Shapman, *Tochter seines Wildhüters, dadurch, daß er sich mit ihr vermählte. Dieser Roman, in einer damahls ganz neuen Manier geschrieben, wurde mit so großer Begierde gelesen, daß binnen einem Jahr 5 Auflagen vergriffen wurden. Weniger Beifall erhielt ein Anhang, den der Verfasser im folgenden Jahre unter dem Titel:* Pamela &c. the III and IV Volume, by the editor of the two first, *hinzufügte. 1748 traten die beiden ersten Bände der* Clarissa *ans Licht, denen bald noch 6 andere folgten.* Clarissa, or the history of a young Lady, comprehending the most important concerns of private life, and particularly shewing the distresses that may attend the misconduct both of parents and children, London, 8. *Dieser ebenfalls aus einer Reihe Briefe bestehende Roman ist ohne Widerrede* Richardson's *Meisterstück. 1753 erschien* the history of Sir Charles Grandison, London, VII Volumes, 8. *Es wird uns hier ein Mann aufgestellt, der in*

Prüfungen mancher Art entschieden gut handelt, ein Mann von Religion, Tugend, Kraft und feinem Gefühl. Schade, daß dieser belehrende Roman bis zu einer ermüdenden Weitschweifigkeit ausgesponnen ist. Wer übrigens den Character des Grandison *ein unerreichbares Ideal nennt, verräth wenig Bekanntschaft mit dem edeln Verfasser. Während der Ausarbeitung dieses Werks wurden* Richardson's *Geisteskräfte oft so erschöpft, daß er die Feder niederlegen muſste. Als ein Mann von den reizbarsten Nerven, die, wie* Pope *sagte, überall lebendig zitterten, wurde er von den Widerwärtigkeiten des wirklichen und des von ihm fingirten Lebens dergestalt angegriffen, daß er mehrere Jahre vor seinem Tode an dem heftigsten Schwindel litt. Ein Schlagfluſs endigte sein musterhaftes Leben im Jahr 1761. Er war zweimahl verheirathet, und hinterlieſs 4 Töchter. Auſser den 3 angeführten gröſsern Werken, die 1783 von* William Richardson, *seinem Neffen und Nachfolger in der Druckerei in 20 Octavbänden, nebst dem Leben des Verfassers und kritischen Bemerkungen über sein Genie und seine Schriften, vereint herausgegeben worden sind, hat man von ihm mehrere kleinere Schriften, als* Aesops *Fabeln nebst Betrachtungen, einen Band freundschaftlicher Briefe &c.* S. Bamberger's *biographische und literarische Anecdoten von den berühmtesten groſsbritanischen Gelehrten des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, Th. 1, S. 233 ff.*

Clarissa. Vol. vii. Letter cv.

Mr. Bellford, to Robert lovelace Esq.

Eight in the Evening.

I had but just time in my former, to tell you, that colonel *Morden* was arrived. He was on horseback, attended by two servants, and lighted at the door, just as the clock struck five. Mrs. *Smith* was then below in her back-shop, weeping, her husband with her, who was as much affected as she; Mrs. *Lovick* having left them a little before, in tears likewise; for they had been bemoaning one another; joining in opinion, that the admirable Lady would not live the night over. She had told them, it was her opinion too, from some numbnesses, which she called the forerunners of death, and from an encreased inclination to doze.

The colonel, as Mrs. *Smith* told me afterwards, asked with great impatience, the moment he alighted, how Miss *Harlowe* was? She answered, alive; but, she feared, drawing on apace. Good God! said he, with his hands and eyes lifted up. Can I see her? My name is *Morden*. I have the honour to be

nearly related to her. Step up, pray, and let her know (ſhe is ſenſible, I hope) that I am here. Who is with her?

Nobody but her nurſe, and Mrs. *Lovick*, a widow gentlewoman, who is as careful of her, as if ſhe were her mother.

And more careful too, interrupted he, or ſhe is not careful at all —

Except a gentleman be with her, one Mr. *Belford*, continued Mrs. *Smith*, who has been the beſt friend ſhe has had.

If Mr. *Belford* be with her, ſurely I may. — But, pray, ſtep up, and let Mr. *Belford* know, that I ſhall take it for a favour, to ſpeak with him firſt.

Mrs. *Smith* came up to me in my new apartment. I had but juſt diſpatched your ſervant, and was aſking her nurſe, if I might be again admitted? Who anſwered, that ſhe was dozing in the elbow-chair, having refuſed to lie down, ſaying, ſhe ſhould ſoon, ſhe hoped, lie down for good.

The colonel, who is really a fine gentleman, received me with great politeneſs. After the firſt compliments, My kinswoman, Sir, ſaid he, is more obliged to you, than to any of her own family. For my part, I have been endeavouring to move ſo many rocks in her favour; and, little thinking, the dear creature ſo very bad, have neglected to attend her: as I ought to have done the moment I arrived; and would, had I known how ill ſhe was, and what a taſk I ſhould have had with the family. But, Sir, your friend has been exceſſively to blame; and you being ſo intimately his friend, has made her fare the worſe for your civilities to her. But are there no hopes of her recovery?

The doctors have left her, with the melancholy declaration, that there are none.

Has ſhe had good attendance, Sir? A ſkilful phyſician? I hear theſe good folks have been very civil and obliging to her.—

Who could be otherwiſe? ſaid Mrs. *Smith*, weeping: ſhe is is the ſweeteſt lady in the world!

The character, ſaid the colonel, lifting up his eyes and one hand, that ſhe has from every living creature! — Good God! how could your accurſed friend —

And how could her cruel parents? interrupted I — We may as eaſily account for him, as for them.

Too true! returned he, the vileneſs of the profligates of our ſex conſidered, whenever they can get any of the other into their power.

I ſatisfied him about the care that had been taken of her; and told him of the friendly and even paternal attendance ſhe had had from Dr. *H.* and Mr. *Goddard*.

He was impatient to attend her, having not ſeen her, as he ſaid, ſince ſhe was twelve years old; and that then ſhe gave promiſes of being one of the fineſt women in *England.*

She was ſo, replied I, a very few months ago: and, tho' emaciated, ſhe will appear to you to have confirmed thoſe promiſes: for her features are ſo regular and exact, her proportion ſo fine, and her manner ſo inimitably graceful, that were ſhe only ſkin and bone, ſhe muſt be a beauty.

Mrs. *Smith*, at his requeſt, ſtept up, and brought us down word, that Mrs. *Lovick* and her nurſe were with her; and that ſhe was in ſo ſound a ſleep, leaning upon the former in her elbow-chair, that ſhe neither heard her enter the room, nor go out. The colonel begged, if not improper, that he might ſee her, though ſleeping. He ſaid, that his impatience would not let him ſtay till ſhe awaked. Yet he would not have her diſturbed; and ſhould be glad to contemplate her ſweet features, when ſhe ſaw not him; and aſked, if ſhe thought he could not go in, and come out, without diſturbing her?

She believed he might, ſhe anſwered; for her chair's back was towards the door.

He ſaid, he would take care to withdraw, if ſhe awoke, that his ſudden appearance might not ſurpriſe her.

Mrs. *Smith*, ſtepping up before us, bid Mrs. *Lovick* and the nurſe not ſtir, when we entered: and then we went up ſoftly together.

We beheld the lady, in a charming attitude. Dreſſed, as I told you before, in her virgin white, ſhe was ſitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. *Lovick* cloſe by her, in another chair, with her left arm round her neck, ſupporting it, as it were; for, it ſeems, the lady had bid her do ſo, ſaying, ſhe had been a mother to her, and ſhe would delight herſelf in thinking ſhe was in her mamma's arms; for ſhe found herſelf drowſy; perhaps, ſhe ſaid, for the laſt time ſhe ſhould ever be ſo.

One faded cheek reſted upon the good woman's boſom, the kindly warmth of which had overſpread it with a faint, but charming fluſh; the other paler, and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands white as the lilly, with her meandring veins more tranſparently blue, than ever I had ſeen even hers (veins ſo ſoon, alas! to be choaked up by the congealment of that purple ſtream, which already ſo languidly creeps rather than flows thro' them!) her hands hanging lifeleſly, one before her, the other graſped by the right-hand of the kind widow, whoſe tears bedew'd the ſweet face which her motherly boſom ſupported, though unfelt by the fair ſleeper; and either inſenſibly to the good woman, or what ſhe would not diſturb her

to wipe off, or to change her poſture. Her aſpect was ſweetly calm and ſerene: and tho' ſhe ſtarted now and then, yet her ſleep ſeemed eaſy; her breath indeed ſhort and quick; but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying perſon.

In this heart-moving attitude ſhe appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face before us.

The colonel, ſighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the moſt profound and affectionate attention; till at laſt, on her ſtarting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a ſcreen, that was drawn before her houſe, as ſhe calls it, which, ſtands under one of the windows. This ſcreen was placed there, at the time ſhe found herſelf obliged to take it to her chamber; and in the depth of our concern, and the fulneſs of other diſcourſe at our firſt interview, I had forgotten to appriſe the colonel of what he would probably ſee.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and, overwhelmed with grief, ſeemed unable to ſpeak: but, on caſting his eye behind the ſcreen, he ſoon broke ſilence; for, ſtruck with the ſhape of the coffin, he lifted up a purpliſh-coloured cloth that was ſpread over it, and, ſtarting back, good God! ſaid he, what's here!

Mrs. *Smith* ſtanding next him, why, ſaid he, with great emotion, is my couſin ſuffered to indulge her ſad reflections with ſuch an object before her?

Alas! Sir, replied the good woman, who ſhould controul her? We are all ſtrangers about her, in a manner: and yet we have expoſtulated with her upon this ſad occaſion.

I ought, ſaid I (ſtepping ſoftly up to him, the lady again falling into a doſe) to have appriſed you of this. I was here when it was brought in, and never was ſo ſhocked in my life. But ſhe had none of her friends about her, and no reaſon to hope for any of them to come near her; and, aſſured ſhe ſhould not recover, ſhe was reſolved to leave as little as poſſible, eſpecially as to what related to her perſon, to her executor. But it is not a ſhocking object to her, tho' it be to every-body elſe.

Curſe upon the hard-heartedneſs of thoſe, ſaid he, who occaſioned her to make ſuch a ſad proviſion for herſelf! What muſt her reflections have been, all the time ſhe was thinking of it; and giving orders about it? And what muſt they be, every time ſhe turns her head towards *it*. But indeed ſhe ſhould have been controuled in it, had I been here.

The lady fetched a profound ſigh, and, ſtarting, it broke off our talk, and the colonel then withdrew farther behind the ſcreen, that his ſudden appearance might not ſurpriſe her.

Where am I? ſaid ſhe. How drowſy am I! How long have I dozed? Don't go, Sir (for I was retiring). I am very ſtupid, and ſhall be more and more ſo, I ſuppoſe.

She then offered to raiſe herſelf; but, being ready to faint thro' weakneſs, was forced to ſit down again, reclining her head on her chair-back; and, after a few moments, I believe now, my good friends, ſaid ſhe, all your kind trouble will ſoon be over. I have ſlept, but am not refreſhed, and my fingers ends ſeem numbed — I have no feeling! (holding them up). — 'Tis time to ſend the letter to my good *Norton*.

Shall I, Madam, ſend my ſervant poſt with it?

O no, Sir, I thank you. It will reach the dear woman too ſoon (as ſhe will think) by the poſt.

I told her, this was not poſt-day.

Is it wedneſday ſtill, ſaid ſhe: bleſs me! I know not how the time goes: but very tediouſly, 'tis plain. And now I think, I muſt ſoon take to my bed. All will be moſt conveniently and with leaſt trouble, over there. — Will it not, Mrs. *Lovick?* — I think, Sir, turning to me, I have left nothing to theſe laſt incapacitating hours. Nothing either to ſay, or to do. I bleſs God, I have not. If I had, how unhappy ſhould I be! Can you, Sir, remind me of any-thing neceſſary to be done or ſaid to make your office eaſy?

If, Madam, your couſin *Morden* ſhould come, you would be glad to ſee him, I preſume?

I am too weak to wiſh to ſee my couſin now. It would but diſcompoſe me, and him too. Yet, if he come while I can ſee, I will ſee him, were it but to thank him for former favours, and for his preſent kind intentions to me. Has any-body been here from him?

He has called, and will be here, Madam, in half an hour; but he feared to ſurpriſe you.

Nothing can ſurpriſe me now, except my mamma were to favour me with her laſt bleſſing in perſon. That would be a welcome ſurprize to me even yet. But did my couſin come purpoſely to town to ſee me?

Yes, Madam. I took the liberty to let him know by a line laſt monday, how ill you were.

You are very kind, Sir. I am and have been greatly obliged to you. But I think, I ſhall be pained to ſee him now, becauſe he will be concerned to ſee me. And yet, as I am not ſo ill as I ſhall preſently be — the ſooner he comes,

the better. But if he come, what ſhall I do about that ſcreen? He will chide me very probably; and I cannot bear chiding now. Perhaps (leaning upon Mrs. *Lovick* and Mrs. *Smith*) I can walk into the next apartment to receive him.

She motioned to riſe; but was ready to faint again, and forced to ſit ſtill.

The colonel was in a perfect agitation behind the ſcreen, to hear this diſcourſe; and twice, unſeen by his couſin, was coming from it towards her; but retreated, for fear of ſurpriſing her too much.

I ſtept to him, and favoured his retreat; ſhe only ſaying, Are you going, Mr. *Belford*? Are you ſent for down? Is my couſin come? For ſhe heard ſome-body ſtep ſoftly croſs the room, and thought it to be me; her hearing being more perfect than her ſight.

I told her, I believed he was; and ſhe ſaid: we muſt make the beſt of it, Mrs. *Lovick*, and Mrs. *Smith*. I ſhall otherwiſe moſt grievouſly ſhock my poor couſin: for he loved me dearly once. Pray, give me a few of the doctor's laſt drops in water, to keep up my ſpirits for this one interview; and that is all, I believe, that can concern me now.

The colonel (who heard all this) ſent in his name; and I, pretending to go down to him, introduced the afflicted gentleman; ſhe having firſt ordered the ſcreen to be put as cloſe to the window as poſſible, that he might not ſee what was behind it; while he, having heard what ſhe had ſaid about it, was determined to take no notice of it.

He folded the angel in his arms as ſhe ſat, dropping down on one knee; for, ſupporting herſelf upon the two elbows of the chair, ſhe attempted to riſe, but could not. Excuſe, my dear couſin, ſaid ſhe, excuſe me, that I cannot ſtand up. — I did not expect this favour now. But I am glad of this opportunity to thank you for all your generous goodneſs to me.

I never, my beſt-beloved and deareſt couſin, ſaid he (with eyes running over) ſhall forgive myſelf, that I did not attend you ſooner. Little did I think you were ſo ill, nor do any of your friends believe it. If they did. —

I they did, repeated ſhe, interrupting him, I ſhould have had more compaſſion from them. I am ſure I ſhould. But pray, Sir, how did you leave them? Are you reconciled to them? If you are not, I beg, if you love your poor *Clariſſa*, that you will. For every widened difference augments but my fault; ſince that is the foundation of all.

I had been expecting to hear from them in your favour, my dear couſin, ſaid he, for ſome hours; when this gentleman's

letter arrived, which haſtened me up. But I have the account of your grandfather's eſtate to make up with you, and have bills and draughts upon their banker for the ſums due to you: which they deſire you may receive, leſt you ſhould have occaſion for money. And this is ſuch an earneſt of an approaching reconciliation, that I dare to anſwer for all the reſt being according to your wiſhes, if —

Ah! Sir, interrupted ſhe, with frequent breaks and pauſes, I wiſh, I wiſh, this does not rather ſhew, that were I to live, they would have nothing more to ſay to me. I never had any pride in being independent of them. All my actions, when I might have made myſelf more independent, ſhew this. — But what avail theſe reflections now? — I only beg, Sir, that you, and this gentleman — to whom I am exceedingly obliged — will adjuſt thoſe matters — according to the will I have written. Mr. *Belford* will excuſe me; but it was in truth more neceſſity than choice, that made me think of giving him the trouble he ſo kindly accepts. Had I had the happineſs to ſee you, my couſin, ſooner — or to know, that you ſtill honoured me with your regard — I ſhould not have had the aſſurance to aſk this favour of him. — But — though the friend of Mr. *Lovelace*, he is a man of honour, and he will make peace rather than break it. And, my dear couſin, let me beg of you — to contribute your part to it — and remember, that, while I have nearer relations than my couſin *Morden*, dear as you are, and always were to me, you have no title to avenge my wrongs upon him who has been the occaſion of them. But I wrote to you my mind on this ſubject, and my reaſons; and hope I need not further urge them.

I muſt do Mr. *Lovelace* ſo much juſtice, anſwered he, wiping his eyes, as to witneſs, how ſincerely he repents him of his ungrateful baſeneſs to you, and how ready he is to make you all the amends in his power. He owns his wickedneſs, and your merit. If he did not, I could not paſs it over, tho' you have nearer relations: for, my dear couſin, did not your grandfather leave me in truſt for you? And ſhould I think myſelf concerned for your fortune, and not for your honour? But, ſince he is ſo deſirous to do you juſtice, I have the leſs to ſay; and you may make yourſelf entirely eaſy on that account.

I thank you, thank you, Sir, ſaid ſhe. All is now as I wiſhed: but I am very faint, very weak. I am ſorry I cannot hold up. That I cannot better deſerve the honour of this viſit! But it will not be. — And ſaying this, ſhe ſunk down in her chair, and was ſilent.

Hereupon we both withdrew, leaving word, that we would be at the *Bedford-Head*, if any-thing extraordinary happened.

We

We befpoke a little repaft, having neither of us dined; and, while it was getting ready, you may guefs at the fubject of our difcourfe. Both joined in lamentation for the lady's defperate ftate: admired her manifold excellencies: feverely condemned you, and her friends. Yet, to bring him into better opinion of you, I read to him fome paffages from your laft letters, which fhewed your concern for the wrongs you had done her, and your deep remorfe. And he faid, it was a dreadful thing to labour under the fenfe of a guilt fo irremediable.

We procured Mr. *Goddard* (Dr. *H.* not being at home) once more to vifit her, and to call upon us in his return. He was fo good as to do fo; but he tarried with her no five minutes; and told us, that fhe was drawing on apace; that he feared, fhe would not live till morning; and that fhe wifhed to fee colonel *Morden* directly.

The colonel made excufes where none were needed; and tho' our little refection was juft brought in, he went away immediately.

I could not touch a morfel; and took pen and ink to amufe myfelf, and oblige you; knowing how impatient you would be for a few lines. For, from what I have recited, you will fee, it was impoffible, I could withdraw to write, when your fervant came at half an hour after five, or have an opportunity for it till now; and this is accidental: and yet your poor fellow was afraid to go away with the verbal meffage I fent; importing, as no doubt he told you, that the colonel was with us, the lady exceffively ill, and that I could not ftir to write a line.

Ten o'clock.

Tho colonel fent to me afterwards, to tell me, that the lady having been in convulfions, he was fo much difordered, that he could not poffibly attend me.

I have fent every half-hour to know how fhe does: and juft now I have the pleafure to hear, that her convulfions have left her; and that fhe is gone to reft in a much quieter way than could be expected.

Her poor coufin is very much indifpofed; yet will not ftir out of the houfe, while fhe is in fuch a way; intends to lie down on a couch, having refufed any other accommodation.

Vol. VIII. Letter I.

Mr. Belford, to Robert Lovelace, Esq.

Thursday Night.

I may as well try to write; ſince, were I to go to bed, I ſhall not ſleep. I never had ſuch a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demiſe of this admirable woman; whoſe ſoul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is huſh and ſtill; the family retired; but not one of them, and leaſt of all her poor couſin, I dare ſay, to reſt.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my laſt, I was ſent for down; and, as thou uſedſt to like my deſcriptions, I will give thee the woeful ſcene that preſented itſelf to me, as I approached the bed.

The colonel was the firſt that took my attention, kneeling on the ſide of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; altho' ſhe had been comforting him, as the women ſince told me, in elevated ſtrains, but broken accents.

On the other ſide of the bed ſat the good widow; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head againſt the bed's head in a moſt diſconſolate manner; and turning her face to me, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, O Mr. *Belford*, cried ſhe, with folded hands — the dear lady — A heavy ſob permitted her not to ſay more.

Mrs. *Smith*, with claſped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurſe was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. *Smith*, her arms extended. In one hand ſhe held an ineffectual cordial, which ſhe had juſt been offering to her dying miſtreſs; her face was ſwoln with weeping (tho' uſed to ſuch ſcenes as this); and ſhe turned her eyes towards me, as if ſhe called upon me by them to join in the helpleſs ſorrow; a freſh ſtream burſting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the houſe, with her face upon her folded arms, as ſhe ſtood leaning againſt the wainſcot, more audibly expreſſed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been ſilent a few minutes, and ſpeechleſs as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I ſaid, in her couſin's. But when Mrs. *Lovick* on my approach pronounced my name, Oh! Mr. *Bellford*, ſaid ſhe, with a faint inward voice, but very diſtinct nevertheleſs — Now! — Now! (in broken periods ſhe ſpoke) — I bleſs God for his mercies to his poor creature — will all ſoon be over — A few — a very few moments — will end this ſtrife — and I ſhall be happy.

Comfort here, Sir — turning her head to the colonel — comfort my couſin — See! — the blame — able kindneſs — he would not wiſh me to be happy — ſo ſoon!

Here ſhe ſtopt, for two or three minutes, earneſtly looking upon him: then reſuming, My deareſt couſin, ſaid ſhe, be comforted — What is dying but the common lot? — The mortal frame may ſeem to labour — but that is all! — It is not ſo hard to die, as I believed it to be! — The preparation is the difficulty — I bleſs God, I have had time for that — The reſt is worſe to beholders, than to me! — I am all bleſſed beyond hope — Hope itſelf.

She *looked* what ſhe ſaid, a ſweet ſmile beaming over her countenance.

After a ſhort ſilence, Once more, my dear couſin, ſaid ſhe, but ſtill in broken accents, commend me moſt dutifully to my father and mother — There ſhe ſtopt. And then proceeding — to my ſiſter, to my brother — to my uncles — And tell them, I bleſs them with my parting breath — for all their goodneſs to me. — Even for their diſpleaſure, I bleſs them — Moſt happy has been to me my puniſhment here! — Happy indeed!

She was ſilent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her couſin held not between his. Then, O death! ſaid ſhe, where is thy ſting! and after a pauſe — *It is good for me that I was afflicted!* Words of ſcripture, I ſuppoſe.

Then turning towards us, who were loſt in ſpeechleſs ſorrow — O dear, dear gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, you know not what foretaſtes — what aſſurances — and there ſhe again ſtopt, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, ſweetly ſmiling.

Then turning her head towards me — Do you, Sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! And I pray to God to forgive him! — Again pauſing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would. Let him know how happily I die: — and that ſuch as my own, I wiſh to be his laſt hour.

She was again silent for a few moments: and then resuming: — my sight fails me! — Your voices only — (for we both applauded her christian, her divine frame, tho' in accents as broken as her own); and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. *Morden's* hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. *Belford's?* holding out the other. I gave her mine. God almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both — in your last hour — for you must come to this — happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes: and now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand — near — still nearer — drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips — God protect you, dear dear Sir — and once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks — And tell my dear Miss *Howe* — and vouchsafe to see, and to tell my worthy *Norton* — she will be one day, I fear not, tho' now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven — Tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments! — and pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown here-after; and such assurances of it, as I have, thro' the all-satisfying merits of my blessed redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent: — And you, Mr. *Belford*, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors — You see, in me, how all ends. — May you be — and down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief.

But soon shewing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approachad the bed, weeping, as if crouding in for the divine Lady's last blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly, — Bless — bless — bless — you all — And now — and now — (holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) come — O come — blessed lord — Jesus!

And with thefe words, the laft but half pronounced, fhe expired: fuch a fmile, fuch a charming ferenity overfpreading her fweet face at the inftant, as feemed to manifeft her eternal happinefs already begun.

O *Lovelace!* — But I can write no more! — —

* * *
*

I *refume* my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, tho' pulfelefs, we preffed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other, with intent to fpeak: but, as if one motion governed, as one caufe affected, both, we turned away filent.

The colonel fighed as if his heart would burft. At laft, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, Good heaven! faid he to himfelf, fupport me! — And is it thus, O flower of nature! — Then paufing — And muft we no more — never more! — My bleffed, bleffed coufin! — uttering fome other words, which his fighs made inarticulate: — and then, as if recollecting himfelf, forgive me, Sir! — Excufe me, Mr. *Belford*! And, fliding by me, anon I hope to fee you, Sir — and down-ftairs he went, and out of the houfe, leaving me a ftatue.

When I recovered, I was ready to repine at what I then called an unequal difpenfation; forgetting her happy preparation, and ftill happier departure; and that fhe had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her, every one lefs affured of happinefs, tho' equally certain, that the lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at 40 minutes after fix o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Mifs *Clariffa Harlowe*, in the bloffom of her youth and beauty: and who, her tender years confidered, has not left behind her, her fuperior in extenfive knowledge, and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemifhed virtue, exemplary piety, fweetnefs of manners, difcreet generofity, and true chriftian charity: and thefe all fet off by the moft graceful modefty and humility; yet on all proper occafions manifefting a noble prefence of mind and true magnanimity: fo that fhe may be faid to have been, not only an ornament to her fex, but to human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller juftice. Thine, I mean, o *Lovelace!* For well doft thou know, how much fhe excelled in the graces both of mind and perfon, natural and

acquired, all that is woman. And thou also canst best account for the causes of her immature death, thro' those calamities which in so short a space of time from the highest pitch of felicity (every one in a manner adoring her) brought her to an exit so happy for herself, but, that it was so early, so much to be deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This task, then, I leave to thee: but now I can write no more, only that I am a sympathizer in every part of thy distress, except (and yet it is cruel to say it) in that which arises from thy guilt.

One o'clock, Friday morning.

VERMISCHTE AUFSÄTZE.

LYTTELTON.

George Lord Lyttelton wurde 1709 zu Hagley in Worcestershire gebohren, und zu Eaton und in dem Christ-church Collegio zu Oxford erzogen, wo er sich durch Fleiß und musterhaftes Betragen vortheilhaft auszeichnete, und in dem progress of love und einem auf Blenheim, den Pallast des Herzogs von Marlborough, geschriebenen Gedicht, Proben von einem glücklichen Talent zur Poesie gab, das ihn bey fortgesetzter Cultur zu dem Range eines der ersten Dichter Englands erhoben haben würde. 1728 trat er eine Reise durch Frankreich und Italien an, die ihn einige Jahre auf das nützlichste beschäftigte. Da er sich bey seiner Rückkehr im Hause der Gemeinen als einen der heftigsten Gegner des Sir Robert Walpole zeigte, ob es gleich sein Vater, einer der Commissarien der Admiralität, mit dem Hofe hielt, so machte ihn Frederic, Prinz von Wallis, der sich um 1737 genöthigt sah, den Pallast von St. James zu verlassen, und die Gegner des Ministeriums mit offenen Armen aufnahm, zu seinem Secretär und Vertrauten. 1744 mußte Walpole der Opposition weichen, worauf Lyttelton zu einem der Lords commissioners of the Treasury ernannt wurde, und auf die Seite der Hofparthei trat. Er hatte in seiner Jugend an der Wahrheit der christlichen Religion gezweifelt. Reiferes Nachdenken belehrte ihn eines bessern, und er machte nun jetzt Glaubensbekenntniß in den observations on the conversion of St. Paul bekannt (1747) einem Tractat, auf welchen der Unglaube, wie sich Johnson ausdrückt, nie eine scheinbare Antwort zu geben vermocht hat. 1751 erbte er von seinem Vater, Sir Thomas Lyttelton, den Baronetstitel und ein ansehnliches Vermögen. 1754 ward er Mitglied des geheimen Raths (privy counsellor) und Kanzler der Exchequer. Um diese Zeit erschienen seine mehr in Fenelon's als Fontenelle's Manier geschriebenen Dialogues of the dead, die begierig gelesen wurden, ob sie gleich nach Johnson's Urtheil mehr Früchte müssiger Stunden als des Fleißes sind. In den frühern Ausgaben finden sich nur 28 Gespräche, wovon die 3 letztern von fremder Hand sind. In der 5ten von 1768 kamen noch 4 neue hinzu. Als gegen das Ende der vorigen Regierung der unglückliche Anfang des Krieges eine Veränderung im Ministerio nothwendig machte, verlor

Sir George *war seine bisherige Kanzlerstelle, trat aber dafür als* Peer *des Reichs, ins Oberhaus. (1756) Sein letztes Produkt war* the history of Henry the second, *auf dessen Ausarbeitung er 20 Jahr verwandt hat. Die 3 ersten Bände erschienen 1764, 4. der Schluß 1770. Er starb 1773 mit dem Ruhm eines geistreichen Schriftstellers, feurigen Parliamentsredners, unterhaltenden Gesellschafters und moralisch guten Mannes. Seine Werke mit Ausschluss der Geschichte Heinrichs des zweiten und seiner Geschichte von England in einer Folge von Briefen eines vornehmen Herrn an seinen Sohn, sind von* George Edward Aiscough *im Jahr 1773 vereint herausgegeben worden:* the works of George Lord Lyttelton, now first collected, *ein Theil in gr. 4. und 3 Theile in 8. Man findet hier 1) das Leben* Cicero's, *2) einige Bemerkungen über die römische Geschichte aus einer Handschrift, 3) Persianische Briefe, oder fortgesetzte Geschichte der* Trogloditen *aus* Montesquieu's *bekannten Briefen, 4) die Betrachtungen über die Bekehrung des* St. Paul, *5) die Todtengespräche, 6) eine Reise nach* Wales, *7) Im* Parliament *gehaltene Reden, nebst Briefen und Gedichten. S. Götting. gel. Anzeigen von 1776, S. 609. Seine Gedichte wurden 1774 besonders abgedruckt.* Lord Lyttelton's Poems, 8. *Sie sind, wie* Johnson *urtheilt, Werke eines Mannes von literarischen Kenntnissen und Geschmack, der einen Theil seiner Zeit der* Versification *widmet, und sind eben so wenig zu bewundern als zu verwerfen. Ein Mehreres über* Lyttelton *in dem 4ten Bande von* Johnson's lives of the most eminent english poets, *und im 6ten Bande des* British Plutarch.

Dialogues of the dead.

Hernando Cortez — William Penn.

Cortez.

Is it possible, *William Penn*, that you should seriously compare your glory with mine! The planter of a small colony in *North America* presume to vie with the conqueror of the great Mexican empire!

Penn.

Friend, I pretend to no glory, — the Lord preserve me from it. — All glory is *his*; — but this I say, that I was *his instrument* in a more glorious work than that performed by thee: incomparably more glorious.

Cortez.

Dost thou not know, *William Penn*, that with less than six hundred spanish foot, eighteen horse, and a few small pieces

of cannon, I fought and defeated innumerable armies of very brave men, dethroned an emperor who had been raiſed to the throne, by his valour, and excelled all his countrymen in the ſcience of war, as much as they excelled all the reſt of the *Weſt Indian* nations! that I made him my priſoner in his own capital; and, after he had been depoſed and ſlain by his ſubjects, vanquiſhed and took *Guatimozin*, his ſucceſſor, and accompliſhed my conqueſt of the whole empire of *Mexico*, which I loyally annexed to the Spaniſh crown? — Doſt thou not know, that, in doing theſe wonderful acts, I ſhewed as much courage as *Alexander the great*, as much prudence as *Caeſar?* That, by my policy, I ranged under my banners the powerful commonwealth of *Tlaſcala*, and brought them to aſſiſt me in ſubduing the *Mexicans*, though with the loſs of their own beloved independence? and that, to conſummate my glory, when the governor of *Cuba*, *Velaſquez*, would have taken my command from me, and ſacrificed me to his envy and jealouſy, I drew from him all his forces and joined them to my own, ſhewing myſelf as ſuperior to all other *Spaniards* as I was to the *Indians?*

PENN.

I know very well that thou waſt as fierce as a lion, and as ſubtle as a ſerpent. The devil, perhaps, may place thee as high *in his black liſt of heroes* as *Alexander* or *Caeſar*. It is not my buſineſs to interfere with him in ſettling thy rank. But hark thee, friend *Cortez* — What right hadſt thou, or had the king of *Spain* himſelf, to the *Mexican* empire? Anſwer me that, if thou canſt.

CORTEZ.

The pope gave it to my maſter.

PENN.

The devil offered to give our Lord all the kingdoms of the earth, and I ſuppoſe the pope, as *his vicar*, gave thy maſter this: in return for which he *fell down and worſhipped him*, like an idolater as he was. But ſuppoſe the high prieſt of *Mexico* had taken it into his head to give *Spain* to *Montezuma*, would his grant have been good?

CORTEZ.

Theſe are queſtions of caſuiſtry, which it is not the buſineſs of a ſoldier to decide. We leave that to gownſmen. But pray, Mr. *Penn*, what right had you to the province you ſettled?

PENN.

An honeſt right of fair purchaſe. We gave the native ſavages ſome things they wanted, and they in return gave us lands

they did not want. All was amicably agreed on, not a drop of blood ſhed to ſtain our acquiſition.

CORTEZ.

I am afraid there was a little *fraud* in the purchaſe. Thy followers, *William Penn*, are ſaid to think cheating in a quiet and ſober way no mortal ſin.

PENN.

The ſaints are always calumniated by the ungodly. But it was a ſight which an angel might contemplate with delight, to behold the colony I ſettled! To ſee us living with the *Indians* like innocent lambs, and taming the ferocity of their barbarous manners by the gentleneſs of ours! To ſee the whole country, which before was an uncultivated wilderneſs, rendered as fertile and fair as the garden of GOD! O *Hernando Cortez*, *Hernando Cortez*! didſt thou leave the great empire of *Mexico* in that ſtate? No, thou haſt turned thoſe delightful and populous regions into a deſert, a deſert flooded with blood. Doſt thou not remember that moſt infernal ſcene, when the noble emperor *Guatimozin* was ſtretched out by thy ſoldiers upon hot burning coals, to make him diſcover into what part of the lake of *Mexico* he had thrown the royal treaſures? Are not his groans ever ſounding in the ears of thy conſcience? Do not they rend thy hard heart, and ſtrike thee with more than the yells of the furies?

CORTEZ.

Alas! I was not preſent when that dire act was done. Had I been there I would have forbidden it. My nature was mild.

PENN.

Thou waſt the captain of that band of robbers, who did this horrid deed. The advantage they had drawn from thy counſels and conduct enabled them to commit it: and thy ſkill ſaved them afterwards from the vengeance that was due to ſo enormous a crime. The enraged *Mexicans* would have properly puniſhed them for it, if they had not had thee for their general, thou *lieutenant of ſatan*.

CORTEZ.

The *ſaints* I find can *rail*, *William Penn*. But how do you hope to preſerve this *admirable* colony which you have ſettled? Your people, you tell me, live *like innocent lambs*. Are there no *wolves in North America* to devour thoſe lambs? But if the *Americans* ſhould continue in perpetual peace with all your ſucceſſors there, the *French* will not. Are the inhabitants of *Pen-*

ſylvania to make war againſt *them* with prayers and preaching? If ſo, that garden of God which you ſay you have planted, will undoubtedly be their prey, and they will take from you your property, your laws, and your religion.

Penn.

The Lord's will be done. The Lord will defend us, againſt the rage of our enemies, if it be his good pleaſure.

Cortez.

Is this the wiſdom of a great legiſlator! I have heard ſome of your countrymen compare you to *Solon!* Did *Solon*, think you, give laws to a people, and leave thoſe laws and that people at the mercy of every invader? The firſt buſineſs of legislature is to provide a military ſtrength that may defend the whole ſyſtem. If a houſe is built in a land of robbers, without a gate to ſhut, or a bolt or bar to ſecure it, what avails it how well-proportioned, or how commodious the architecture of it may be? Is it richly furniſhed within? the more it will tempt the hands of violence and of rapine to ſeize its wealth. The world, *William Penn*, is all a land of robbers. Any ſtate or commonwealth erected therein muſt be well fenced and ſecured by good military inſtitutions; or, the happier it is in all other reſpects, the greater will be its danger, the more ſpeedy it deſtruction. Perhaps the neighbouring Engliſh colonies may for a while protect your's: but that precarious ſecurity cannot always preſerve you. Your plan of government muſt be changed, or your colony will be loſt. What I have ſaid is alſo applicable to *Great Britain* itſelf. If an encreaſe of it's wealth be not accompanied with an encreaſe of it's force, that wealth will become the prey of ſome of the neighbouring nations, in which the martial ſpirit is more prevalent than the commercial. And whatever praiſe may be due to it's civil inſtitutions, if they are not guarded by a wiſe ſyſtem of military policy, they will be found of no value, being unable to prevent their own diſſolution.

Penn.

Theſe are ſuggeſtions of human wiſdom. The doctrines I held were *inſpired;* they came *from above.*

Cortez.

It is blaſphemy to ſay, *that any folly could come from the fountain of wiſdom.* Whatever is inconſiſtent with the great laws of nature, and with the neceſſary ſtate of human ſociety, cannot poſſibly have been inſpired by God. Self-defence is as neceſſary to nations as to men. And ſhall particulars have a

right which nations have not? True religion, *William Penn*, is the perfection of reason. Faniticism is the disgrace, the destruction of reason.

PENN.

Though what thou sayest should be true, it does not come well from thy mouth. A *papist* talk of *reason!* Go to the inquisition, and tell *them* of *reason*, and *the great laws of nature.* They will broil the, as thy soldiers broiled the unhappy *Guatimozin.* Why dost thou turn pale? Is it the name of the inquisition, or the name of *Guatimozin*, that troubles and affrights thee? O wretched man! who madest thyself a voluntary instrument to carry into a new-discovered world that hellish tribunal. Tremble and shake when thou thinkest, that every murder the inquisitors have committed, every torture they have inflicted on the innocent *Indians*, is originally owing to thee. Thou must answer to GOD for all their inhumanity, for all their injustice. What wouldst thou give to part with the renown of thy conquests, and to have a conscience as pure and undisturbed as mine?

CORTEZ.

I feel the force of thy words. They pierce me like daggers. I can never, never be happy, while I retain any memory of the ills I have caused. — Yet I thought I did right. I thought I laboured to advance the glory of GOD, and propagate in the remotest parts of the earth his holy religion. He will be merciful to well-designing and pious error. Thou also wilt have need of that gracious indulgence; though not, I own, so much as I.

PENN.

Ask thy heart, whether ambition was not thy real motive, and zeal the pretence?

CORTEZ.

Ask thine, whether thy zeal had no wordly views, and whether thou didst believe all the nonsense of the sect, at the head of which thou wast pleased to become a legislator. Adieu.— Self-examination requires retirement.

LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE, Esq. *wurde 1632 zu* Wrington *unweit* Bristol *gebohren, und theils in der Westminsterschule zu* London, *theils in dem* Christ-church *Collegio zu* Oxford *erzogen und*

gebildet. Er legte ſich hauptſächlich auf die Arzeneiwiſſenſchaft, und erwarb ſich in dieſem Fache, wie ſeine Schriften bezeugen, keine gemeinen Kenntniſſe, ob ihm gleich ſeine ſchwachen Geſundheitsumſtände nie erlaubten, die Geſchäfte eines practiſchen Arztes zu treiben. In ſeinen Erhohlungsſtunden las er die Werke des Des Cartes, die ſeinem nach Deutlichkeit und Wahrheit ſtrebenden Geiſt einen Theil der Befriedigung gewährten, die er in der Ariſtoteliſchen Philoſophie, der Modeweisheit damahliger Zeit, vergeblich geſucht hatte. 1664 ſah er in Begleitung des Sir William Swan, Engliſchen Geſandten am Churbrandenburgiſchen Hofe, verſchiedene Gegenden Deutſchlands. Bey ſeiner Rückkehr ſetzte er ſeine Studien zu Oxford fort, und beſchäftigte ſich beſonders mit Naturgeſchichte und Phyſik. 1668 folgte er der Gräfinn von Northumberland nach Frankreich, wo er ſich jedoch nicht lange aufhielt. Er lebte hierauf zu London in ſeines Gönners, des bekannten Lord Ashley Cooper, damahligen Kanzlers der Exchequer, und nachherigen Grafen von Shaftesbury Hauſe, in welchem er um 1670 den Plan zu ſeinem eſſay on human underſtanding entwarf. 1671 ward er Mitglied der Königl. Societät der Wiſſenſchaften und Batchelor of Phyſic. Nachdem er einige Zeit das Amt eines Secretärs bey einer zur Unterſuchung des Handels niedergeſetzten Commiſſion verwaltet, machte er 1675 zur Wiederherſtellung ſeiner Geſundheit eine Reiſe nach Frankreich, hielt ſich zu Montpellier und Paris auf, und lernte die vornehmſten daſigen Gelehrten kennen. 1683 fiel der Graf von Shaftesbury bey Jacob II. in Ungnade und ging zum Erbprinzen von Oranien über. Locke folgte ihm, und verlohr nicht nur ſeine Stelle im Chriſt-church Collegio, ſondern wurde nebſt 83 andern Perſonen durch den Engliſchen Geſandten reclamirt, weil man ihn beſchuldigte verſchiedene Pamphlets gegen die Regierung geſchrieben zu haben. Allein er entging ſeinen Verfolgern, und hielt ſich in der Stille zu Amſterdam auf, wo er beſonders mit dem berühmten le Clerc Umgang hatte, bis ihn die 1688 erfolgte Revolution nach ſeinem Vaterlande zurück zu kehren erlaubte. Er bekleidete hierauf einen Poſten bey der Appellationscommiſſion, und wurde 1691 zu einem Commiſſär des Handels und der Plantationen ernannt, ein einträgliches Amt, das er jedoch ſchon 1700 wieder aufgeben mußte, weil die Londner Luft ſeiner Geſundheit nicht zuträglich war. Von nun an hielt er ſich größtentheils zu Oates in Eſſex, dem Landſitz ſeines Freundes Sir Francis Masham, auf, wo er auch bey zunehmender Schwachheit im Jahr 1704 ſtarb. — Daß er einer der größten Philoſophen geweſen, die England geſehen, iſt bekannt; er war aber nicht bloß dies, ſondern auch ein Mann von edler Denkungsart und exemplariſchem Lebenswandel. Unter

der Menge seiner Schriften, die in Bamberger's Anecdoten *aufgeführt sind, zeichnen sich besonders folgende aus: 1) sein* essay concerning human understanding in four books, *1687 in* Holland *vollendet. Die erste Ausgabe erschien 1690.* fol. *nachdem* LE CLERC *durch Uebersetzung eines Abschnitts das Publicum aufmerksam darauf gemacht hatte. Die 4te vom Verfasser vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage wird für die beste gehalten. Die 18te erschien zu* London 1788. 2 Vols. 8. JOHN WYNNE *hat nach einem von* LOCKE *gebilligten Plan einen Auszug daraus verfertigt, der verschiedemahl gedruckt ist, und vor dem Hauptwerke studirt zu werden verdient.* 2) Some thoughts concerning education, *zuerst* London, 1690. 8. *ein Werk, das jedem Freunde ächter Pädagogik zur Genüge bekannt ist. Im Jahr 1706 erschienen seine nachgelassenen Schriften in drei verschiedenen Ausgaben unter den Titeln* posthumous works, the remains of - - - *und* several pieces of - - - . *Man hat seine sämmtlichen in Englischer Sprache abgefaßten Werke in ein Corpus gesammelt, das zuerst* London 1714 *in 3 Bänden in* Folio, *und zum 8ten mahl 1777 in 4 Bänden 4. gedruckt worden ist. Ueber diesen merkwürdigen Schriftsteller verdienen außer dem 5ten Bande der* Biographia Britannica *vorzüglich nachgelesen zu werden:* the heads of the illustrious persons of great Britain, engraven by M. HOUBRAKE and Mr. VERTUE, with their lives and characters by T. BIRCH, London 1747. Fol.

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING EDUCATION.

* * *

A sound mind in a sound body, is a short, but full description of a happy state in this world. He that has these two, has little more to wish for; and he that wants either of them, will be but little the better for any thing else. Men's happiness or misery is most part of their own making. He, whose mind directs not wisely, will never take the right way; and he, whose body is crazy and feeble, will never be able to advance in it. I confess, there are some men's constitutions of body and mind so vigorous, and well framed by nature, that they need not much assistance from others; but by the strength of their natural genius, they are from their cradles carried towards what is excellent; and by the privilege of their happy constitutions are able to do wonders. But examples of this kind are but few; and I think, I may say, that of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education. 'Tis that which makes the great difference in mankind. The little, or almost insensible impressions on our tender infancies, have very important and lasting con-

consequences: and there it is, as in the fountains of some rivers, where a gentle application of the hand turns the flexible waters into channels, that make them take quite contrary courses; and by this little direction given them at first in the source, they receive different tendencies, and arrive at last at very remote and distant places.

The great mistake, I have observed in peoples breeding their childern, has been, that this has not been taken care enough of in its *due season*; that the mind has not been made obedient to discipline, and pliant to reason, when at first it was most tender, most easy to be bowed. Parents, being wisely ordained by nature to love their children, are very apt, to let it run into fondness. They love their little ones, and it is their duty; but they often, with them, cherish their faults too. They must not be crossed forsooth; they must be permitted to have their wills in all things; and they being, in their infancies, not capable of great vices, their parents think they may safely enough indulge their little irregularities, and make themselves sport with that pretty perverseness, which they think well enough becomes that innocent age. But to a fond parent, that would not have his child corrected for a perverse trick, but excused it, saying, it was a small matter, *Solon*, very well replied, *aye, but custom is a great one.*

The fondling must be taught to strike and call names, must have what he calls for, and do what he pleases. Thus parents, by humouring and cockering them when *little*, corrupt the principles of nature in their children, and wonder afterwards to taste their bitter waters, when they themselves have poisoned the fountain; for, when their children are grown up, and these ill habits with them; when they are now too big to be dandled, and their parents can no longer make use of them as playthings; then they complain, that the brats are untoward and perverse; then they are offended to see them wilful, and are troubled with those ill humours which they themselves infused and fomented in them; and then, perhaps too late, would be glad to get out those weeds, which their own hands have planted, and which now have taken too deep root, to be easily extirpated. For he, that has been used to have his will in every thing, as long as he was in coats, why should we think it strange that he should desire it, and contend for it still, when he is in breeches? Indeed as he grows more toward a man, age shews his faults the more; so that there be few parents then so blind, as not to see them; few so insensible, as not to feel the ill effects of their own indulgence. He had the will of his maid, before he could speak, or go; he had the mastery of his

parents ever ſince he could prattle; and why, now he is grown up, is ſtronger and wiſer than he was then, why now of a ſudden muſt he be reſtrained and curbed? Why muſt he at ſeven, fourteen, or twenty years old, loſe the privilege, which the parents indulgence till then ſo largely allowed him? Try it in a dog, or an horſe, or any other creature, and ſee whether the ill and reſty tricks, they have learned when young, are eaſily to be mended when they are knit; and yet none of theſe creatures are half ſo wilful and proud, or half ſo deſirous to be maſters of themſelves and others, as man.

We are generally wiſe enough, to begin with them, when they are *very young*, and diſcipline *betimes* thoſe other creatures we would make uſeful and good for ſomewhat. They are only our own offſpring, that we neglect in this point; and having made them ill childern, we fooliſhly expect they ſhould be good men. For if the child muſt have grapes or ſugar-plums when he has a mind to them, rather than make the poor baby cry, or be out of humour; why, when he is grown up, muſt he not be ſatisfied too, if his deſires carry him to wine or women? They are objects as ſuitable to the longing of one of more years, as what he cried for, when little, was to the inclinations of a child. The having deſires accommodated to the apprehenſions and reliſh of thoſe ſeveral ages, is not the fault; but the not having them ſubject to the rules and reſtraints of reaſon: the difference lies not in having or not having appetites, but in the power to govern, and deny ourſelves in them. He that is not uſed to ſubmit his will to the reaſon of others, when he is young, will ſcarce hearken or ſubmit to his own reaſon, when he is of an age to make uſe of it. And what a kind of a man ſuch an one is likely to prove, is eaſy to foreſee.

Theſe are overſights uſually committed by thoſe who ſeem to take the greateſt care of their childrens education. But, if we look into the common management of children, we ſhall have reaſon to wonder, in the great diſſoluteneſs of manners which the world complains of, that there are any foot-ſteps at all left of virtue. I deſire to know what vice can be named, which parents, and thoſe about children, do not ſeaſon them with, and drop into them the ſeeds of, as ſoon as they are capable to receive them? I do not mean by the examples they give, and the patterns they ſet before them, which is encouragement enough; but that which I would take notice of here, is, the downright teaching them vice, and actually putting them out of the way of virtue. Before they can go, they principle them with violence, revenge and cruelty. *Give me a blow, that I may beat*

him, is a leſſon which moſt children every day hear; and it is thought nothing becauſe their hands have not ſtrength to do any miſchief. But I aſk, does not this corrupt their mind? Is not this the way of force and violence, that they are ſet in? And if they have been taught, when little, to ſtrike and hurt others by proxy, and encouraged to rejoice in the harm they have brought upon them, and ſee them ſuffer, are they not prepared to do it, when they are ſtrong enough to be felt themſelves, and can ſtrike to ſome purpoſe?

The coverings of our bodies, which are for modeſty, warmth and defence, are, by the folly or vice of parents, recommended to their children for other uſes. They are made matters of vanity and emulation. A child is ſet a longing after a new ſuit, for the finery of it, and when the little girl is tricked up in her new gown and commode, how can her mother do leſs than teach her to admire herſelf, by calling her, *her little queen*, and *her princeſs?* Thus the little ones are taught to be *proud* of their clothes, before they can put them on. And why ſhould they not continue to value themſelves for this outſide faſhionableneſs of the taylor or tire-woman's making, when their parents have ſo early inſtructed them to do ſo?

Lying and equivocations, and excuſes little different from lying, are put into the mouths of young people, and commended in apprentices and children, whilſt they are for their maſters or parents advantage. And can it be thought, that he that finds the ſtraining of truth diſpenſed with, and encouraged, whilſt it is for his godly maſter's turn, will not make uſe of that privilege for himſelf, when it may be for his own profit?

Thoſe of the meaner ſort are hindered by the ſtreightneſs of their fortunes, from encouraging *intemperance* in their children, by the temptation of their diet, or invitations to eat or drink more than enough; but their own ill examples, whenever plenty comes in their way, ſhew that it is not the diſlike of drunkenneſs or gluttony, that keeps them from exceſs, but want of materials. But if we look into the houſes of thoſe who are a little warmer in their fortunes, their eating and drinking are made ſo much the great buſineſs and happineſs of life, that children are thought neglected if they have not their ſhare of it. Sauces and rogoos, and food diſguiſed by all the arts of cookery, muſt tempt their palates, when their bellies are full; and then, for fear the ſtomach ſhould be overcharged, a pretence is found for the other glaſs of wine to help digeſtion, though it only ſerves to increaſe the ſurfeit.

Is my young maſter a little out of order? the firſt queſtion is: what will my dear eat? what ſhall I get for thee? Eating

and drinking are inſtantly preſſed: and every body's invention is ſet on work to find out ſomething, luſcious and delicate enough to prevail over that want of appetite, which nature has wiſely ordered in the beginning of diſtempers, as a defence againſt their increaſe, that being freed from the ordinary labour of digeſting any new load in the ſtomach, ſhe may be at leiſure to correct and maſter the peccant humours.

And where children are ſo happy in the care of their parents, as by their prudence to be kepr from the exceſs of their tables, to the ſobriety of a plain and ſimple diet, yet there too they are ſcarce to be preſerved from the contagion that poiſons the mind; though, by a diſcreet management, whilſt they are under tuition, their healths perhaps may be pretty well ſecure, yet their deſires muſt needs yield to the leſſons which every where will be read to them upon this part of epicuriſm. The commendation that *eating well* has every where, cannot fail to be a ſucceſsful incentive to natural appetite, and bring them quickly to the liking and expence of a faſhionable table. This ſhall have from every one, even the reprovers of vice, the title of *living well.* And what ſhall ſullen reaſon dare to ſay againſt the public teſtimony? Or can it hope to be heard, if it ſhould call that *luxury*, which is ſo much owned, and univerſally practiſed by thoſe of the beſt quality.

This is now ſo grown a vice, and has ſo great ſupports, that I know not whether it do not put in for the name of virtue; and whether it will not be thought folly, or want of knowledge of the world, to open one's mouth againſt it. And truly, I ſhould ſuſpect, that what I have here ſaid of it might be cenſured as a little ſatire out of my way, did I not mention it with this view, that it might awaken the care and watchfulneſs of parents in the education of their children, when they ſee how they are beſet on every ſide, not only with temptations, but inſtructors to vice, and that, perhaps, in thoſe they thought places of ſecurity.

I ſhall not dwell any longer on this ſubject, much leſs run over all the particulars that would ſhew what pains are uſed to corrupt children, and inſtil principles of vice into them: but I deſire parents ſoberly to conſider, what irregularity or vice there is, which children are not viſibly taught, and whether it be not their duty and wiſdom to provide them other inſtructions.

Essay on human understanding. Book II. Chap. XXXIII.

Of the aſſociation of our ideas.

There is ſcarce any one that does not obſerve ſomething that ſeems odd to him, and is in itſelf really extravagant in the opinions, reaſonings, and actions of other men. The leaſt flaw

of this kind, if at all different from his own, every one is quick-ſighted enough to eſpy in another, and will by the authority of reaſon forwardly condemn, though he be guilty of much greater unreaſonableneſs in his own tenets and conduct, which he never perceives, and will very hardly, if at all, be convinced of.

This proceeds not only from ſelf-love, though that has often a great hand in it. Men of fair minds, and not given up to the overweening of ſelf-flattery, are frequently guilty of it; and in many caſes one with amazement hears the arguings, and is aſtoniſh'd at the obſtinacy of a worthy man, who yields not to the evidence of reaſon, though laid before him as clear as day-light.

This ſort of unreaſonableneſs is uſually imputed to education and prejudice, and for the moſt part truly enough, though that reaches not the bottom of the diſeaſe, nor ſhews diſtinctly enough whence it riſes, or wherein it lies. Education is often rightly aſſigned the cauſe, and prejudice is a good general name for the thing itſelf: but yet, I think, he ought to look a little farther, who would trace this ſort of madneſs to the root it ſprings from, and ſo explain it, as to ſhew whence this flaw has its original in very ſober and rational minds, and wherein it conſiſts.

I ſhall be pardon'd for calling it by ſo harſh a name as *madneſs*, when it is conſidered, that oppoſition to reaſon deſerves that name, and is really madneſs; and there is ſcarce a man ſo free from it, but that if he ſhould always, on all occaſions, argue or do as in ſome caſes he conſtantly does, would not be thought fitter for *Bedlam*, than civil converſation. I do not here mean when he is under the power of an unruly paſſion, but in the ſteady calm courſe of his life. That which will yet more apologize for this harſh name, and ungrateful imputation on the greateſt part of mankind is, that enquiring a little by the bye into the nature of madneſs. (Book II. c. 11.) I found it to ſpring from the very ſame root, and to depend on the very ſame cauſe we are here ſpeaking of. This conſideration of the thing itſelf, at a time when I thought not the leaſt on the ſubject which I am now treating of, ſuggeſted it to me. And if this be a weakneſs to which all men are ſo liable; if this be a taint which ſo univerſally infects mankind, the greater care ſhould be taken to lay it open under its due name, thereby to excite the greater care in its prevention and cure.

Some of our ideas have a natural correſpondence and connexion with one another: it is the office and excellency of our reaſon to trace theſe, and hold them together in that union and

ideas together, that he makes them almoſt one; never thinks correſpondence which is founded in their peculiar beings. Beſides this, there is another connexion of ideas wholly owing to chance or cuſtom; ideas that in themſelves are not at all of kin, come to be ſo united in ſome mens minds, that 'tis very hard to ſeparate them, they always keep in company, and the one no ſooner at any time comes into the underſtanding, but its aſſociate appears with it; and if they are more, than two, which are thus united, the whole gang, always inſeparable, ſhew themſelves together.

This ſtrong combination of ideas, not allay'd by nature, the mind makes in itſelf either voluntary, or by chance; and hence it comes in different men to be very different according to their different inclinations, educations, intereſts, &c. Cuſtom ſettles habits of thinking in the underſtanding, as well as of determining in the will, and of motions in the body; all which ſeems to be but trains of motion in the animal ſpirits, which once ſet a going, continue in the ſame ſteps they have been uſed to, which by often treading, are worn into a ſmooth path, and the motion in it becomes eaſy, and as it were natural. As far as we can comprehend thinking, thus ideas ſeem to be produced in our minds; or if they are not, this may ſerve to explain their following one another in an habitual train, when once they are put into that tract, as well as it does to explain ſuch motions of the body. A muſician uſed to any tune, will find, that let it but once begin in his head, the ideas of the ſeveral notes of it will follow one another orderly in his underſtanding, without any care or attention, as regularly as his fingers move orderly over the keys of the organ to play out the tune he has begun, though his unattentive thoughts be elſewhere a wandring. Whether the natural cauſe of theſe ideas, as well as of that regular dancing of his fingers, be the motion of his animal ſpirits, I will not determine, how probable ſoever, by this inſtance, it appears to be ſo: but this may help us a little to conceive of intellectual habits, and of the tying together of ideas. That there are ſuch aſſociations of them made by cuſtom in the minds of moſt men, I think no body will queſtion, who as well conſider'd himſelf or others; and to this, perhaps, might be juſtly attributed moſt of the ſympathies and antipathies obſervable in men, which work as ſtrongly, and produce as regular effects as if they were natural, and are therefore called ſo, though they at firſt had no other original but the accidental connexion of two ideas, which either the ſtrength of the firſt impreſſion, or future indulgence ſo united, that they always afterwards kept company together in that man's mind, as if they were but one idea. I ſay, moſt of the antipathies, I do

not ſay all, for ſome of them are truly natural, depend upon our original conſtitution, and are born with us; but a great part of thoſe which are accounted natural, would have been known to be from unheeded, though, perhaps, early impreſſions, or wanton phancies at firſt, which would have been acknowledged the original of them, if they had been warily obſerved. A grown perſon ſurfeiting with honey, no ſooner hears the name of it, but his phancy immediately carries ſickneſs, and qualms to his ſtomach, and he cannot bear the very idea of it; other ideas of diſlike and ſickneſs, and vomiting preſently accompany it, and he is diſturb'd, but he knows from whence to date this weakneſs, and can tell how he got this indiſpoſition: had this happen'd to him by an over doſe of honey, when a child, all the ſame effects would have followed, but the cauſe would have been miſtaken, and the antipathy counted natural.

I mention this not out of any great neceſſity there is in this preſent argument, to diſtinguiſh nicely between natural and acquired antipathies, but I take notice of it for another purpoſe, that thoſe who have children, or the charge of their education, would think it worth their while diligently to watch, and carefully to prevent the undue connexion of ideas in the minds of young people. This is the time moſt ſuſceptible of laſting impreſſions; and though thoſe relating to the health of the body, are by diſcreet people minded and fenced againſt; yet I am apt to doubt, that thoſe which relate more peculiarly to the mind, and terminate in the underſtanding, or paſſions, have been much leſs heeded than the thing deſerves; nay, thoſe relating purely to the underſtanding, have, as I ſuſpect, been by moſt men wholly overlook'd.

This wrong connexion in our minds of ideas, in themſelves, looſe and independent one of another, has ſuch an influence, and is of ſo great force to ſet us awry in our actions, as well moral as natural, paſſions reaſonings, and notions themſelves: that perhaps there is not any one thing that deſerves more to be looked after.

The ideas of goblins and ſprights have really no more to do with darkneſs, than light: yet let but a fooliſh maid inculcate theſe often on the mind of a child, and raiſe them there together, poſſibly he ſhall never be able to ſeparate them again ſo long as he lives; but darkneſs ſhall ever afterwards bring with it thoſe frightful ideas, and they ſhall be ſo joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.

A man receives a ſenſible injury from another, thinks on the man and that action over and over, and by ruminating on them ſtrongly, or much in his mind, ſo cements thoſe two

on the man, but the pain and difpleafure he fuffered comes into his mind with it, fo that he fcarce diftinguifhes them, but has as much an averfion for the one as the other. Thus hatreds are often begotten from flight and almoft innocent occafions, and quarrels propagated and continued in the world.

A man has fuffered pain or ficknefs in any place, he faw his friend die in fuch a room; though thefe have in nature nothing to do one with another, yet when the idea of the place occurs to his mind, it brings (the impreffion being once made) that of the pain and difpleafure with it, he confounds them in his mind, and can as little bear the one as the other.

When this combination is fettled, and whilft it lafts, it is not in the power of reafon to help us, and relieve us from the effects of it. Ideas in our minds, when they are there, will operate according to their natures and circumftances; and here we fee the caufe why time cures certain affections, which reafon, though in the right, and allowed to be fo, has not power over, nor is able againft them to prevail with thofe who are apt to hearken to it in other cafes. The death of a child, that was the daily delight of his mother's eyes, and joy of her foul, rends from her heart the whole comfort of her life, and gives her all the torment imaginable: ufe the confolations of reafon in this cafe, and you were as good preach eafe to one on the rack, and hope to allay, by rational difcourfes, the pain of his joints tearing afunder: till time has by difufe feparated the fenfe of that enjoyment, and its lofs from the idea of the child returning to her memory, all reprefentations, though never fo reafonable, are in vain; and therefore fome, in whom the union between thefe ideas is never diffolved, fpend their lives in mourning, and carry an incurable forrow to their graves.

A friend of mine knew one perfectly cured of madnefs by a very harfh and offenfive operation. The gentleman, who was thus recovered, with great fenfe of gratitude and acknowledgment, owned the cure all his life after, as the greateft obligation he could have received; but whatever gratitude and reafon fuggefted to him, he could never bear the fight of the operator: that image brought back with it the idea of that agony which he fuffer'd from his hands, which was too mighty and intolerable for him to endure.

Many children imputing the pain they endured at fchool to their books they were corrected for, fo join thofe ideas together, that a book becomes their averfion, and they are never reconciled to the ftudy and ufe of them all their lives after; and thus reading becomes a torment to them, which otherwife poffibly they might have made the great pleafure of

their lives. There are rooms convenient enough, that some men cannot ſtudy in, and faſhions of veſſels, which though never ſo clean and commodious, they cannot drink out of, and that by reaſon of ſome accidental ideas which are annexed to them, and make them offenſive; and who is there that has not obſerved ſome man to flag at the appearance, or in the company of ſome certain perſon, not otherwiſe ſuperior to him, but becauſe having once on ſome occaſion got the aſcendant; the idea of authority and diſtance goes along with that of the perſon, and he, that has been thus ſubjected, is not able to ſeparate them.

Inſtances of theſe kinds are ſo plentiful every where, that if I add one more, it is only for the pleaſant oddneſs of it. It is of a young gentleman, who having learnt to dance, and that to great perfection, there happened to ſtand an old trunk in the room where he learnt. The idea of this remarkable piece of houſhold-ſtuff had ſo mixed itſelf with the turns and ſteps of all his dances, that though in that chamber he could dance excellently well, yet it was only whilſt that trunk was there, nor could he perform well in any other place, unleſs that, or ſome ſuch other trunk, had its poſition in the room. If this ſtory ſhall be ſuſpected to be dreſſed up with ſome comical circumſtances, a little beyond preciſe nature: I anſwer for myſelf, that I had it ſome years ſince from a very ſober and worthy man, upon his own knowledge, as I report it; and I dare ſay, there are very few inquiſitive perſons, who read this, who have not met with accounts, if no examples, of this nature, that may parallel, or at leaſt juſtify this.

Intellectual habits and defects, this way contracted, are not leſs frequent and powerful, though leſs obſerved. Let the ideas of being and matter be ſtrongly joined either by education or much thought, whilſt theſe are ſtill combined in the mind, what notions, what reaſonings, will there be about ſeparate ſpirits? Let cuſtom, from the very childhood, have join'd figure and ſhape to the idea of God, and what abſurdities will that mind be liable to about the deity?

Let the idea of infallibility be inſeparably join'd to any perſon, and theſe two conſtantly together poſſeſs the mind, and then one body, in two places at once, ſhall unexamined be ſwallow'd for a certain truth, by an implicit faith, whenever that imagined infallible perſon dictates and demands aſſent without enquiry.

Some ſuch wrong and unnatural combinations of ideas will be found to eſtabliſh the irreconcileable oppoſition between different ſects of philoſophy and religion; for we cannot

imagine every one of their followers to impose willfully on himself, and knowingly refuse truth offer'd by plain reason. Interest, though it does a great deal in the case, yet cannot be thought to work whole societies of men to so universal a perverseness, as that every one of them to a man should knowingly maintain falshood; some at least must be allow'd to do what all pretend to, i. e. to pursue truth sincerely; and therefore there must be something that blinds their understandings, and makes them not see the falshood of what they embrace for real truth. That which thus captivates their reasons, and leads men of sincerity, blindfold for common sense, will, when examin'd, be found to be what we are speaking of: some independent ideas, of no alliance to one another, are by education, custom, and the constant din of their party, so coupled in their minds, that they always appear there together, and they can no more separate them in their thoughts, than if they were but one idea, and they operate as if they were so. This gives sense to jargon, demonstration to absurdities, and consistency to nonsense, and is the foundation of the greatest, I had almost said, of all the errors in the world; or if it does not reach so far, it is at least the most dangerous one, since, so far as it obtains, it hinders men from seing and examining. When two things, in themselves disjoin'd, appear to the sight constantly united; if the eye sees these things riveted, which are loose, where will you begin to rectify the mistakes that follow in two ideas, that they have been accustom'd so to join in their minds, as to substitue one for the other, and, as I am apt to think, often without perceiving it themselves? This, whilst they are under the deceit of it, makes them uncapable of conviction, and they applaud themselves as zealous champions for truth, when indeed they are contending for error; and the confusion of two different ideas which a customary connexion of them in their minds has to them made in effect but one, fills their heads with false views, and their reasonings with false consequences.

BOLINGBROKE.

Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, *stammte aus einer reichen und angesehenen Familie, und wurde 1672 zu* Battersea *in der Grafschaft* Surrey *gebohren. Ein erklärter Schwärmer,* Daniel Burgess, *leitete seine frühsten Studien, und flößte ihm durch ascetische Schriften einen Widerwillen gegen die Religion*

ein. Glücklicherweise litt sein Verstand nicht; denn er wurde bald nach Eaton und von da nach dem Christ-church Collegio zu Oxford geschickt. Hier zeichnete er sich eben so sehr durch seine seltenen Fähigkeiten als durch seine einnehmende Bildung aus. Bey einem solchen Zusammenfluß von Naturgaben hätte man erwarten sollen, daß die Kunst nicht zögern werde, ihre vollendende Hand zu reichen; allein der Jüngling ging von einer Ausschweifung zur andern fort, und schien keinen andern Ehrgeiz zu haben, als den, für den größten Wüstling gehalten zu werden. So wie jetzt alle seine Neigungen auf das Vergnügen gerichtet waren, so schienen auch seine literarischen Beschäftigungen bloß dahin abzuzwecken. Er schrieb Gedichte, in denen er aber mehr Witz als Geschmack, mehr Arbeit als Harmonie im Versbau blicken ließ. Eine Probe dieser frühern Versuche steht vor DRYDEN's Uebersetzung des Virgil. Um 1700 fing er an, seiner bisherigen Lebensart überdrüssig zu werden, und dem stärkern Triebe nach Ruhm Gehör zu geben. Er bewarb sich um einen Sitz im Unterhause, und wurde zum Repräsentanten des Burgfleckens Wotton-Basset in Wiltshire gewählt. Um diese Zeit hielten sich die WHIGS und TORIES das Gleichgewicht. Sey es Grundsatz oder Eigennutz; BOLINGBROKE trat zur Parthei der letztern, an deren Spitze ROBERT HARLEY, Sprecher des Unterhauses, nachmahliger Graf von OXFORD, stand. Er zeichnete sich bald so vortheilhaft aus, dass er 1704 nach HARLEY's Ernennung zum Staatssecretär, zum Kriegs- und Marinesecretär erwählt wurde. Als solcher unterstützte er MARLBOROUGH's Operationen auf das nachdrücklichste, ungeachtet der Herzog zu den vornehmsten Häuptern der Gegenparthei gehörte. Der Staatssecretär sah sich nach 3 Jahren genöthigt, zu resigniren, und der Kriegssecretär folgte seinem Beispiel. BOLINGBROKE wandte nun die nächsten Jahre zum Studio der Geschichte und der Philosophie an, und pflegte sich immer dieser in der Einsamkeit hingebrachten Zeit als der angenehmsten und nützlichsten Periode seines Lebens mit Vergnügen zu erinnern. Allein er trat bald wieder als einer der Heerführer seiner Parthei auf, die jetzt einen neuen Triumph über die WHIGS erhalten hatte. Sein Freund HARLEY wurde 1710 zum Kanzler, und Unterschatzmeister der Exchequer, er selbst zum Staatssecretär ernannt. In diesem Posten zeigte er soviel Genie und Thätigkeit, als nicht leicht in einer andern Person vereinigt gewesen ist. Auch waren die damahligen Zeitumstände so mislich, dass nur ein Mann von seinen Fähigkeiten, das Staatsruder zu lenken vermochte. Eine aufgebrachte Parthei, an deren Spitze ein siegreicher Feldherr, sein erklärter Gegner, stand, ein arglistiger Alliirter, der die Vortheile des Krieges geniessen wollte, ohne die Lasten desselben tragen zu helfen, eine schwache

Königinn, die allen gegen ihn gerichteten Eingebungen Gehör gab, ein finsterer und argwöhnischer College, der ihn wegen seiner Fähigkeiten hasste, legten seinen Bemühungen, den Utrechter Friedensschluss zu Stande zu bringen, tausend Hindernisse in den Weg, die nur seine Beharrlichkeit überwinden konnte. Sein Eifer wurde erkannt; denn er sah sich 1712 zum Baron St. John *von* Lidyard Tregoze *in* Wiltshire *und zum* Viscount Bolingbroke *ernannt. So zum Gipfel der Macht und des Ansehens gestiegen, fing er an, über* Lord Oxford's *Schwächen die Augen zu öffnen. Er sah ein, wie wenig dieser Mann verdiene, bey so gefährlichen Umständen an der Spitze der Geschäfte zu stehen. Darüber erkaltete seine Freundschaft und verwandelte sich zuletzt in eine unversöhnliche Feindschaft.* Swift, *der Freund und Rathgeber beider, bemühte sich vergeblich, sie zu vereinigen. Die Folge dieses unpolitischen Zwistes war der völlige Untergang ihrer Parthei. Die* Whigs *gewannen täglich mehr Grund, und der Tod der Königinn zernichtete endlich völlig die Macht und die Entwürfe der* Tories. George I, *dem diese Parthei verdächtig war, weil sie den* Praetendenten *zu begünstigen schien, zeigte bald, wie wenig sie auf seine Gunst zu rechnen hätte.* Bolingbroke *blieb zwar dem Namen nach noch Staatssecretär, mußte aber die Besorgung der Geschäfte dem bekannten* Addison *überlassen, und sich einer täglichen Beschimpfung von Seiten der Hofparthei, selbst vieler seiner ehemaligen Freunde ausgesezt sehen. Bey diesem plözlichen Glückswechsel begab er sich aufs Land; da ihn aber die Rachsucht seiner Feinde alles befürchten ließ, begab er sich heimlich nach* Calais. *Seine Flucht wurde für einen Beweis seiner Verbrechen gehalten, und beschleunigte das traurige Schicksal, das ihn erwartete. Er wurde den 10ten Sept. 1715 unter dem nichtigsten Vorwande des Hochverraths schuldig erklärt. Da er so alle Hoffnungen zu einer ehrenvollen Rückkehr nach seinem Vaterlande vereitelt sah, sann er auf Mittel, seine unglückliche Lage zu verbessern. Zu dem Ende fing er an, einigen Vorschlägen von Seiten des* Praetendenten *Gehör zu geben, zumahl, da man ihn versicherte, daß sich die* Tories *sämmtlich zu dem Prinzen geschlagen hätten, und nahm zu* Commercy *die Siegel dieses Titularköniges an. Allein schon die erste Unterredung, die er mit diesem schwachen Projectmacher hatte, gab ihm von dem Erfolge seiner Entwürfe die ungünstigsten Erwartungen. Er täuschte sich nicht. Die Schottische Expedition misglückte und* Bolingbroke *gab die Siegel zurück. Während seiner ganzen Verbannung sehnte er sich noch immer nach seinem Vaterlande. Als sein Bruch mit dem* Praetendenten *bekannt geworden, ließ ihn* George I *durch einen Genfer* Saladin *seiner gnädigen Gesinnungen versichern und ihm Vergebung verkündigen. Indessen wurde für jezt die Achtserklärung*

noch nicht zurückgenommen. In Erwartung einer völlig befriedigenden Entwickelung seiner Hoffnungen suchte Bolingbroke *Trost bey der Philosophie, und schrieb im Jahr 1716 seine* reflections upon exile, *eine* consolatio philosophica *in* Seneca's *Manier, der bald eine Rechtfertigung seines Verfahrens in Rücksicht auf die* Tories *in Form eines Briefes an* Sir William Wyndham *folgte. Um diese Zeit starb seine erste Gemahlinn, mit der er in einer unglücklichen Ehe gelebt hatte. Er vermählte sich also aufs neue mit einer Wittwe des* Marquis Villette *und Nichte der* Maintenon. *In Gesellschaft dieser eben so schönen als geistreichen Dame brachte er seine Zeit in Frankreich, bald auf dem Lande, bald in der Hauptstadt zu, bis es dem Könige gefiel, ihm in Betracht seiner persöhnlichen Sicherheit völlige Befriedigung seiner Wünsche zu gewähren, ohne ihm jedoch sein Familienerbtheil, seinen Titel und Sitz im Oberhause wiederzugeben. Er kehrte also im Jahr 1723 nach seinem Vaterlande zurück, und kaufte sich, da ihm 2 Jahr nachher durch eine Parliamentsacte sein Erbtheil, welches sich auf jährliche* 3000l. *belief, zugestanden wurde, den Landsitz des Lords* Tankerville *zu* Dawley *nahe bey* Uxbridge *in* Middlesex. *Hier ließ er sich mit seiner Gemahlinn nieder, um in dem Genuss des Landlebens der grossen Welt und ihrer Gefahren zu vergessen. Allein sein Ehrgeiz war zu gross, als dass ihn seine Philosophie besiegen konnte. Er blieb zwar vom Oberhause ausgeschlossen, suchte aber nichts desto weniger auf den Staat zu wirken. Der Oppositionsparthei eifrig ergeben, zog er bald die Aufmerksamkeit des Publicums durch eine Menge politischer, mit grosser Stärke und Kühnheit abgefasster Aufsätze, worin es das Volk über sein Interesse zu belehren suchte, auf sich. Besonders zeichneten sich seine Briefe in dem* Craftsman, *einer Wochenschrift, so vortheilhaft aus, dass man sie allgemein und mit grosser Begierde las. Diese politische Fehde dauerte 10 Jahr, nach deren Verlauf er abermahls die Kränkung fühlte, sich von seinen Freunden verlassen zu sehen. Dies bestimmte ihn, nicht nur von seinen Freunden und Feinden, sondern auch von seinem Vaterlande Abschied zu nehmen. Er schrieb sein Meisterstück,* dissertation upon parties, *und ging hierauf nach* **Frankreich** *(1736) wo er sich in einer angenehmen Einsamkeit in der Nähe von* Fontainebleau *niederliess und ganz der Philosophie lebte. Eine Frucht dieser Musse waren seine philosophische Schriften, besonders seine* letters on the study and use of history. *Nachdem er 10 Jahr in der grössten Eingezogenheit und in dem Umgange mit einer kleinen aber auserlesenen Anzahl Personen zugebracht hatte, kehrte er noch einmahl nach seinem Vaterlande, das er nicht aus den Augen verlieren konnte, zurück, und schrieb seine vortrefliche Abhandlung* the idea of a patriotic king. *Er hatte lange gewünscht, in seinem*

Familiensitz Batterfea *sein Leben zu beschliessen, und das Glück, das ihm nie günstig gewesen war, willfahrte ihm hierin. Er starb an seinem Geburtsort 1751. Ueber seinen Character, der nach seinem Tode von hämischer Frömmelei nicht selten mit den schwärzesten Farben ausgemahlt worden ist, verdient* Dr. Goldsmith *in einer vortreflichen, hier benutzten Lebensbeschreibung, die er uns von diesem merkwürdigen Mann geliefert hat, nachgelesen zu werden. Sie findet sich in den* miscellaneous and fugitive pieces, London 1774, Vol. III, 87*ff; auch steht sie vor der 10ten Ausgabe der* dissertation upon parties, London 1775. 8. David Mallet *hat* Bolingbroke's *Werke in folgender prachtvollen Ausgabe gesammelt:* the works of the late right honorable Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke in 5 Volumes complete, London 4. *Von eben demselben sind die philosophischen Werke in 5 Octavbänden zu* London 1754 *besonders herausgegeben worden.*

Fragments or Minutes of Essays.

LI.

I say then, that if men come helpless into the world like other animals; if they require even longer than other animals to be nursed and educated by the tender instinct of their parents, and if they are able much later to provide for themselves; it is because they have more to learn and more to do; it is because they are prepared for a more improved state and for greater happiness. Sense and instinct direct all animals to their several ends. Some of them profit more by experience, acquire more knowledge, and think and reason better than others both in different species and in the same. Man is at the head of these, he profits still more by experience, he acquires still more knowledge, he thinks and reasons better than all other animals; for he who is born too stupid to do so, is not a human creature: he sinks into an inferior species, though he be made after the image of man. Man is able by his intellectual superiority to foresee, and to provide more effectually against the evils that threaten him, as well as to procure to himself the necessaries, the comforts, and the pleasures of life. All his natural wants are easily supplied, and God has proportioned them to the abilities of those who remain in the lowest form of rational creatures. The Tartar under his tent, and the savage in his hut enjoys them. Such is the general state of mankind. Of what then do we complain? His happiness exceeds that of his fellow creatures, at least as much as the dignity of his nature exceeds the dignity of theirs: and is not this enough?

We ought to think that it is enough: and yet God has done more for us. He has made us happy, and he has put it into

our power to make ourfelves happier by a due ufe of our reafon, which leads us to the practice of moral virtue and of all the duties of fociety. We are defigned to be focial, not folitary creatures. Mutual wants unite us: and natural benevolence and political order, on which our happinefs depends, are founded in them. This is the law of our nature; and though every man is not able for different reafons to difcern it, or difcerning it to apply it, yet fo many are able to do this that they ferve as guides to the reft. The reft fubmit, for the adventages they find in this fubmiffion. They learn by experience that fervitude to law is real liberty, and that the regulation of pleafure is real happinefs. Pleafures are the objects of felf-love, happinefs that of reafon. Reafon is fo far from depriving us of the firft, that happinefs confifts in a feries of them: and as this can be neither attained nor enjoyed fecurely out of fociety, a due ufe of our reafon makes focial and felf-love coincide, or even become in effect the fame. The condition wherein we are born and bred, the very condition fo much complained of prepares us for this coincidence, the foundation of all human happinefs; and our whole nature, appetite, paffion, and reafon concur to promote it. As our parents loved themfelves in us, fo we love ourfelves in our children, and in thofe to whom we are moft nearly related by blood. Thus far inftinct improves felf-love. Reafon improves it further. We love ourfelves in our neighbours, and in our friends too, with *Tully's* leave; for if friendfhip is formed by a kind of fympathy, it is cultivatad by good offices. Reafon proceeds: we love ourfelves in loving the political body whofe members we are, and we love ourfelves when we extend our benevolence to all mankind.

Thefe are the genuine effects of reafon, thefe are the purpofes for which it was given us, and nothing more trifling, nor more abfurd, can be found in the writings of thofe who have prefumed to cenfure the providence of God, than what *Tully* puts into the mouth of *Cotta*, in the third book of the nature of the gods, on this occafion. „I know not," is this pontiff made to fay, „whether it had not been better for mankind to have had no reafoning faculties at all, fince they are „hurtful to fo many, and profitable to fo few, than to have „had them fo bountifully and fo profufely beftowed." Foolifh and prophane! Fire ferves for feveral neceffary ufes, among the reft to warm us, and fenfitive experience teaches us to diftinguifh between warming and burning, in the manner and degree wherein we employ it. Shall we renounce the ufe of it, and complain that there is fuch an element, becaufe it burns us when we employ it ill, or when we neglect, in employing it

well, the precautions and attentions that are neceſſary? Juſt ſo (for we may transfer this material image to an intellectual ſubject, much more properly than ſuch images are uſually transferred to ſuch ſubjects by metaphyſicians) juſt ſo, I ſay, human reaſon is given for ſeveral neceſſary uſes, and principally to lead us to all the happineſs we are made capable of attaining, by a proper application of it, which rational experience is ſufficient to teach us. This compariſon is more juſt than that which *Cotta* makes, and *Bayle* has copied, of the ſupreme being to a phyſician, who preſcribes wine to a patient that he knows will drink it too ſtrong, and periſh by the uſe of it. Neither the ſtrength of our reaſon, nor the too frequent uſe of it, but the contrary, are to be apprehended: and if the ſick man's wine muſt be mingled with water to do him good, reaſon, the medicina animi, muſt be employed pure and unmixed. The other ſimilies, which theſe academicians employ, are as impertinent as this, and might be ſhewn very eaſily to be ſo, if it were worth our while. But no man, who is not already devoid of reaſon, will be induced by them to renounce this noble gift, wherein the dignity of our nature conſiſts, becauſe it becomes hurtful when we apply it ill; or through negligence, or through affectation, or through deſign, even when we apply it well. It was applied rather impertinently than hurtfully, to maintain ſtoical apathy; for it was not given to deſtroy, but to direct and govern the paſſions; to make them as beneficial as they are neceſſary in the human ſyſtem; to make a *Piſo* of a *Cataline*, and a *Brutus*, I mean the firſt, of a *Caeſar*. But it was applied very hurtfully; indeed, and it is ſo ſtill by thoſe who employ all the reaſon they have to corrupt the morals of men, to bribe, to ſeduce, to argue, to deceive, or to force them out of their properties, or their liberties, and to make an whole community become the vaſſals of a faction of men, or of one man. This in politics. In religion it was applied very hurtfully, and it is ſo ſtill by atheiſts and divines, whilſt the former endeavour by ſophiſm and declamation to cenſure the works of God, and the order of his providence, to deſtroy the belief of his exiſtence, and to baniſh all ſenſe of religion; and whilſt the latter, who join very heartily in the ſame cenſure, would be thought to juſtify the divine attributes againſt the common accuſation, and to promote the intereſts of religion by this juſtification.

A moſt unneceſſary juſtification ſurely! if they did not make it neceſſary; ſince God leads us by the natural ſtate, in which we ſtand at firſt, into the road of happineſs, and leaves us to the conduct of a ſufficient guide, that is, of our reaſon, afterwards. It would be falſe to ſay, as *Seneca* ſays, ſomewhere in one of the

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rants of the portic, that we owe our virtue to ourſelves, not to God. It would be equally falſe to ſay, that we owe our happineſs to ourſelves, not to God. But this may be ſaid with truth, that God, when he gave us reaſon, left us to our free-will to make a proper, or improper, uſe of it: ſo that we are obliged to our creator for a certain rule and ſufficient means of arriving at happineſs, and have none to blame but ourſelves, when we fail of it. It is not reaſon, but perverſe will, that makes us fall ſhort of attainable happineſs. The rule is ſo certain, and the means ſo ſufficient, that they who deviate from them are ſelf-condemned at the time they do ſo; for he, who breaks the laws of nature, or of his country, will concur to preſerve them inviolate from others. As a member of ſociety, he acknowledges the general rule. As an individual, he endeavours to be a particular exception to it. He is determined in both caſes by ſelf-love. That active principle, inflaming and inflamed by his paſſions, preſſes on to the apparent good which is the object of them: and if reaſon, a leſs active principle, which, inſtead of impelling, requires to be impelled, and to whom it belongs to be conſulted in the choice, as well as in the purſuit, of an object, is called in, it is called in too late, and is made the drudge of the will, predetermined by paſſion. Thus it happens, that ſelf-love and ſocial are divided, and ſet in oppoſition to one another in the conduct of particular men, whilſt, in the making laws, and in the regulation of government, they continue to be the ſame. As long as they do ſo, the happineſs of mankind is abundantly provided for and ſecured, in their ſeveral ſocieties; and, notwithſtanding the phyſical evils to which the members of theſe ſocieties may ſtand ſometimes expoſed, every reaſonable man, every man who is not a diſciple of ſuch a whining philoſopher as *Wollaſton*, nor ſuch a preſumptuous divine as *Clarke*, will confeſs that ſuch a ſtate is as happy not only as human eye ever ſaw, or human ear ever heard, but as the heart of man can conceive to belong to humanity; and much more happy than creatures, but one degree above thoſe whom they deſpiſe, could expect to be.

It is true, indeed, that governments ſhift and change not only their adminiſtrations, but their forms. Good princes and magiſtrates carry on the work of God, and by making men better make them happier. When theſe are corrupt, the infection ſpreads. They corrupt the people, the people them; ſocial love is extinguiſhed, and paſſion divides thoſe whom reaſon united. When the abuſe is confined within certain bounds, the condition of many men may be happy, and that of all may be ſtill tollerable: and when the abuſe exceeds ſuch degrees, and when

confufion or oppreffion becomes intollerable, we are to confider that they who fuffer deferve to fuffer. Good government cannot grow exceffively bad, nor liberty be turned into flavery, unlefs the body of a people co-operate to their own ruin. The laws, by which focieties are governed regard particulars, and individuals are rewarded, or punifhed, by men. But the laws by which the moral as well as the phyfical world is governed, regard generals: and communities are rewarded or punifhed by God according to the nature of things in the ordinary courfe of his providence, and even without any extraordinary interpofition. Look round the world antient and modern, you will obferve the general ftate of mankind to increafe in happinefs, or decline to mifery, as virtue or vice prevails in their feveral focieties. Thus the author of nature has been pleafed to conftitute the human fyftem, and he muft be mad who thinks that any of the atheiftical, theological, or philofophical makers, and menders of worlds, could have conftituted it better. The faying of *Alphonfus*, king of *Caftile*, who found fo many faults in the conftruction of the material world that he pronounced himfelf able to have given the fupreme architect a better plan, has been heard with horror by every theift. Shall we hear without horror the men fpoken of here, when they find fault with the moral, as well as phyfical plan, when they found accufations againft the goodnefs, juftice, and wifdom of God, merely on their pride, when they affume, on no other foundation, that man is or ought to have been the final caufe of the creation, and rail as heartily at providence as *Plutarch* reprefents *Epicurus* to have done; in fhort, when they go fo far as to impute to God the introduction or permiffion of thofe very evils which neither God is anfwerable for, if I may ufe fuch an expreffion, nor nature, nor reafon, but our own perverfe wills, and the wrong elections we make?

I cannot hear any part of this without horror; and thereif I had walked with *Wollafton* in fome retired field, my meditations would have been very different from his, more juft, and more reverential toward the fupreme being. I fhould have been very fure that neither lifelefs matter nor the vegetative tribe have any reflex thoughts, nor any thoughts at all. I fhould have been convinced that the faculty of thinking is given to fenfitive animals, as we call them, in a lower degree than to man. But I fhould not have been convinced that they have the power of exercifing it in refpect of prefent objects only. The contrary would appear to me, on fome occafions, as manifeft in them, or in fome of them, as it appears on others, and on more, in the man who is born dumb. I fhould

feel the ſuperiority of my ſpecies, but I ſhould acknowledge the community of our kind. I ſhould rouze in my mind a grateful ſenſe of theſe advantages above all others, that I am a creature capable of knowing, of adoring, and worſhiping my creator, capable of diſcovering his will in the law of my nature, and capable of promoting my happineſs by obeying it. I ſhould acknowledge thankfully that I am able, by the ſuperiority of my intellectual faculties, much better than my fellow creatures, to avoid ſome evils and to ſoften others, which are common to us and to them. I ſhould confeſs that as I proved myſelf more rational than they by employing my reaſon to this purpoſe, ſo I ſhould prove myſelf leſs rational by repining at my ſtate here, and by complaining that there are any unavoidable evils. I ſhould confeſs that neither perfect virtue, nor perfect happineſs are to be found among the ſons of men: and that we ought to judge of the continuance of one, as we may judge of our perſeverance in the other, according to a maxim in the ethics of *Confucius;* not by this, that we never fall from either, ſince in that ſenſe there would be no one good nor no one happy man in the world; but by this, that when we do fall we riſe again, and purſue the journey of life, in the ſame road. Let us purſue it contentedly, and learn that, as the ſofteſt pillow on which we can lay our heads has been ſaid by *Montagne* to be ignorance, we may ſay more properly that it is reſignation. He alone is happy, and he is truly ſo, who can ſay: welcome life whatever it brings! Welcome death whatever it is! „Aut transfert, aut finit." If the former, we change our ſtate, but we are ſtill the creatures of the ſame God. He made us to be happy here. He may make us happier in another ſyſtem of being. At leaſt, this we are ſure of, we ſhall be dealed with according to the perfections of his nature, not according to the imperfections of our own. Reſignation in this inſtance cannot be hard to one who thinks worthily of God, nor in the other, except to one who thinks too highly of man. That you, or I, or even *Wollaſton* himſelf ſhould return to the earth from whence we came, to the dirt under our feet, or be mingled with the aſhes of thoſe herbs and plants, from which we drew nutrition whilſt we lived, does not ſeem any indignity, offered to our nature, ſince it is common to all the animal kind: and he, who complains of it as ſuch, does not ſeem to have been ſet, by his reaſoning faculties, ſo far above them in life, as to deſerve not to be levelled with them at death. We were like them before our birth, that is nothing. So we ſhall be on this hypotheſis like them too after our death, that is nothing. What hardſhip is done us? None, unleſs it be an hardſhip,

that we are not immortal, becaufe we wifh to be fo, and flatter ourfelves with that expectation. As well might that emperor of *China* have complained of his difappointment, when he imagined, he had bought immortality of a certain impoftor, who pretended to give it, and then died. If this hypothefis were true, which I am far from affuming, I fhould have no reafon to complain, tho' having tafted exiftence, I might abhor non-entity. Since then the firft cannot be demonftrated by reafon, nor the fecond be reconciled to my inward fentiment, let me take refuge in refignation at the laft, as in every other act of my life. Let others be folicitous about their future ftate, and frighten, or flatter themfelves as prejudice, imagination, bad health, or good health, nay a lowering day, or a clear funfhine fhall infpire them to do. Let the tranquillity of my mind reft on this immoveable rock, that my future, as well as my prefent, ftate are ordered by an almighty and allwife creator; and that they are equally foolifh, and prefumptuous, who make imaginary excurfions into futurity, and who complain of the prefent.

Thefe reflections, on the general and ufual ftate of mankind, may be carried much further, and more may be added. But thefe are fufficient.

ADDISON.

Der Plan zu der bekannten und beliebten Zeitfchrift, SPECTATOR, *wurde von* ADDISON *und* STEELE *gemeinfchaftlich entworfen und ausgeführt. Sie hatten indeffen mehrere Mitarbeiter, zu denen vorzüglich* TICKELL, ADDISON's *Freund und Biograph*, POPE *und* PARNELL *gehören. Das erfte Stück kam den 1. März 1711, das letzte den 6. Dec. 1712 heraus. Hiermit waren 7 Bände beendigt. Nach einer faft 2 jährigen Paufe erfchienen noch 80 Nummern, die an Mannigfaltigkeit und Reichthum des Inhalts die frühern felbft übertreffen. Mehr als der vierte Theil diefer fpätern Stücke ift von* ADDISON. *Die Auffätze diefes Schriftftellers find durch einen der Buchftaben des Namens* Clio, *und die des* STEELE *durch ein* R *und* T *bezeichnet.* TICKELL *fchreibt feinem Freunde folgende Nummern zu: 556, 557, 558, 559, 561, 562, 565, 567, 568, 569, 571, 574, 575, 579, 580, 582, 583, 584, 585, 590, 592, 598, 600. Aufferdem gehören ihm die Auffätze mit den Ueberfchriften* effay on wit, the pleafures of the imagination *und* the criticifm of MILTON. *Der* SPECTATOR *ift häufig in 8 oder 9 Bänden herausgegeben worden,*

z. B. London 1744, 9 Vols. 8. Edinburgh, 1766. 8 Vols. 8. ADDISON *lieferte auch Beiträge zum* TATLER *und* GUARDIAN. (*S.* STEELE). *Alle ſeine durch dieſe periodiſchen Schriften zerſtreuten Aufſätze ſind in folgendem Werke vereint erſchienen*: ADDISON's papers, being a complete collection of all his periodical works from the SPECTATOR, TATLER, GUARDIAN &c. with his life and notes, by Dr. BEATTIE, Edinburgh, 4 Vols. 8. *Auſſerdem hat man:* the beauties of the SPECTATORS, TATLERS and GUARDIANS, connected and digeſted under alphabetical heads, in two Vols. London 1792, 8. *Eine überaus intereſſante Lectüre!*

SPECTATOR.

Vol. VIII. No. 558.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diverſa ſequentes? &c.
Hor. Sat. I. 1. v. 1.

It is a celebrated thought of *Socrates*, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were caſt into a public ſtock, in order to be equally diſtributed among the whole ſpecies, thoſe, who now think themſelves the moſt unhappy, would prefer the ſhare they are already poſſeſſ'd of, before that which would fall to them by ſuch a diviſion. *Horace* has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardſhips or misfortunes we lie under, are more eaſy to us than thoſe of any other perſon would be, in caſe we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on theſe two remarks, and ſeated in my elbow-chair, I inſenſibly fell aſleep; when on a ſudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every mortal ſhould bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpoſe. I took my ſtand in the centre of it, and ſaw with a great deal of pleaſure the whole human ſpecies marching one after another, and throwing down their ſeveral loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that ſeemed to riſe above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy ſhape, who was very active in this ſolemnity. She carried a magnifying glaſs in one of her hands, and was clothed in a looſe flowing robe, embroidered with ſeveral figures of fiends and ſpectres, that diſcovered themſelves in a thouſand chimerical ſhapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was ſomething wild and diſtracted in her looks. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up

every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloke, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, tho' they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he dispos'd of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, tho' I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surpris'd me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonish'd, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaden with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus caſt their burdens, the *Phantom* which had been ſo buſy on this occaſion, ſeeing me an idle ſpectator of what paſſed, approached towards me. I grew uneaſy at her preſence, when of a ſudden ſhe held her magnifying glaſs full before my eyes. I no ſooner ſaw my face in it, but was ſtartled at the ſhortneſs of it, which now appeared to me in its utmoſt aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a maſk. It happened very luckily, that one who ſtood by me had juſt before thrown down his viſage, which, it ſeems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a moſt ſhameful length; I believe the very chin was, modeſtly ſpeaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourſelves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for thoſe of another perſon. But as there aroſe many new incidents in the ſequel of my viſion, I ſhall reſerve them for the ſubject of my next paper.

Vol. VIII. No. 559.

Quid cauſae eſt, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet, neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut praebeat aurem?

Hor. Sat. I. I. v. 20.

In my laſt paper, I gave my reader a ſight of that mountain of miſeries, which was made up of thoſe ſeveral calamities that afflict the minds of men. I ſaw, with unſpeakable pleaſure, the whole ſpecies thus delivered from its ſorrows: though at the ſame time, as we ſtood round the heap, and ſurveyed the ſeveral materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce a mortal, in this vaſt multitude, who did not diſcover what he thought pleaſures and bleſſings of life; and wonder'd how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confuſion of miſeries, this chaos of calamity, *Jupiter* iſſued out a ſecond proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any ſuch other bundle as ſhould be delivered to him.

Upon this, *Fancy* began again to beſtir herſelf, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confuſion at this time was not to be expreſſed. Some obſervations,

which I made upon the occasion, I ſhall communicate to the publick. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his eſtate, ſnatched up an undutiful ſon, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceleſs youth, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knock'd his brains out; ſo that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begg'd him to take his ſon again, and give back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor gally-ſlave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry faces, that one might eaſily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleaſant enough to ſee the ſeveral exchanges that were made, for ſickneſs againſt poverty, hunger againſt want of appetite, and care againſt pain.

The female world were very buſy among themſelves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort waſte for a pair of round ſhoulders, and a third cheapning a bad face for a loſt reputation; but on all theſe occaſions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemiſh, as ſoon as ſhe had got it into her poſſeſſion, much more diſagreeable than the old one. I made the ſame obſervation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the aſſembly brought upon himſelf, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in ſome meaſure ſuited and proportioned to our ſtrength, or that every evil becomes more ſupportable by our being accuſtomed to it, I ſhall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor humpback'd gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-ſhaped perſon with a ſtone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had ſtruck up this bargain with him, that limped thro' a whole aſſembly of ladies, who uſed to admire him, with a pair of ſhoulders peeping over his head.

I muſt not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long viſage had no ſooner taken upon him my ſhort face, but he made ſuch a groteſque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at my ſelf, inſomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was ſo ſenſible of the ridicule, that I found he was aſhamed of what he had done: on the other ſide I found that I myſelf had no great reaſon to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I miſſed the place, and clapped my finger

upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calfs to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such aukward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but chearful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: her name was *Patience*. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

Vol. VIII. No. 565.

— — — *Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terrasque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum.
Vir. Georg. 4. v. 221.

I was yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the aether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. *David* himself fell into it in that reflexion, *when I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!* In the same manner when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightned by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I my self bore admidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *blank* in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole com-

paſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other; as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection, which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſopher, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence; he cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades, and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace is that of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who calls it the *ſenſorium* of the godhead. Brutes and men have their *ſenſoriola*, or little *ſenſoriums*, by which they apprehend the preſence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its creator, and encompaſſed round with

he immenſity of the godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* ſays *Job. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand that I cannot ſee him.*

In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation aſſure us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures, who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion: for, as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommand themſelves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

GUARDIAN.

Vol. II. No. 155.

— — *libelli Stoici inter ſericos*
Jacere pulvillos amant. Hor.

I have often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the ſame improveable minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they not be cultivated by the ſame method? why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other?

There are ſome reaſons why learning ſeems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the firſt place, becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life. Their employments are of a domeſtick nature, and not like thoſe of the other ſex, which are often inconſiſtent with ſtudy and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady *Lizard*, in the ſpace of one ſummer furniſh'd a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the ſame time heard all doctor *Tillotſon's* ſermons twice over. It is always the cuſtom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; ſo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleaſed, the other day, to find them all buſie in *pre-*

serving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over *the plurality of worlds.* It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the *copernican* system to the figure of a cheese-cake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have that natural gift of *speech* in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, 'tis pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side.

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female *Pythagoreans*, nothwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention *Portia*, who was a Stoic in petticoats: nor *Hipparchia*, the famous She-Cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conserved with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex,

but what is the ſpecies to which they belong. At leaſt, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning. This therefore is another reaſon why I would recommend the ſtudies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loſs how to employ thoſe hours that lie upon their hands.

I might alſo add this motive to my fair readers, that ſeveral of their ſex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raiſed themſelves to the higheſt poſts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furniſh us with a very remarkable inſtance of this kind, but I ſhall conclude this head with the hiſtory of *Athenais*, which is a very ſignal example to my preſent purpoſe.

The emperor *Theodoſius* being about the age of one and twenty, and deſigning to take a wife, deſired his ſiſter *Pulcheria* and his friend *Paulinus* to ſearch his whole empire for a woman of the moſt exquiſite beauty and higheſt accompliſhments. In the midſt of this ſearch, *Athenais*, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herſelf. Her father, who was an eminent philoſopher of *Athens*, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very ſmall portion, in which alſo ſhe ſuffered great hardſhips from the injuſtice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe had a relation who repreſented her caſe to *Pulcheria* in order to obtain ſome redreſs from the emperor. By this means that religious princeſs became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom ſhe found the moſt beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long courſe of philoſophy in the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt unſpotted innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her converſation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor her brother *Theodoſius*. The character ſhe gave made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he deſired his ſiſter to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend *Paulinus*, where he found her beauty and her converſation beyond the higheſt idea he had framed of them. His friend *Paulinus* converted her to chriſtianity, and gave her the name of *Eudoſia;* after which the emperor publickly eſpouſed her, and enjoyed all the happineſs in his marriage which he promiſed himſelf from ſuch a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raiſed them to great honours; and by ſeveral works of

learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herſelf ſo dear to the whole empire, that ſhe had many ſtatues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her ſex.

Vol. II. No. 158.

Gnoſſius haec Rhadamathus habet duriſſima regna:
Caſtigatque, auditque dolos: ſubigitque fateri
Quae quis apud ſuperos, furto laetatus inani,
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem. Virg.

I was yeſterday purſuing the hint which I mentioned in my laſt paper, and comparing together the induſtry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but obſerve, that notwithſtanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourſelves in conſtant employ, after the ſame manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by inſtinct, we fall very ſhort of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcuſable, becauſe there is a greater variety of buſineſs to which we may apply ourſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural ſtate of being, divide their time between action and reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort, their waking hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their food, or in conſuming it. The human ſpecies only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that *the day hangs heavy on 'em*, that *they do not know what to do with themſelves*, that *they are at a loſs how to paſs away their time*, with many of the like ſhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thoſe who are ſtyled reaſonable beings. How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as thoſe of the body, to furniſh them with proper employments; who, beſides the buſineſs of their proper callings and profeſſions, can apply themſelves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of uſeful books, to diſcourſe; in a word, who may exerciſe themſelves in the unbounded purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for ſome time in this courſe of thought, I diverted myſelf with a book, according to my uſual cuſtom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to ſleep. The book I made uſe of on this occaſion was *Lucian*, where I amuſed my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I ſaw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the judges of the dead, ſeated in his tribunal. On his left hand ſtood the keeper of *Erebus*, on his right the keeper of *Elyſium*. I was told he ſat upon women that day, there being ſeveral of the ſex lately arrived, who had not yet their manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurprized to hear him aſk every one of them the ſame queſtion, namely, *what they had been doing!* Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. Madam, ſays he, to the firſt of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while? Doing? ſays ſhe, really I don't know what I have been doing: I deſire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pauſe ſhe told him, that ſhe had been playing at crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cuſtody. And you, Madam, ſays the judge, that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air; I think you ſet out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of buſineſs on my hands, ſays ſhe, being taken up the firſt twelve years of my life, in dreſſing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, ſays he, you have employed your time to good purpoſe. Away with her! The next was a plain country-woman; well miſtreſs, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? An't pleaſe your worſhip, ſays ſhe, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my huſband ſeven daughters, made him nine thouſand cheeſes, and left my eldeſt girl with him, to look after his houſe in my abſence, and who I may venture to ſay is as pretty a houſe-wife as any in the country. *Rhadamanthus* ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the good woman, and order'd the keeper of *Elyſium* to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, ſays he, what have you been doing theſe five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid ſhe. That is well, ſays he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confuſion at this queſtion, and not knowing what to anſwer, the two keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to *Elyſium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* obſerving an ingenuous modeſty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a re-examination when he was more at leiſure. An old woman, of a proud and ſour look, preſented

herſelf next at the bar, and being aſked what ſhe had been doing? Truly, ſays ſhe, I lived threeſcore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was ſo angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I paſt moſt of my laſt years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the ſilly conduct of people about me, in order to deter thoſe I converſed with from falling into the like errors and miſcarriages. Very well, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the ſame watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, ſays ſhe, I was ſo taken up with publiſhing the faults of others, that I had no time to conſider my own. Madam, ſays *Rhadamanthus*, be pleaſed to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that ſtands behind you. Old gentlewoman, ſays he, I think you are fourſcore? You have heard the queſtion, what have you been doing ſo long in the world? Ah, Sir! ſays ſhe, I have been doing what I ſhould not have done, but I had made a firm reſolution to have changed my life, if I had not been ſnatched off by an untimely end. Madam, ſays he, you will pleaſe to follow your leader; and ſpying another of the ſame age, interrogated her in the ſame form. To which the matron reply'd, I have been the wife of a huſband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldeſt ſon is bleſt by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the value of the old lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the keeper of *Elyſium*, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no ſooner touched her but her wrinkles vaniſhed, her eyes ſparkled, her cheeks glow'd with bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman obſerving that this officer, who conducted the happy to *Elyſium*, was ſo great a *Beautifier*, long'd to be in his hands, ſo that preſſing through the crowd, ſhe was the next that appeared at the bar. And being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five and twenty years that ſhe had paſt in the world, I have endeavoured, ſays ſhe, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, to make myſelf lovely and gain admirers. In order to it I paſt my time in bottling up may-dew, inventing white-waſhes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, conſulting my glaſs, ſuiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker ſinking my ſtays — *Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the ſign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of *Erebus* her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole perſon loſt in deformity.

I was then ſurprized with a diſtant ſound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, ſinging and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive, that *Rhadamanthus* would ſpoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noiſe grew ſo very great that it awakened me.

I lay ſome time, reflecting in myſelf on the oddneſs of this dream, and could not forbear aſking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude this paper with recommending to them the ſame ſhort ſelf-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worſe, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a ſeries of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the beſt of men have reaſon to acknowledge in their daily confeſſions, of *leaving undone thoſe things which they ought to have done, and of doing thoſe things which they ought not to have done.*

STEELE.

Sir Richard Steele *wurde von brittiſchen Eltern zu* Dublin *erzeugt. Zugleich mit* Addison, *ſeinem Buſenfreunde, in der* Charter-houſe ſchool *zu* London *erzogen, nahm er ums Jahr 1695 als Fähnrich Dienſte bey der Garde. In dieſer, einem feurigen und zu Ausſchweifungen geneigten Jüngling gefährlichen Lage, ſchrieb er zu ſeinem Privatgebrauch ein Sittenbüchlein unter dem Titel* the chriſtian hero, *voll der dringendſten, aus der Religion entlehnten, Bewegungsgründe zu einem tugendhaften Wandel. Dieſer geheime Erinnerer ſprach aber nicht laut genug, um ihn vor den Abwegen zu bewahren, die er zu betreten fürchtete. Er ließ das Werkchen alſo drucken (1701) um ſich zur Befolgung der darin enthaltenen Weisheitsregeln gleichſam gezwungen zu ſehen. Dieſer ſeltſame Entſchluß zog ihm indeſſen tauſend Verdrieslichkeiten zu, indem man bey jeder Gelegenheit ſein Betragen nach dem Ideal des chriſtlichen Helden abmaaß, worüber er gewöhnlich ſeinen luſtigen Waffenbrüdern zum Geſpött*

ward. Um sein Gemüth von diesen Kränkungen abzuziehen, schrieb er seine 1702 mit allgemeinem Beifall aufgeführte Komödie the funeral, or grief à la mode. *Er ward hierauf Secretär des* Lord Cutts, *dem er seinen* christian hero *dedicirt hatte, und Capitän in des* Lord Lucas *Füselier Regiment. 1703 wurde sein* tender husband or the accomplished fools *und 1704* the lying lovers or the ladies friendship *gespielt. 1709 fing er an, unter dem angenommenen Namen* Bickerstaff, *den* Tatler *herauszugeben, eine Zeitschrift, deren Form, Manier und Ton so viel Beifall fand, daß sie mit den veränderten Titeln* Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, Idler, World, Adventurer, Connoisseur &c. *bis auf die neusten Zeiten fortgesetzt ist. Das erste Stück erschien den 12. April 1709, das letzte den 2. Jan. 1711.* Steele *nannte sich anfangs nicht, wurde aber bald von* Addison *als den Herausgeber erkannt, da er dessen* remarks on Virgil *einrückte, worauf dieser große Schriftsteller mehrere seiner Aufsätze in den* Tatler *aufnehmen ließ, ohne sie durch ein besonderes Unterscheidungszeichen zu characterisiren. Die beste Ausgabe führt den Titel:* Richard Steele's Tatler, with illustrations and notes historical, biographical and critical by Dr. Percy, 1786. vi Vol. 8. *Hierauf arbeitete unser Verfasser an dem* Spectator, *von welchem er sich in dem letzten Stück vom 6. Dec. 1712 als den Herausgeber nennt, und in Vereinigung mit den größten Geistern damahliger Zeit, einem* Addison, Pope, Parnell, Gay, Tickell &c. *an dem* Guardian, *für dessen Redacteur er gleichfalls gehalten wird. Das erste Stück dieser an innern Gehalt weder dem* Tatler *noch dem* Spectator *nachstehenden Zeitschrift, erschien den 12. März 1713, das letzte oder Nro. 175 den 1. October desselben Jahres.* Addison's *Stücke sind mit einer Hand unterzeichnet. Zu den vorzüglichsten Ausgaben gehören folgende:* London 1714, 2 Vols. 8. Dublin 1744, 2 Vols. 8. London 1775, 3 Vols. 8. *Von 1713 an gab* Steele *mehrere Schriften politischen Inhalts heraus, als* the englishman, *eine Wochenschrift,* the crisis, apology for himself and his writings &c. *worin er sich als einen erklärten Gegner des letztern Ministeriums der Königinn* Anna *und eifrigen Anhänger der* Whig *Parthei zeigte. Diese Gesinnung mußte* George's I. *Aufmerksamkeit auf sich ziehn, und wirklich wurde er sogleich nach des Königs Regierungsantritt mit Würden überhäuft. Er erhielt den Baronetstitel, und die Aemter eines Aufsehers der Königl. Ställe zu* Hamptoncourt, *eines Directors der Königl. Komödiantentruppe und eines Friedensrichters der Grafschaft* Middlesex. *Ausserdem wurde er bald darauf zum Parliamentsgliede für* Boroughbrigg *in* Yorkshire, *und nach Unterdrückung der Schottischen Rebellion zum Commissär der in Schottland confiscirten Güter*

ernannt. Zu den wichtigern Schriften aus der letzten Periode seines Lebens sind folgende zu rechnen: the romish ecclesiastical history of late years, London 1714, 8. The lover *und* the reader, *zwei periodische Schriften*, 1714. An account of the state of the roman catholic religion, *angeblich aus einem italiänischen Manuscript übersetzt, und dem Pabst dedicirt.* London 1715. 8. The spinster, *ein Pamphlet*, *1719.* The reader, *eine periodische Schrift 1720.* The conscious lovers, *eine mit überaus großem Beifall im Jahr 1722 aufgeführte Komödie.* The ladies library, written by a lady, London, 1722, III Vols. 12. *Nach der Erscheinung des letztern Werks begab er sich nach seinem Landgut* Langunnor *bei* Carmarthen *in Südwallis, wo er an den Folgen paralytischer Zufälle im Jahr 1729 starb. Seine dramatischen Werke sind zu* London 1760 *vereinigt erschienen.* Richard Steele's dramatic works. — *Die zuverläßigsten Nachrichten von seinem Leben finden sich im 6ten Bande der* bibliotheca britannica, *im* Journal étranger *vom May 1755 und in den* heads of the illustrious persons of great Britain.

Tatler.

Vol. III. No. 135.

— — *quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,*
Præmia si tollas? Juv.

Several letters which I have lately received give me information, that some well-disposed persons have taken offence at my using the word free-thinker as a term of reproach. To set therefore this matter in a clear light, I must declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myself for the free-thinkers of antiquity, who acted the same part in those times, as the great men of the reformation did in several nations of *Europe*, by exerting themselves against the idolatry and superstition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulse that *Socrates* and his disciples, as well as all the philosophers of note in *Greece*, and *Cicero*, *Seneca*, with all the learned men of *Rome*, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries amidst the darkness and ignorance in which the world was then sunk and buried.

The great points which these free-thinkers endeavoured to establish and inculcate into the minds of men, were the formation of the universe, the superintendency of providence, the perfection of the divine nature, the immortality of the soul, and the future state of rewards and punishments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as possible, in such particulars as did not contradict and prevent these

great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the perſons who now ſet up for free-thinkers, are ſuch as endeavour by a little traſh of words and ſophiſtry, to weaken and deſtroy thoſe very principles, for the vindication of which, freedom of thou.ht at firſt became laudable and heroic. Theſe apoſtates from reaſon and good ſenſe, can look at the glorious frame of nature, without paying an adoration to him that raiſed it; can conſider the great revolution in the univerſe, without lifting up their minds to that ſuperior power which hath the direction of it; can preſume to cenſure the deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beaſts that periſh, can extinguiſh in their own minds all the pleaſing hopes of a future ſtate, and lull themſelves into a ſtupid ſecurity againſt the terrors of it. If one were to take the word prieſtcraft out of the mouths of theſe ſhallow monſters, they would be immediat ly ſtruck dumb. It is by the help of this ſingle term that they endeavour to diſappoint the good works of the moſt learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant againſt the very light of nature, and the common received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat ſuch miſcreants as theſe upon the foot of fair diſputants, but to pour out contempt upon them, and ſpeak of them with ſcorn and infamy, as the peſts of ſociety, the revilers of human nature, and the blaſphemers of a being, whom a good man would rather die than hear diſhonoured. *Cicero*, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge that recommended this divine doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul, called thoſe ſmall pretenders to wiſdom who declared againſt it, certain *minute* philoſophers, uſing a diminutive even of the word *little*, to expreſs the deſpicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another paſſage is yet more remarkable; where to ſhew the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares, he would rather be in the wrong with *Plato*, than in the right with ſuch company. There is indeed nothing in the world ſo ridiculous as one of theſe grave philoſophical free-thinkers, who hath neither paſſions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood nor vigour of conſtitution that can turn his ſyſtems of infidelity to his advantage, or raiſe pleaſures out of them which are inconſiſtent with the belief of an hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth or youth to indulge by theſe notions, but only a poor joyleſs, uncomfortable vanity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from the reſt of mankind is rather to be regarded as a miſchievous lunatic, than a miſtaken philoſopher. A chaſte infidel, a ſpeculative libertine, is an animal that I ſhould not believe to be in nature, did I not

ſometimes meet with theſe ſpecies of men, that plead for the indulgence of their paſſions in the midſt of a ſevere ſtudious life, and talk againſt the immortality of the ſoul over a diſh of coffee.

I would fain aſk a *minute* philoſopher, what good he propoſes to mankind by the publiſhing of his doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen, or father of a family, a more endearing huſband, friend, or ſon? Will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in ſuch opinions? Do they either refreſh or enlarge our thoughts? Do they contribute to the happineſs, or raiſe the dignity of human nature? The only good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, that they baniſh terrors, and ſet the mind at eaſe. But whoſe terrors do they baniſh? It is certain, if there were any ſtrength in their arguments, they would give great diſturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour and morality, and take from us the only comforts and ſupports of affliction, ſickneſs and old age. The minds therefore which they ſet at eaſe, are only thoſe of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which, to the good of mankind, ſhould be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I muſt confeſs, nothing is more uſual than for free-thinkers, in proportion as the inſolence of ſcepticiſm is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled or beaten down by ſorrow or ſickneſs, to reconcile himſelf to the general conceptions of reaſonable creatures; ſo that we frequently ſee the apoſtates turning from the revolt towards the end of their lives, and employing the refuſe of their parts and promoting thoſe truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The hiſtory of a gentleman in *France* is very well known, who was ſo zealous a promoter of infidelity that he had got together a ſelect company of diſciples, and travelled into all parts of the kingdom to make converts. In the midſt of his fantaſtical ſucceſs he fell ſick, and was reclaimed to ſuch a ſenſe of his condition, that after he had paſſed ſome time in great agonies and horrors of mind, he begged thoſe who had the care of burying him, to dreſs his body in the habit of a capuchin, that the devil might not run away with it. And to do farther juſtice upon himſelf, deſired them to tie an halter about his neck, as a mark of that ignominious puniſhment, which in his own thoughts he had ſo juſtly deſerved.

I would not have perſecution ſo far diſgraced, as to wiſh theſe vermin might be animadverted on by any legal penalties; though I think it would be highly reaſonable, that thoſe few

of them who die in the professions of their infidelity, should have such tokens of infamy fixed upon them, as might distinguish those bodies which are given up by the owners to oblivion and putrefaction, from those which rest in hope, and shall rise in glory. But at the same time that I am against doing them the honour of the notice of our laws, which ought not to suppose there are such criminals in being, I have often wondered how they can be tolerated in any mixt conversations while they are venting these absurd opinions; and should think, that if on any such occasions, half a dozen of the most robust Christians in the company would lead one of these gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good service both to church and state. I do not know how the laws stand in this particular; but I hope, whatever knocks, bangs, or thumps, might be given with such an honest intention, would not be construed as a breach of the peace. I dare say, they would not be returned by the person who receives them; for whatever these fools may say in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wise to risque their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of *black horse* in *Holbourn*, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in *France*, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of providence. The major at first only desired him to talk more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner. Young man, said he, do not abuse your benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour. The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him if he was going to preach; but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour! A man of honour! says the major: thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such. In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but finding him to grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded

from fear; ſirrah, ſays he, if a thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy profaneneſs to thy maker, and thy ſaucineſs to his ſervant. Upon this he drew his ſword, and cried out with a loud voice, *the ſword of the lord and of Gideon;* which ſo terrified his antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed and thrown upon his knees. In this poſture he begged his life; but the major refuſed to grant it, before he had aſked pardon for his offence in a ſhort extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him on the ſpot, and which his proſelyte repeated after him in the preſence of the whole ordinary, who were now gathered about him in the garden.

SPECTATOR.

Vol. I. No. II.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat cenſura columbas.

Juv.

Arietta is viſited by all perſons of both ſexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, or infirmities of age; and her converſation is ſo mixed with gaiety and prudence, that ſhe is agreeable both to the young, and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the leaſt blameable: and as ſhe is out of the trak of any amorous or ambitious purſuits of her own, her viſitants entertain her with accounts of themſelves very freely, whether they concern their paſſions or their intereſts. I made her a viſit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance, by my friend *Will Honeycomb*, who has prevailed upon her to admit me ſometimes into her aſſembly, as a civil inoffenſive man. I found her accompanied with one perſon only, a commom-place talker, who, upon my entrance, aroſe, and after a very ſlight civility ſat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, purſued his diſcourſe, which I found was upon the old topic of conſtancy in love. He went on wirh great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of inſignificant laughs and geſtures enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and ſongs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the generally levity of women. Methought he ſtrove to ſhine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might inſult my ſilence, and diſtinguiſh himſelf before a woman of *Arietta's* taſte and underſtanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceaſed of itſelf; which it did not

Q 5

till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated ſtory of the *Epheſian* matron.

When ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the ſerious anger ſhe was in, ſhe replied in the following manner:

Sir, when I conſider how perfectly new all you have ſaid on this ſubject is, and that the ſtory you have given us is not quite two thouſand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of preſumption to diſpute with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal, ſhewed him, in the oſtentation of human ſuperiority, a ſign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion ſaid very juſtly, *we lions are none of us painters, elſe we could ſhew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man.* You men are writers, and can repreſent us women as unbecoming as you pleaſe in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. Such a writer I doubt not was the celebrated *Petronius* who invented the pleaſant aggravations of the frailty of the *Epheſian* lady; but when we conſider this queſtion between the ſexes, which has been either a point of diſpute or raillery ever ſince there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from ſuch as have not either ambition or capacity to embelliſh their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amuſing myſelf with *Ligon's* account of *Barbadoes:* and, in anſwer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honeſt traveller, in his fifty fifth page, the hiſtory of *Inkle* and *Yarico.*

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good ſhip called the *Achilles*, bound for the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandiſe. Our adventurer was the third ſon of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to inſtil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect maſter of numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick view of loſs and advantage, and preventing the natural impulſes of his paſſions, by prepoſſeſſion towards his intereſts. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, ſtrength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair looſely flowing on his ſhoulders. It happened, in the courſe of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome diſtreſs, put into a creek on the main of *America*, in ſearch of proviſions. The youth, who is the hero of my ſtory, among others went aſhore on this occaſion. From their firſt landing they were obſerved by a party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the woods for that purpoſe. The

English unadvifedly marched a great diftance from the fhore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who flew the greateft number of them. Our adventurer efcaped among others, by flying into a foreft. Upon his coming into a remote and pathlefs part of the wood, he threw himfelf, tired, and breathlefs, on a little hillock, when an *Indian* maid rufhed from a thicket behind him. After the firft furprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked *American*, the *American* was no lefs taken with the drefs, complection, and fhape of an *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and confequently folicitous for his prefervation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where fhe gave him a delicious repaft of fruits, and led him to a ftream to flake his thirft. In the midft of thofe good offices, fhe would fometimes play with his hair, and delight in the oppofition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bofom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it feems, a perfon of diftinction, for fhe every day come to him in a different drefs, of the moft beautiful fhells, bugles, and bredes. She likewife brought him a great many fpoils, which her other lovers had prefented to her, fo that his cave was richly adorned with all the fpotted fkins of beafts, and moft party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, fhe would carry him in the dufk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and folitudes, and fhew him where to lie down in fafety, and fleep amidft the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occafions to confult his fafety. In this manner did the lovers pafs away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his miftrefs, how happy he fhould be to have her in his country, where fhe fhould be cloathed in fuch filks as his waiftcoats was made of, and carried in houfes drawn by horfes, without being expofed to wind or weather. All this he promifed her the enjoyment of without fuch fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correfpondence thefe lovers lived for feveral months, when *Yarico*, inftructed by her lover, difcovered a veffel on the coaft to which fhe made fignals: and in the night, with the utmoft joy and fatisfaction, accompanied him to a fhip's crew of his countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a veffel from the main arrives in that ifland, it feems the planters come to

the ſhore, where there is an immediate market of the *Indians*, and other ſlaves, as with us of horſes and oxen.

To be ſhort, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliſh* territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of time, and to weigh with himſelf how many days intereſt of his money he had loſt during his ſtay with *Yarico*. This thought made the young man very penſive and careful what account he ſhould be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon this conſideration, the prudent and frugal young man ſold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiſerate her condition, told him that ſhe was with child by him. But he only made uſe of that information, to riſe in his demands upon the purchaſer.

I was ſo touched with this ſtory (which I think ſhould be always a counterpart to the *Epheſian* matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes; which a woman of *Arietta's* good ſenſe, did, I am ſure, take for greater applauſe, than any compliments I could make her.

JOHNSON.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, *1709 zu* Litchfield *in* Staffordſhire *gebohren, zeigte frühzeitig große Talente und eine ſeltene Wißbegierde, und wurde deſshalb von ſeinem Vater, einem eben nicht begüterten Buchhändler, mit vieler Sorgfalt erzogen. Nachdem er mehrere Jahre zu* Oxford *mit Eifer an ſeiner Bildung gearbeitet hatte, errichtete er 1735 zu* Edal, *in der Nähe ſeiner Vaterſtadt, eine Erziehungsanſtalt, in welcher er die griechiſche und lateiniſche Sprache lehrte. Er fühlte aber bald, daß er für einen gröſsern Wirkungskreis beſtimmt ſey, und begab ſich daher mit einem ſeiner Schüler, dem nachmahls als Schauſpieler ſo berühmten* DAVID GARRICK, *nach* London. *Er brachte 2 Gedichte mit ſich,* London *und* the vanity of human wiſhes *betitelt, Nachahmungen der 3ten und 10ten Satyre* Juvenal's. *So ungern ſich anfangs die Buchhändler damit befaſſen wollten, ſo allgemein und begierig las man ſie nachher. Selbſt* POPE's *Aufmerkſamkeit wurde ſo rege gemacht, daſs er den Verfaſſer kennen zu lernen wünſchte.* JOHNSON *ſah ſich unterdeſſen genöthigt, zur Schriftſtellerei, als zu einem Erwerbsmittel, ſeine Zuflucht zu nehmen. Er arbeitete mit ungewöhnlicher Anſtrengung und Thätigkeit, und ſeine Producte folgten ſich in kurzen Zwiſchenräumen. Unter andern entſchloſs er ſich mit* CAVE,

dem ersten Herausgeber des GENTLEMAN'S Magazine, *die Parliamentsdebatten drucken zu lassen, ein damals ganz neues Vorhaben. Das Gedächtniss eines Geistlichen,* WORTHINGTON, *lieferte ihm die Reden, die er in seiner Manier verschönert vortrug, wodurch sie nicht wenig gewannen. In dieser Gestalt findet man sie in dem* GENTLEMAN'S Magazine *vom 1740 — 44. Um diese Zeit gab er die Miscellaneen, ein aus prosaischen Aufsätzen, Gedichten und Uebersetzungen bestehendes Werk in 3 Bänden, heraus. 1743 erschien die Biographie des* RICHARD SAVAGE, *eines seiner ersten Londner Freunde. Man nahm sie sehr gut auf, und ermunterte ihn dadurch, das Leben des Admiral* DRAKE *zu beschreiben, welches seinen Ruhm ansehnlich vermehrte. Unterdessen zeichnete sich* GARRICK *eben so sehr unter den Schauspielern, als unser Schriftsteller unter den Gelehrten aus. Ein Prolog des letztern bey Eröffnung des Theaters von* Drurylane *von dem erstern gesprochen, erhielt grossen Beifall; weniger das Trauerspiel* Irene, *welches 1747 aufgeführt wurde. 1755 vollendete* JOHNSON *sein Wörterbuch der Englischen Sprache.* Dictionary of the english language: in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples of the best writers; to which are prefixed a history of the language and an english grammar. London, 1755. 2 Vols. fol. *6te Auflage* 1785, 2 Vols. 4. *Ein brauchbarer Auszug*, London 1766, 2 Vols. 8. *Während der Bearbeitung dieses eben so meisterhaft ausgeführten, als weitläuftigen und mühsamen Werks, schrieb er zu seiner Erhohlung die geschätzte Wochenschrift,* the RAMBLER, *wovon er die zehnte Auflage erlebt hat. Das erste Stück erschien 1750 den 20sten, das 208te und letzte, 1752 den 14. März. Er erhielt nicht mehr als 10 fremde Beiträge, (das 97te Stück ist von* RICHARDSON) *trug also bey weitem mehr zum* RAMBLER *als* ADDISON *zum* SPECTATOR *bey. Mit welchem Beifall seine Aufsätze gelesen worden sind, erhellt unter andern daraus, dass ihm die Universitäten* Oxford *und* Dublin *bey dieser Gelegenheit das Diplom eines Magisters der Künste und Doctors der Rechte schickten. 1758 fing er ein ähnliches Werk,* the IDLER, *an, welcher durch 103 Nummern bis zum 5. April 1760 fortgesetzt wurde, aber dem* RAMBLER *weit nachsteht. Man hat eine zweckmässige Auswahl der interessantesten Stücke dieser und verschiedener andern zu gleicher Zeit erschienenen Zeitschriften unter dem Titel:* the beauties of the RAMBLER, ADVENTURER, CONNOISSEUR, WORLD and IDLER, 11 Vols. London 1787, gr. 12. *1765 trat seine Ausgabe des* Shakespeare *ans Licht, die er einige Jahre nachher in Verbindung mit* GEORGE STEEVENS *wiederhohlte. 1773 besuchte er die Hebridischen Inseln. Die Bemerkungen, die er auf dieser Reise gemacht hatte, theilte er dem Publicum in dem Werke*

tour to the weſtern islands of Scotland *mit. Da er hierin die Authenticität der Gedichte* Oſſian's *beſtreitet, ſo gerieth er mit ihrem Ueberſetzer und Herausgeber* MACPHERSON *in einen Streit, in den ſich von beiden Seiten viel Bitterkeit miſchte. 1779 erſchien ſeine Ausgabe der Engliſchen Dichter in 58 Bänden 8. mit 10 Bänden* biographical and critical prefaces, *worin er ſich als einen gründlichen und geſchmackvollen Kunſtrichter zeigt. Dieſe überaus leſenswürdigen Biographien ſind in folgendem Werke beſonders abgedruckt worden:* the lives of the moſt eminent engliſh poets, with critical obſervations on their works, London 1791. 4 Vols. 8. *Da er von dem Hofe eine jährliche Penſion von 300 l. erhielt, ſo konnte er ſeine letztern Jahre in gemächlicher Muſse durchleben. 1783 wurde er vom Schlage gerührt; erhohlte ſich zwar wieder, bekam aber bald nachher die Waſſerſucht, die ihn gegen das Ende des Jahres 1784 hinraffte. Er wurde in der Weſtminſterabtei unter* SHAKESPEARES *Denkmahl nahe bey dem Grabe ſeines Freundes* GARRICK *beigeſetzt. Er war ohnſtreitig einer der gelehrteſten Männer ſeiner Zeit; denn er verſtund nicht nur mehrere, ſowohl alte als neuere Sprachen in gröſster Vollkommenheit, ſondern beſaſs überdies eine ſeltene Beleſenheit in den claſſiſchen Schriftſtellern, und eine ungeheure Maſſe hiſtoriſcher Kenntniſſe. Seine Beurtheilungskraft war eben ſo groſs als ſein Gedächtniſs. Wie geläutert ſein Geſchmack geweſen, bezeugen alle ſeine Schriften, beſonders ſeine Gedichte, wovon weiter unten ein mehreres. Was ſeinen moraliſchen Character betrifft, ſo verdiente er als Menſch eben die Hochachtung, die man allgemein ſeinen literariſchen Verdienſten gezollt hat.*

Unter der Menge von Schriften, die über dieſen Koloſs der Engliſchen Literatur erſchienen ſind, zeichnen ſich vorzüglich folgende aus: JOHNSON's life; an account of his ſtudies, and numerous works in chronological order, a ſeries of his letters to eminent perſons, and ſeveral pieces of his compoſition never before publiſhed &c. by JAMES BOSWELL, Eſq. 2 Vols. 4. London 1787. Anecdotes of the late SAMUEL JOHNSON by Mrs. PIOZZI, London 1786. 8. JOHNSON's life by JOHN HAWKINS, London 1787. 8. Two dialogues containing a comparative view of the lives, characters and writings of PHILIP the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD and Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, London 1787. 8. An eſſay on the life and genius of SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. by ARTHUR MURPHY, Eſq. London 1792. 8.

JOHNSON's *ſämmtliche Werke ſind 1786 von* HAWKINS *zu* London *in 12 Bänden in gr. 8. herausgegeben worden.*

RAMBLER.

Vol. II. No. 65.

— — *Garrit aniles*
Ex re fabellas. — — Hor.

Obidah, the son of *Abensina*, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of *Indostan*. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning-song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here *Obidah* paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This

uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which *Obidah* fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When

When the repaſt was over, „tell me," ſaid the hermit, „by „what chance thou haſt been brought hither; I have been now „twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never „ſaw a man before." *Obidah* then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

„Son," ſaid the hermit, „let the errors and follies, the „dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. „Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. „We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of „expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety „and with diligence, and travel on a while in the ſtraight road „of piety towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we „remit our fervor, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of „our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame „end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be „terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own „conſtancy, and venture to approach what we reſolve never to „touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the „ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſub- „ſides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance „cannot be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our „eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach them with „ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and „trembling, and always hope to paſs through them without „loſing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our „ſight, and to which we propoſe to return. But temptation ſuc- „ceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; „we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our „diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the „remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only ad- „equate object of rational deſire. We entangle ourſelves in bu- „ſineſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the „labyrinths of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs of old age begins „to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way. We „then look back upon our lives with horror, with ſorrow, with „repentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly wiſh, that we had „not forſaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, „who ſhall learn from thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall „remember, that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is „waſted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reforma- „tion is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted; „that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, „and that he who implores ſtrength and courage from above, „ſhall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go „now, my ſon, to thy repoſe, commit thyſelf to te care of

„omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin „anew thy journey and thy life."

Vol. iv. No. 203.

Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi. Ovid.

It seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, or wish, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose upon real facts, and certain experience. This is perhaps one reason, among many, why age delights in narratives.

But so full is the world of calamity, that every source of pleasure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity disturbed. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters, that we shrink from their remembrance, dread their intrusion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that pursue us with torture.

No man past the middle point of life can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth without finding the banquet imbittered by the cup of sorrow; he may revive lucky accidents, and pleasing extravagancies; many days of harmless frolic, or nights of honest festivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in scenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and vicissitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, dangers resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated. *Æneas* properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a storm they have landed on an unknown and desolate country, with the hope that their miseries will be at some distant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice, nor guilt.

But this felicity is almost always abated by the reflection, that they, with whom we should be most pleased to share it, are now in the grave. A few years make such havock in human

generations, that we ſoon ſee ourſelves deprived of thoſe with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleaſures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprize recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the cloſe of the relation, to pay a ſigh to the names of thoſe that contributed to his ſucceſs; he that paſſes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance ſtored with remarks and repartees of wits, whoſe ſprightlineſs and merriment are now loſt in perpetual ſilence; the trader, whoſe induſtry has ſupplied the want of inheritance, repines in ſolitary plenty at the abſence of companions, with whom he had planned out amuſements for his latter years; and the ſcholar, whoſe merit, after a long ſeries of efforts, raiſes him from obſcurity, looks round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whoſe applauſe or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among *Martial's* requiſites to happineſs is, *res non parta labore*, *ſed relicta*, an eſtate not gained by induſtry, but left by inheritance. It is neceſſary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the cloſe of life, will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happineſs has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourſelves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, becauſe we cannot compare the difference between want and poſſeſſion, or at leaſt can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increaſe of ſelf-eſteem; what we acquire by bravery or ſcience, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at laſt when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happineſs from the time to come. In youth we have nothing paſt to entertain us, and in age, we derive little from retroſpect, but hopeleſs ſorrow. Yet the future likewiſe has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we ſee to be not far diſtant. The loſs of our friends and companions impreſſes hourly upon us the neceſſity of our own departure: we know that the ſchemes of man are quickly at an end, that we muſt ſoon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, ſhall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the ſurface of the earth, and then like us be loſt in the ſhades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material exiſtence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almoſt every man indulges his imagination with ſomething, which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: ſome amuſe

themfelves with entails and fettlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the diffipation of the fortunes, which it has been their bufinefs to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of diftant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced pofterity.

They whofe fouls are fo chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a ftate in which they fhall look upon them with lefs folicitude, are feldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and, therefore, may be called to reconfider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wife man's wifh, has not yet been fatisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to fo fmall a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little intereft in the queftion. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or meafure of renown. The neceffary bufinefs of life, the immediate pleafures or pains of every condition, leave us not leifure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our prefent welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of fome that muft be thruft into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by lofing fight of thofe which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while, and difappears for ever; and if we except a few tranfcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to fupprefs; all thofe that engage our thoughts, or diverfify our converfation, are every moment hafting to obfcurity, as new favourites are adopted by fafhion.

It is not therefore from this world, that any ray of comfort can proceed, to cheer the gloom of the laft hour. But futurity has ftill its profpects; there is yet happinefs in referve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will fupport us in the pains of difeafe, and the languor of decay. This happinefs we may expect with confidence, becaufe it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that fincerely defire and earneftly purfue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to reft. Hope is the chief bleffing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

Idler.

Vol. 1. No. 43.

The natural advantages which arise from the poſition of the earth which we inhabit with reſpect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical ſpeculation, by which it has been diſcovered, that no other conformation of the ſyſtem could have given ſuch commodious diſtributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleaſure to ſo great a part of a revolving ſphere.

It may be perhaps obſerved by the moraliſt, with equal reaſon, that our globe ſeems particularly fitted for the reſidence of a being, placed here only for a ſhort time, whoſe taſk is to advance himſelf to a higher and happier ſtate of exiſtence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are ſuch as human nature does not willingly perform, and ſuch as thoſe are inclined to delay who yet intend ſome time to fulfil them. It was therefore neceſſary that this univerſal reluctance ſhould be counteracted, and the drowſineſs of heſitation wakened into reſolve; that the danger of procraſtination ſhould be always in view and the fallacies of ſecurity be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conſpire. Whatever we ſee on every ſide, reminds us of the lapſe of time and the flux of life. The day and night ſucceed each other, the rotation of ſeaſons diverſifies the year, the ſun riſes, attains the meridian, declines and ſets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been conſidered as an image of the year, and the year as the repreſentation of life. The morning anſwers to the ſpring, and the ſpring to childhood and youth: the noon correſponds to the ſummer, and the ſummer to the ſtrength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its ſilence and darkneſs ſhews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life ſhall ceaſe, with its hopes and pleaſures.

He that is carried forward, however ſwiftly, by a motion equable and eaſy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus ſilently along, paſſed on through undiſtinguiſhable uniformity, we ſhould never mark its approaches to the end of the courſe. If one hour were like another; if the paſſage of the ſun did not ſhew that the day is waſting; if the change of ſeaſons did not impreſs upon us the flight of the year; quantities of dura-

tion equal to days and years would glide unobſerved. If the parts of time were not variouſly coloured, we ſhould never diſcern their departure or ſucceſſion, but ſhould live thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already loſt with that which may probably remain.

But the courſe of time is ſo viſibly marked, that it is obſerved even by the birds of paſſage, and by nations who have raiſed their minds very little above animal inſtinct: there are human beings, whoſe language does not ſupply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for ſummer and winter.

Yet it is certain that theſe admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with ſuch accuracy the courſe of time, appear to have better ſenſibility of the decline of life. Every man has ſomething to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the effects of time, that things neceſſary and certain often ſurprize us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an abſence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet thoſe whom we left children, and can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves to treat them as men. The traveller viſits in age thoſe countries through which he rambled in is youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of buſineſs, wearied with unſatisfactory proſperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the laſt years with the companions of his child-hood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, ſo general and ſo miſchievous, let it be every man's ſtudy to exempt himſelf. Let him that deſires to ſee others happy, make haſte to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away ſomething from the value of his benefaction. And let him who propoſes his own happineſs, reflect, that while he forms his purpoſe the days rolls on, and *the night cometh when no man can work.*

GEDICHTE.

GAY.

JOHN GAY, *1688 zu oder bey* Barnstaple *in* Devonshire *gebohren, erhielt von einem gewissen* LUCK, *Schullehrer an diesem Ort, und Dichter, eine Erziehung, die zur Entwickelung seines glücklichen Talents zur Poesie nicht wenig beitrug. Bei einer solchen Bildung ließ es sich erwarten, daß ihm die Beschäftigungen eines Galanteriehändlers (denn dazu hatte ihn seine unbegüterte Familie bestimmt,) keine Unterhaltung gewähren würden. Man weiß nicht, in welchem Jahre er die Lehre angetreten und verlassen; so viel ist aber gewiß, daß ihn die Herzoginn von* MONMOUTH *1712 als Secretär in ihre Dienste nahm. In diesem Posten fand er Muße genug, die Dichtkunst zu üben. Er machte bald seine* rural sports, a georgic in II cantos, *bekannt, und widmete sie dem schon damals berühmten* POPE, *welches zu der vertrauten Freundschaft beider Dichter die erste Veranlassung gab. 1713 ließ er seine Komödie* the wife of Bath *drucken, ungeachtet sie auf der Bühne keinen Beifall gefunden hatte. Um eben diese Zeit gab er* the shepherd's week *heraus, eine aus 6 Eclogen bestehende, ganz der Natur gemäße Darstellung des Characters, der Sitten und Beschäftigungen der Englischen Landleute. Unglücklicherweise hatte er dies Werk dem Lord* BOLINGBROKE *dedicirt. Es schlugen ihm also seine Hoffnungen zu Gunstbezeugungen von Seiten der neuen Regierung fehl, ob er gleich als Secretär des Grafen* CLARENDON, *Englischen Gesandten am Hanöverschen Hofe im letzten Regierungsjahr der Königinn* ANNA, *zu glänzenden Erwartungen berechtigt war. Bald nach seiner Rückkehr wurde die Tragikomödie* what-d'ye-call-it *mit einigem Beifall gegeben. Unter den eingemischten Liedern zeichnet sich die unten folgende Ballade ganz vorzüglich aus. Minder günstig wurde seine unter* POPE's *und* ARBUTHNOT's *Beihülfe geschriebene und 1717 bekannt gemachte Komödie,* three hours after marriage, *aufgenommen. Nachdem er mit Herrn* PULTNEY *eine Reise nach* Achen *gemacht, und sich einige Zeit auf dem Landsitz des* Lord HARCOURT *aufgehalten, gab er seine Gedichte auf Subscription heraus, (1720) eine Speculation, die ihm* 1000l. *einbrachte. 1724 erschienen* the captives, *ein gut aufgenommenes Trauerspiel, und 1726 der erste Band seiner Fabeln, zum Unterricht des jungen Herzogs von* CUMBERLAND *geschrie-*

ben. Er ist in dieser Dichtungsart bei den Engländern eben so classisch, als LA FONTAINE *bei den Franzosen. Seine Fabeln sind jedoch nicht in äsopischer Manier geschrieben, sondern mehr Erzählungen und Allegorien, wovon es einigen ganz an Moral fehlt. Uebrigens sind sie mit Leichtigkeit erzählt und versificirt. Einen beispiellosen Beifall erhielt seine* beggar's opera, *die von dem Theater von* Drury-Lane *verworfen, aber von dem Schauspieler* RICH *angenommen wurde, und, wie man sich scherzhaft ausdrückte, die Wirkung hatte,* of making GAY rich, and RICH gay. *Sie wurde zu* London *63 mahl hinter einander aufgeführt und durchwanderte alle ansehnliche Städte von Großbritannien und Irland. Noch jetzt ist es Lieblingsstück der Engländer. Es erfolgte nachher noch ein zweiter Theil unter dem Titel,* Polly, *der aber nicht aufgeführt werden durfte, weil man, gewiß ohne Grund, glaubte, daß der erste zur Immoralität verleite, da er einen* highwayman *unbestraft lasse. Das Publicum hielt ihn indessen schadlos, da er diese Fortsetzung auf Subscription drucken ließ. Die* beggar's opera *zog ihm die Achtung und Freundschaft vieler Großen zu, besonders des Herzogs und der Herzoginn von* QUEENSBERRY, *in deren Gesellschaft er den letzten Theil seines Lebens zubrachte, nachdem er vergeblich gehofft hatte, daß ihn* GEORGE II. *und seine Gemahlinn, die ihn vor ihrer Thronbesteigung geschätzt hatten, zu ansehnlichen Aemtern befördern würden. Er starb am Ende des Jahres 1732, und wurde in der Westminsterabtei begraben. Zu seinen Freunden gehörte, ausser* POPE *und* ARBUTHNOT, *vorzüglich* SWIFT, *mit dem er viele Briefe gewechselt hat. Nach seinem Tode erschien der zweite Theil seiner Fabeln, von dem Herzog von* QUEENSBERRY *besorgt, größtentheils politischen Inhalts. Unter seinen Gedichten, die den 41. und 42ten Theil der* JOHNSON*schen Sammlung ausmachen, finden sich außer den gedachten, noch folgende:* the Fan, a poem in III books; Trivia, or the art of walking the streets of London, in III books, *14 Episteln, 5 Eclogen, 3 Elegien, Gesänge und Balladen, Erzählungen,* Miscellanies *und* Dione a pastoral tragedy, *Nachahmung des* Aminta *und* Pastor fido. *Seine Fabeln sind sehr oft mit Kupferstichen herausgegeben worden, z. B.* London 1775, 8. GAY *war nach* POPE's *Urtheil ein gerader, prätensionsloser Mann, der so sprach, als er dachte und immer zu misfallen fürchtete.* JOHNSON *spricht ihm ganz jene* mens divinior *ab, die das Eigenthum großer Dichter ist, läßt ihm aber als einem Sänger einer niedrigern Sphäre alle Gerechtigkeit widerfahren. Besonders erhebt er ihn als den Erfinder einer neuen Schauspielgattung, der Balladenoper, die das italiänische Drama verdrängt, und sich bereits länger als ein halbes Jahrhundert mit Beifall auf der Bühne erhalten hat. Siehe* lives of the most eminent english poets, Vol. III.

The ſick man and the angel.

„Is there no hope?" the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to - morrow.
When thus the man, with gaſping breath;
„I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over - reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf - defence in each profeſſion;
Sure ſelf - defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown."
An angel came. „Ah friend! he cry'd.
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life wirh length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere.
This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
„But why ſuch haſte, the ſick man whines;
Who knows as yet what heav'n deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.
That ſum and more are in my will."

„Fool, ſays the viſion, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your ſoul, your heav'n was gain.
From every ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
„While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte?" ſo groan'd, and dy'd.

A Ballad,

From the what - d'ye - call - it.

'Twas when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind;
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſtful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didſt thou, venturous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant, robb'd of pleaſure,
Sees tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

MALLET.

David Malloch, *oder, wie er ſich in* England *nannte,* Mallet, *lebte zu* Edinburg, *wo er ſtudierte, in den dürftigſten Umſtänden, bis ihn der Herzog von* Montrose *zum Erzieher ſeiner Kinder annahm. Er folgte ſeinen Zöglingen auf ihren Reiſen und ließ ſich nach ſeiner Rückkehr zu* London *nieder, wo er unter dem Einfluß ſeines Principals zu den angeſehenſten Häuſern Zutritt erhielt. Sein frühſtes Product war die Ballade* William and Margaret, *die zuerſt 1724 in* Aaron Hill's plain dealer *abgedruckt wurde, und den Grund zu ſeinem Ruhm legte. 1728 erſchien* the excurſion, *eine aus zwei Geſängen beſtehende und ganz in* Tomson's, *ſeines Freundes, Manier geſchriebene Schilderung reitzender Naturſcenen. 1733 machte er ſein ſatyriſches Gedicht* of verbal criticism *bekannt, verſtand ſich aber entweder auf dieſen Gegenſtand nicht, oder ſtellte ihn abſichtlich von einer falſchen Seite dar. Sein erſtes Trauerſpiel* Eurydice, *wurde 1731 auf dem Theater von* Drury-Lane *gegeben, und erregte wenig Aufmerkſamkeit. Als ſich der Prinz* Frederic *von* Wallis *an die Spitze der Oppoſitionsparthei ſtellte, und ſich einen eigenen Hofſtaat bildete, machte er* Mallet *zu ſeinem Unterſecretär mit einem Gehalt von* 200 l. *In dieſer Lage ſchrieb der Dichter ſein 1739 mit Beifall aufgeführtes aber nie wiederhohltes Trauerſpiel* Muſtapha *und* Baco's *Leben, welches einer neuen Ausgabe dieſes Schriftſtellers vorgedruckt wurde, und nach* Johnson's *Urtheil mit Eleganz abgefaßt, aber vergeſſen iſt. Sein nächſtes Werk war* Amyntor and Theodora or the hermit, *ein erzählendes Gedicht, an welchem* Johnson *nichts weiter zu tadeln findet, als daß es in* blank verſe *geſchrieben iſt. Um dieſe Zeit lernte er, vielleicht durch den Prinzen von* Wallis, *den* Lord Bolingbroke *kennen, der ihm ſeine Papiere vermachte.* *(S.* Bolingbroke.) *1762 ward er Regiſtrator der in den Hafen von* London *einlaufenden Schiffe. In eben dem Jahre ward ſein Trauerſpiel* Elvira *aufgeführt, das kein beſſeres Schickſal als ſeine*

Vorgänger hatte. Er ſtarb 1765. Nach Johnson's *Urtheil* (Lives of the engliſh poets Vol. iv.) *hat er ſich in keiner Dichtungsart auf eine ganz vorzügliche Weiſe ausgezeichnet, und muß er zu den Dichtern* minorum gentium *gezählt werden.* Edwin and Emma *iſt ſein Meiſterſtück. Es liegt dabei eine wahre Geſchichte zum Grunde, die ſich in der letzten Hälfte des vorigen Jahrhunderts zu* Bowes *in* Yorkſhire *ereignet hat. S.* the works of the engliſh Poets, Vol. 53. *S.* 327. *Seine Werke erſchienen 1759 in 3 Bänden 8.*

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided *Margaret's* grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William's* feet.
Her face was like an April - morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay - cold was her lily - hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.
So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.
Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver - dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.
But Love had, like the canker - worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.
Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight - grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave!
This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.
Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden - vow,
And give me back my troth!
Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?

Why did you ſwear, my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?
How could you ſay, my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin - heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?
Why did you ſay, my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid!
Believe the flattering tale?
That face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.
The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding - ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
Till that laſt morn appear.
But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.
The lark ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
With beams of roſy red:
Pale *William* quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.
He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where *Margaret's* body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the green - graſs turf,
That wrap'd her breathleſs clay.
And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* name,
And thrice he wept full ſore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more!

Edwin and Emma.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.
There beauteous *Emma* flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles through heaven
 When vernal mornings break.
Nor let the pride of great - ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.
Long had she fil'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.
Till *Edwin* came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.
A mutual flame was quickly caught:
 Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.
What happy hours of home - felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.
His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.
The father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.
Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.
In *Edwin's* gentle heart a war
 Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.
Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where *Emma* walk'd and wept.

Oft

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight-ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.
His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt;
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.
The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed:
'Tis paſt! he cry'd — but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!
She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.
But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what *Emma* came to ſay,
„My *Edwin*, live for me!"
Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept,
The curch-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.
Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.
Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſſ'd
The viſionary vale —
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale.
Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door —
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more!
I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide —
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld, *Schwester* John Aikin's, *Verfassers des* essay on song-writing (2. edit. 1774. 8.) *lebt noch zu* Hampstead *nahe bei* London, *wo ihr Mann eine Erziehungsanstalt hat, für die sie einige artige kleine Bücher geschrieben, z. B.* Hymns for childern, London 1781. 8. *Sie ist Verfasserinn einer Sammlung schöner Gedichte* (Poems, by Miss Aikin, 1773. 4.) *unter denen einige vortrefliche Lieder sind. Mehrere stehen in den nachher gemeinschaftlich mit ihrem Bruder herausgegebenen* miscellaneous pieces (*dritte Ausgabe*, London 1775 8.) *und in dem gedachten* essay. *Ausserdem hat man von ihr* devotional pieces, compiled from the psalms and the book of Job; thoughts on the devotional taste &c. *Diese Nachrichten sind größtentheils aus des Hrn. Hofrath Eschenburg Beispielsammlung, Th. V. S. 71. entlehnt. Mehreres in den* Memoirs of Mrs. Anna Laetitia Barbauld in the new London Magazine, Nov. 1789. S. 532.

Ode to Content.

O thou, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whoſe calm boſom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant maſter's wanton rage
With ſettled ſmiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſſ'd thy ſainted feet.

But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale;
The lowlieſt childern of the ground,
Moſs - roſe and violet bloſſom round,
And lily of the vale.

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chuſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway?
When autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day,

When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmly ſpirit loves to breath,
And every ſtorm is laid;
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice
Low whiſpering through the ſhade.

Ode to Spring.

Sweet daughter of a rough and ſtormy ſire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful Spring!
Whoſe unſhorn locks with leaves
And ſwelling buds are crown'd;
From the green iſlands of eternal youth,
(Crown'd with freſh blooms, and ever-ſpringing ſhade)
Turn, hither turn thy ſtep,
O thou, whoſe powerful voice

More ſweet than ſofteſt touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can ſooth the madding winds,
And thro' the ſtormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.
Thee, beſt belov'd! the virgin train await,
With ſongs and feſtal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,
With untir'd feet; and cull thy earlieſt ſweets
To weave freſh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him the favour'd youth
That prompts their whiſper'd ſigh.
Unlock thy copious ſtores; thoſe tender ſhowers
That drop their ſweetneſs on the infant buds,
And ſilent dews that ſwell
The milky ear's green ſtem,
And feed the flowering oſier's early ſhoots;
And call thoſe winds which thro' the whiſp'ring boughs
With warm and pleaſant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.
Now let me ſit beneath the whitening thorn
And mark thy ſpreading tints ſteal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.
O Nymph approach! while yet the temperate ſun
With baſhful forehead, thro' the cool moiſt air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaſte kiſſes wooes
The earth's fair boſom; while the ſtreaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent ſhade
Protects thy modeſt blooms,
From his ſeverer blaze.
Sweet is thy reign, but ſhort; the red dog - ſtar
Shall ſcorch thy treſſes, and the mower's ſcythe
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
Remorſeleſs ſhall deſtroy.
Reluctant ſhall I bid thee then farewel;
For O, not all the autumn's lap contains,
Nor ſummer's ruddieſt fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,
Fair Spring! whoſe ſimpleſt promiſe more delights,
Than all their largeſt wealth, and thro' the heart
Each joy and new born hope
With ſofteſt influence breathes.

TICKELL.

Thomas Tickell, Esq. *1686 zu* Bridekirk *in* Cumberland *geboren, bezog 1701 das* Queen's College *zu* Oxford, *erhielt 1708 den Grad eines Magisters der Künste, und wurde 1710 zum* Fellow *erwählt, welches er bis zu seiner Heirath im Jahr 1726 blieb. Er bildete sich früh unter dem Beistand* Addison's, *dessen Liebe er sich durch ein Lobgedicht auf die Oper* Rosamond *erworben, zu einem Geschäftsmann. Als das Ministerium der Königinn* Anna *mit dem Französischen Hofe in Friedensunterhandlungen trat, schrieb er das Gedicht,* the prospect of peace, *in welchem er die Nation von der Eroberungslust abzuziehen und zum Frieden geneigt zu machen suchte. Ungeachtet er sich darin eben nicht als* Whiggissimus, *wie ihn* Swift *in der Folge nannte, gezeigt hatte, so rühmte doch* Addison *diese Arbeit in dem* Spectator *so sehr, daß bald 6 Auflagen vergriffen wurden. Bei* George's I. *Thronbesteigung schrieb er* the royal progress, *ein in den* Spectator *eingerücktes Gedicht, von welchem* Johnson *urtheilt, daß es weder erhaben noch niedrig ist. Zu seinen wichtigern Werken gehört eine Uebersetzung des ersten Buchs der* Iliade, *die zugleich mit der von* Pope *erschien. Es läßt sich schwer bestimmen, wie vielen Antheil er daran gehabt habe. Einige wollen sie durchaus für* Addison's *Werk halten, und* Pope *citirt sie in seiner* art of sinking *als ein solches. Dem sey wie ihm wolle, so darf sie eine Vergleichung mit ihrer Nebenbuhlerinn nicht fürchten.* Tickell *lebte jetzt in der vertrautesten Freundschaft mit* Addison, *der ihn, als er in der Qualität eines Secretärs des* Lord Sunderland *nach* Irland *ging, in öffentlichen Geschäften mit sich nahm, und ihn, da er 1717 Staatssecretär ward, zum Untersecretär machte. Der Tod trennte sie bald.* Addison *starb 1719, nachdem er unsern Dichter seinem Nachfolger im Staatssecretariat,* Craggs, *auf das dringendste empfohlen und ihn zum Herausgeber seiner Schriften ernannt hatte.* Tickell *entledigte sich dieses Auftrages, und setzte seiner Ausgabe eine Elegie auf* Addison's *Tod vor, die nach* Johnson's *Urtheil zu den correctesten und erhabensten Stücken der Englischen Dichtkunst gehört. 1725 erhielt er den ehrenvollen Posten eines Secretärs bei den* Lord *Richtern in* Irland, *den er bis zu seinem 1740 zu* Bath *erfolgten Tode verwaltete. Unter seinen Gedichten, die die letztere Hälfte des 26ten Bandes der* Johnson*schen Sammlung, einnehmen, zeichnen sich, ausser den erwähnten, noch folgende aus:* 1) Kensington gardens, *vortreflich versificirt, aber von schlechter Erfindung, indem Feen unter griechische Gottheiten gemischt erscheinen* 2) Colin and Lucy, *eine der schönsten neuern Balladen, meisterhaft über-*

setzt in Ursinus *Balladen und Liedern S. 113, wo sich auch einige Nachrichten von diesem Stück und seinem Verfasser finden.* 3) Fragment of a poem on hunting. 4) *Ein Stück einer Uebersetzung des vierten Buchs der* Pharsalia Lucan's &c. *S.* JOHNSON's lives of the english poets, Vol. III.

To the Earl of Warwick,
On the death of Mr. Addison.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to *Addison* unpaid,
Blame not her silence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave,
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn - rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd *Montague*.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls, where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;

In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with fcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for facred freedom ftood;
Juft men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And faints who taught, and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to thefe chambers, where the mighty reft,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueft;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of blifs convey'd
A fairer fpirit or more welcome fhade.

In what new region to the juft affign'd,
What new employments pleafe th'unbody'd mind;
A winged *Virtue*, through th'etherial fky,
Form world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze,
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold feraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill effay'd below?
Or doft thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A tafk well - fuited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if fometimes thy fpotlefs form defcend;
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend
When rage mifguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diftreffes, or when pleafure charms,
In filent whifperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till blifs fhall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, fo the heavens decree,
Muft ftill be lov'd and ftill deplor'd by me;
In nightly vifions feldom fails to rife,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If bufinefs calls, or crouded courts invite;
Th'unblemifh'd ftatefman feems to ftrike my fight;
If in the ftage I feek to footh my care;
I meet his foul which breathes in Cato there;
If penfive to the rural fhades I rove;
His fhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of juft and good he reafon'd ftrong,
Clear'd fome great truth, or raif'd fome ferious fong:
There patient fhow'd us the wife courfe to fteer,
A candid cenfor, and a friend fevere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of *Warwick's* noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, when - e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye - balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon - tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon - day ſhade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.
O! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And *Craggs* in death to *Addiſon* ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th'unfiniſh'd ſong!
Theſe works divine, which on his death - bed laid
To thee, O *Craggs*, th'expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill - omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues: each other's boaſt! farewel,
Farewel! whom, join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

Colin and Lucy.

A Ballad.

Of *Leinſter*, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the grace;
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:
Till luckleſs love, and pining care,
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips, and damaſk cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a lily pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow - conſuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By *Lucy* warn'd, of flattering ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.
Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love - lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn boding ſound:
And thus, in dying words, beſpoke
The virgins weeping round:
„I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
„Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
„I ſee a hand, you cannot ſee,
„Which beckons me away.
„By a falſe heart, and broken vows,
„In early youth I die:
„Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
„Was thrice as rich as I?
„Ah, *Colin!* give not her thy vows,
„Vows due to me alone:
„Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
„Nor think him all thy own.
„To - morrow, in the church to wed,
„Impatient, both prepare!
„But know, fond maid; and know, falſe man,
„That *Lucy* will be there!
„Then bear my corſe, my comrades, bear,
„This bridegroom blith to meet,
„He in his wedding - trim ſo gay,
„I in my winding - ſheet."
She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd, her corſe was borne,
The bridegroom blith to meet,
He in his wedding - trim ſo gay,
She in her winding - ſheet.
Then what were perjur'd *Colin's* thoughts?
How were theſe nuptials kept?
The brideſmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the village wept.
Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,

At once his boſom ſwell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.
From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's corſe,
She ſaw her huſband dead.
Then to his *Lucy's* new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
On mould with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever he remains.
Oft at this grave, the conſtant hind
And plighted maid are ſeen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the ſacred green;
But, ſwain forſworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ſpot forbear;
Remember *Colin's* dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

PARNELL.

Dr. Thomas Parnell, *1679 zu* Dublin *gebohren, bezog nach dem in einer* grammar-ſchool *genoſſenen Unterricht die Univerſität, nahm 1700 den Grad eines Magiſters der freien Künſte an, wurde gleich darauf zum* Diaconus *ordinirt, und erhielt 1705 das* Archidiaconat *von* Clogher. *Gegen das Ende der Regierung* Anna's *zeichnete er ſich zu* London *ſowohl durch ſeine Anhänglichkeit an das Miniſterium als durch ſeine Kanzelberedſamkeit aus, und erregte dadurch die Aufmerkſamkeit des Erzbiſchofs* King, *der ihm 1713 eine Präbende, und 1716 eine einträgliche Predigerſtelle zu* Finglaſs *in der Diöces von* Dublin *gab. Die letztere konnte er jedoch nicht antreten; denn er ſtarb bereits 1717 auf ſeiner Reiſe nach* Irland *zu* Cheſter.

Er iſt der Verfaſſer einer Reihe geſchmackvoller Gedichte, die ſein Freund Pope *geſammelt, herausgegeben und dem Grafen von* Oxford *dedicirt hat.* Poems on ſeveral occaſions, written by Thomas Parnell, and publiſh'd by A. Pope, London 1721 *und* 1760. 8. Goldsmith *hat dieſe Ausgabe wiederhohlt, ſie mit einigen Stücken vermehrt, und ihr das Leben des Dichters vorgeſetzt,* London 1770. 8. *In dieſer Geſtalt findet man ſie in dem 44ſten Bande der* Johnson*ſchen Sammlung der Werke Engliſcher*

Dichter abgedruckt. Zu den vorzüglichsten Stücken gehören: Hesiod, or the rise of woman; a fairy tale, in the ancient english style; the night-piece on death; the book-worm; the vigil of Venus; the hermit; the Allegory on men &c. *Dem letztern Gedicht erkennt* Johnson *die Palme zu, der übrigens von unserm Dichter behauptet, daß er immer ergötze aber nie entzücke.* Lives of the english poets, Vol. II.

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtall well:
Remote from men, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt.
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, father, hail! he cry'd,

And „hail, my ſon!" the reverend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's home;
Yet ſtill the kindneſs from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the livery'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length't is morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe to woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtening and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire, when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtop'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighbouring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the miſer's heavy-door they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhowers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes - in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the courſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In every ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glittering as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,

'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.
At length the world renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hells black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeemed to watch a time to ſin,
Approached the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
Deteſted wretch! — But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Though loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke).

Thy prayer, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel! — thy fellow - ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th'Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son,
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd *Elisha* when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
„Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

DYER.

John Dyer, *Sohn eines Anwalds, wurde 1700 zu* Aberglasney Caermarthenshire *gebohren. Er besuchte die Westminsterschule, um sich zu den Geschäften seines Vaters vorzubereiten, überließ sich aber*

aber nach Vollendung seiner Studien ganz seiner Neigung zum Zeichnen und ward ein M a l e r. *Nachdem er einige Zeit unter den Augen des geschickten* RICHARDSON *gearbeitet, durchwanderte er als ein reisender Maler* S ü d w a l l i s *und die umliegenden Gegenden. Seine Kunst beschäftigte ihn indessen nicht ausschließend.* 1727 *erschien sein* Grongar hill, *eines der schönsten beschreibenden Gedichte der Engländer, und zugleich sein glücklichstes Product. Er machte hierauf eine Reise nach* R o m, *nach deren Beendigung er 1740* the ruins of Rome *herausgab, ein Gedicht, das zwar im Ganzen weniger gefällt, als das vorige, aber doch einzelne meisterhafte Stellen hat. Sowohl Abnahme der Gesundheit als Neigung zum Studieren veranlaßten ihn bald nachher sich dem geistlichen Fach zu widmen.*

Er ließ sich ordiniren, und erhielt 1741 ein Vicariat zu Calthorp *in* Leicestershire, *welches er nach 10 Jahren mit* Belchford *in* Lincolnshire *vertauschte. Einträglicher als beide wären die Pfarren von* Coningsby *und* Kirkby, *die er gegen das Ende seines Lebens vereinigte. Er starb 1758. Ein Jahr vor seinem Tode erschien* the fleece, *ein Lehrgedicht von der* B e a r b e i t u n g d e r W o l l e u n d d e m W o l l h a n d e l. *Die Trockenheit des Gegenstandes legte dem Dichter unüberwindliche Hindernisse in den Weg.* The woolcomber, *sagt Dr.* JOHNSON, and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to couple the serpent with the fowl. *Das Gedicht ist indessen nicht ohne Schönheiten. Die Episoden, welche größtentheils sehr glücklich gerathen sind, zeigen, wie viel der Verfasser geleistet haben würde, wenn er seine Kräfte an einem weniger trockenen Gegenstand versucht hätte. S.* E s c h e n b u r g s B e i s p i e l s a m m l u n g *Th. 3. S. 144. Biographische Nachrichten von unserm Dichter sind in folgendem Werke zu suchen:* letters by several eminent persons deceased, including the correspondence of J. Hughes, Esq. and several of his friends, London 1773, 2 Vols. 8. *Ausserdem im 4ten Bande von* JOHNSON's Lives of the english poets. *Seine kleinern, 1752 zu* London *erschienenen Gedichte, mit Einschluß des* fleece, *machen einen Theil des 53sten Bandes der* JOHNSON*schen Dichtersammlung aus.*

Grongar hill.

Silent Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,

Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
Now, while *Phoebus* riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er *Towy's* flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale,
As circles on a ſmooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe:
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens ſtill
And ſinks the newly - riſen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene,
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly towering in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires

Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams *Apollo* ſheds
On the yellow mountain - heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad - ſpread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of *Phyllis*, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in *Towy's* flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an aweful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the poiſonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs and weeds,
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of Fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun - beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers, how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go

A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endlefs fleep!
Thus is Nature's vefture wrought,
To inftruct our wandering thought;
Thus fhe dreffes green and gay,
To difperfe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landfkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy fummit, wild and high,
Roughly rufhing on the fky!
The pleafant feat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the fhady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an *Aethiop's* arm.
See on the mountain's fouthern fide,
Where the profpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How clofe and fmall the hedges lie!
What ftreaks of meadows crofs the eye!
A ftep methinks may pafs the ftream,
So little diftant dangers feem;
So we miftake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glafs;
As yon fummits foft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thofe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the fame coarfe way,
The prefent 's ftill a cloudy day.
O may I with myfelf agree,
And never covet what I fee:
Content me with an humble fhade,
My paffions tam'd, my wifhes laid;
For, while our wifhes wildly roll,
We banifh quiet from the foul:
'Tis thus the bufy beat the air,
And mifers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain - turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr fings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;

While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
Invain you search, she is not there;
Invain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain - heads,
Along with pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each others side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of *Grongar hill.*

GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith, *der oben als einer der geschmackvollsten Prosaisten der Engländer erwähnt worden ist, hat sich als einen nicht minder glücklichen Dichter gezeigt. Die erste Skizze seiner schönen Epistel,* the Traveller, *wurde in der Schweiz entworfen. Vollendet erschien sie zum erstenmahl im Jahr 1765. Sie ist an einen Bruder des Dichters gerichtet, und folgt hier in ihrer ganzen Länge, da sie in Deutschland noch nicht abgedruckt zu seyn scheint.* The deserted village *ist eine pathetische, einem Bewohner des angeblichen, durch Auswanderungen nach Ost - und Westindien verödeten Dorfs,* Auburn, *in den Mund gelegte, Schilderung des den Luxus unzertrennlich begleitenden Elends, verglichen mit der Glückseligkeit einer natürlichen Lebensart. Man hat davon einen correcten zu* Darmstadt *erschienenen Abdruck, der in den Händen eines jeden Freundes der Englischen Poesie ist. Von welchem Geist dieses meisterhafte Gedicht belebt sey, mag eine Stelle beweisen:*

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects brightening to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!

Die ſämmtlichen poetiſchen Producte Goldsmith's *ſind 1791 unter folgendem Titel erſchienen:* the poetical and dramatic works of Oliver Goldsmith. With an account of the life and writings of the author. London, 2 Vols. 8. *Im erſten Bande ſtehen auſſer dem* traveller *und* deſerted village, the hermit, *eine Ballade,* the retaliation *und andere kleinere Stücke. Der zweite begreift die beiden Komödien* the good natured man *und* ſhe ſtoops to conquer, *die für deutſche Leſer wenig Intereſſe haben.*

The Traveller;

or, a proſpect of ſociety.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy *Scheld*, or wandering *Po*;
Or onward, where the rude *Corinthian* boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where *Campania's* plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where chearful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair:
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale;
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wandering ſpent and care:
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where *Alpine* ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flowery vale;
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As ſome lone miſer, viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wandering hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.
But where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,

And his long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare,
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their bleſſings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On *Idra's* cliffs as *Arno's* ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour ſinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every ſtate to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till carried to exceſs in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.
Far to the right where *Appennine* aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, *Italy* extends;
Its uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.
Could nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of *Italy* were ſurely bleſt.

Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweet ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives, that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.
 But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave:
And late the nation found with fruitleſs ſkill
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.
 Yet, ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repreſt by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights ſucceeding faſt behind,

In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where *Caeſars* once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.
My ſoul turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak *Swiſs* their ſtormy manſion tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of may;
No zephyr fondly ſues the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts tho' ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Chearful at morn, he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-ſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And even thoſe ills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.

Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a child, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
For every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt,
Whence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame,
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures chear
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow:
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low,
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cowering on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm they way,
Theſe, far diſpers'd on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.
To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
turn; and *France* diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring *Loire?*
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch falt'ring ſtill,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill.
Yet would the village praiſe my wonderous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burthen of threeſcore.
So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.
But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought,
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf applauſe.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where *Holland* lies.
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;

The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplayed. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.
Heavens! how unlike their *Belgic* ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of *Britain* now!
Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where *Britain* courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn *Arcadian* pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd *Hydaſpis* glide,
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind!
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her *ſtate*,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by;
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd freſh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While even the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.
Thine, freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt indeed, were ſuch without alloy,

But foſter'd even by freedom ills annoy;
That independence *Britons* prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelf-dependent lordlings ſtand alone,
All claims that bind and ſweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
Till over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motions ſtop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worſt. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, ſtript of all her charms
The land of ſcholars, and the nurſe of arms,
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Yet powers of truth, that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabbles rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure:
For juſt experience tells, in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,

When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bear my ſwelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
 Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in it's ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force,
Have we not ſeen, round *Britain's* peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild *Oſwego* ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And *Niagara* ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?
 Even now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown *Indian* marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a long look where *England's* glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.
 Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,

Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure.
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and *Damien's* bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience, all our own.

JERNINGHAM.

„JOHN JERNINGHAM, *ein noch lebender Dichter, deſſen Gedichte erſt neulich in eine vollſtändige Sammlung gebracht ſind. In allen herrſcht ein gewiſſer ernſter, ſchwermüthiger, aber zugleich ſanfter und einnehmender Ton."* *Eſchenburg's Beiſpielſammlung, T. 1. S. 83. Von ſeinen ſeit 1762 einzeln herausgekommenen Gedichten* (Amabella, London 1767, 4. — the fall of Mexico, ib. 1775, 4 &c. *erſchienen zu* London *1776 und 1786 Sammlungen unter dem Titel* poetical works, *die erſte in einem, die letztere und vollſtändigſte in 2 Bänden 8. Zu der hier aufgenommenen Heroïde lieferte das oben S. 250 abgedruckte Stück des* Spectator's *den Stoff. Unter ſeinen übrigen Gedichten zeichnet ſich vorzüglich der affectvolle und mit großer Simplicität geſchriebene* Deſerter *aus.*

Yarico to Inkle.

With falſehood lurkind in thy ſordid breaſt,
And perj'ry's ſeal upon thy heart impreſt,
Dar'ſt thou, oh chriſtian! brave the ſounding waves,
The treach'rous whirlwinds, and untrophied graves?
Regardleſs of my woes ſecurely go!
No curſe-fraught accents from theſe lips ſhall flow:
My fondeſt wiſh ſhall catch thy flying ſail,
Attend thy courſe, and urge the fav'ring gale:
May ev'ry bliſs thy God confers be thine,
And all thy ſhare of woe compris'd in mine!
One humble boon is all I now implore,
Allow theſe feet to print their kindred ſhore:
Give me, oh *Albion's* ſon! again to roam,
For thee deſerted, my delightful home:

To

To view the groves that deck my native ſcene,
The limpid ſtream, that graceful glides between:
Retrieve the fame I ſpurn'd at love's decree,
Aſcend the throne which I forſook for thee:
Approach the bow'r — (why ſtarts th'unbidden tear?)
Where once thy *Yarico* to thee was dear.
The ſcenes the hand of time has thrown behind,
Return impetuous to my buſy mind:
„What hoſtile veſſel quits the roaring tide,
„To harbour here its tempeſt-beaten ſide?
„Behold the beach receives the ſhip-wreck'd crew:
„Oh mark their ſtrange attire and pallid hue!
„Are theſe the chriſtians, reſtleſs ſons of pride,
„By avarice nurtur'd, to deceit allied?
„Who tread with cunning ſtep the maze of art,
„And maſk with placid looks a canker'd heart?
„Yet note, ſuperior to the numerous throng,
„(Even as the citron humbler plants among)
„That youth! — Lo! beauty on his graceful brow
„With nameleſs charms bids every feature glow:
„Ah! leave, fair ſtranger, this unſocial ground,
„Where danger broods, and fury ſtalks around:
„Behold thy foes advance — my ſteps purſue
„To where I'll ſcreen thee from their fatal view:
„He comes, he comes! th' ambroſial feaſt prepare,
„The fig, the palm-juice, nor th'anana ſpare:
„In ſpacious caniſters nor fail to bring
„The ſcented foliage of the bluſhing ſpring:
„Ye graceful handmaids, dreſs the roſeate bow'r,
„And hail with muſic this auſpicious hour —
„Ah no! forbear — be every lyre unſtrung,
„More pleaſing muſic warbles from his tongue;
„Yet, utter not to me the lover's vow,
„All, all is thine that friendſhip can beſtow:
„Our laws, my ſtation, check the guilty flame —
„Why was I born, ye powers, a *Nubian* dame?
„Yet ſee around, at love's enchanting call,
„Stern laws ſubmit, and vain diſtinctions fall:
„And mortals then enjoy life's tranſient day,
„When ſmit with paſſion they indulge the ſway:
„Yes! crown'd with bliſs, we'll roam the conſcious grove,
„And drink long draughts of unexhauſted love:
„Nor joys alone, thy dangers too I'll ſhare,
„With thee the menace of the waves I'll dare.
„Invain — for ſmiles his brow deep frowns involve.

„The ſacred ties of gratitude diſſolve,
„See faith diſtracted rends her comely hair,
„His fading vows while tainted zephyrs bear!"
Oh thou, before whoſe ſeraph-guarded throne
The chriſtians bow, and other gods diſown,
If, wrapt in darkneſs, thou deny'ſt thy ray,
And ſhroud'ſt from *Nubia* thy celeſtial day!
Indulge this fervent pray'r, to thee addreſs'd,
Indulge, tho' uttered from a ſable breaſt:
May gath'ring ſtorms eclipſe the chearful ſkies,
And mad'ning furies from thy hell ariſe:
With glaring torches meet his impious brow,
And drag him howling to the gulf below!
Ah no! — May heaven's bright meſſengers deſcend,
Obey his call, his every wiſh attend!
Still o'er his form their hovering wings diſplay!
If he be bleſt, theſe pangs admit allay:
Me ſtill her mark let angry fortune deem,
So thou may'ſt walk beneath her cloudleſs beam.
Yet oft to my rapt ear didſt thou repeat,
That I ſuffic'd to frame thy bliſs compleat.
Deluded ſex! the dupes of man decreed,
We, ſplendid victims, at his altar bleed.
The grateful accents of thy candy'd tongue,
Where artful flattery too perſuaſive hung,
Like flow'rs adorn'd the path to my diſgrace,
And bade deſtruction wear a ſmiling face.
Yet form'd by nature in her choiceſt mould,
While on thy cheek her bluſhing charms unfold,
Who could oppoſe to thee ſtern virtue's ſhield?
What tender virgin would not wiſh to yield?
But pleaſure on the wings of time was born,
And I expos'd a prey to grinning ſcorn.
Of low-born traders — mark the hand of fate!
Is *Yarico* reduc'd to grace the ſtate,
Whoſe impious parents, an advent'rous band,
Imbru'd with guiltleſs blood my native land:
Ev'n ſnatched my father from his regal ſeat,
And ſtretch'd him, breathleſs, at their hoſtile feet!
Ill-fated prince! the chriſtians ſought thy ſhore,
Unſheath'd the ſword, and mercy was no more
But thou, fair ſtranger, cam'ſt with gentler mind
To ſhun the perils of the wrecking wind.
Amidſt thy foes thy ſafety ſtill I plan'd,
And reach'd for galling chains the myrtle band:

Nor then unconfcious of the fecret fire,
Each heart voluptuous throb'd with warm defire:
Ah pleafing youth, kind object of my care,
Companion, friend, and every name that's dear!
Say, from thy mind can'ft thou fo foon remove
The records graven by the hand of love?
How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry ground,
The loofe-rob'd pleafures danc'd unblam'd around:
Till to the fight the growing burden prov'd,
How thou o'ercam'ft — and how, alas! I lov'd!
Too fatal proof! fince thou with av'rice fraught,
Didft bafely urge (ah! fhun the wounding thought!)
That tender circumftance — reveal it not,
Left, torn with rage, I curfe my fated lot:
Left ftartled reafon abdicate her reign,
And madnefs revel in this heated brain:
That tender circumftance — inhuman part —
I will not weep, tho' ferpents gnaw this heart:
Frail, frail refolve! while gufhing from mine eye
The pearly drops thefe boaftful words bely.
Alas! can forrow in this bofom fleep,
Where ftrikes ingratitude her talons deep?
When he whom ftill I love, to nature dead,
Stabs pleafure as fhe mounts the nuptial bed?
What time his guardian pow'r I moft requir'd,
Againft my fame and happinefs confpir'd!
And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous tale?)
His faithful *Yarico* expos'd to fale!
Yes, bafely urg'd (regardlefs of my pray'rs,
Ev'n while I bath'd his venal hand with tears)
The tend'reft circumftance — I can no more —
My future child — to fwell his impious ftore: —
All, all mankind for this will rife thy foe,
But I, alas! alone endure the woe:
Endure what healing balms can ne'er controul,
The heart-lodged ftings and agony of foul.
Was it for this I left my native plain,
And dar'd the tempeft brooding on the main?
For this unlock'd (feduc'd by chriftian art)
The chafte affections of my virgin heart?
Within this bofom fan'd the conftant flame,
And fondly languifh'd for a mother's name?
Lo! every hope is poifon'd in its bloom,
And horrors watch around this guilty womb.

With blood illuſtrious circling thro' theſe veins,
Which ne'er was chequer'd with plebejan ſtains,
Thro' anceſtry's long line ennobled ſprings,
From fame-crown'd warriors and exalted kings,
Muſt I the ſhafts of infamy ſuſtain?
To ſlavery's purpoſes my infant train?
To catch the glances of his haughty lord?
Attend obedient at the feſtive board?
From hands unſcepter'd take the ſcornful blow?
Uproot the thoughts of glory as they grow?
Let this pervade at length thy heart of ſteal;
Yet, yet return, nor bluſh, o man! to feel:
Ah! guide thy ſteps from yon expecting fleet,
Thine injur'd *Yarico* relenting meet:
Bid her recline, woe-ſtricken, on thy breaſt,
And huſh her raging ſorrows into reſt!
If pity can't allure thy ſteps from vice,
Then from impending perils aſk advice: —
'Twas night — my ſolitary couch I preſs'd,
Till ſorrow-worn I wearied into reſt;
Methought — nor was it childiſh fancy's flight:
My country's genius ſtood confeſs'd to ſight:
„Let *Europe's* ſons (he ſaid) enrich their ſhore,
„With ſtones of luſtre, and barbaric ore:
„Adorn their country with their ſplendid ſtealth,
„Unnative foppery, and gorgeous wealth;
„Embelliſh ſtill her form with foreign ſpoils,
„Till like a gaudy proſtitute ſhe ſmiles:
„The day, th' avenging day at length ſhall riſe,
„And tears ſhall trickle from that harlot's eyes:
„Her own gods ſhall prepare the fatal doom
„Lodg'd in time's pregnant and deſtructive womb:
„The miſchief-bearing womb theſe hands ſhall rend,
„And ſtraight ſhall iſſue forth confuſion's fiend:
„Then ſhall my children urge the deſtin'd way,
„Invade the chriſtian coaſt, and dare the day:
„Sue, as they ruſh upon them as a flood,
„Diſhonour for diſhonour, blood for blood."
Say, *Albion* youth, flow all my words in vain
Like ſeeds that ſtrew the rude ungrateful plain?
Say, ſhall I ne'er regain thy wonted grace?
Ne'er ſtretch theſe arms to catch the wiſh'd embrace?
Enough — with new awak'd reſentment fraught
Aſſiſt me, heaven! to tear him from my thought!
No longer vainly ſuppliant will I bow,

And give to love, what I to hatred owe;
Forgetful of the race from whence I came,
With woe acquainted, but unknown to ſhame.
Hence, vile dejection, with thy plaintive pray'r,
Thy bended knee, and ſtill deſcending tear!
Rejoin, rejoin the pale - complexioned train —
The conflict's paſt — and I'm myſelf again.
Thou parent ſun! if e'er with pious lay
I uſher'd in thy world - reviving ray!
Or as thy fainter beams illum'd the weſt,
With grateful voice I hymn'd thee to thy reſt!
Beheld, with wond'ring eye thy radiant ſeat,
Or ſought thy ſacred dome with unclad feet!
If near to thy bright altars as I drew,
My votive lamb, thy holy flamen, ſlew!
Forgive! that I, irrev'rent of thy name,
Dar'd for thy foe indulge th' unhallow'd flame:
Ev'n on a chriſtian laviſh'd my eſteem,
And ſcorn'd the ſable children of thy beam.
This poniard, by my daring hand impreſt,
Shall drink the ruddy drops that warm my breaſt!
Nor I alone, by this immortal deed
From ſlav'ry's laws my infant ſhall be freed.
And thou, whoſe ear is deaf to pity's call,
Behold at length thy deſtin'd victim fall,
Behold thy once-lov'd *Nubian* ſtain'd with gore,
Unwept, extended on the crimſon floor:
Theſe temples clouded with the ſhades of death,
Theſe lips unconſcious of the ling'ring breath:
Theſe eyes uprais'd (ere clos'd by fate's decree)
To catch expiring one faint glimpſe of thee!
Ah! then thy *Yarico* forbear to dread,
My fault'ring voice no longer will upbraid,
Demand due vengeance of the pow'rs above,
Or, more offenſive ſtill, implore thy love.

COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley, *1618 zu* London *gebohren*, *fand als Kind ſo viel Vergnügen an* Spenser's fairy queen, *daß er ſich dadurch früh*, *und*, *wie er ſich ausdrückt*, *unwiederruflich*, *zum* ***Dichter*** *beſtimmen*, *ließ*. *Er beſuchte die* ***Weſtminſterſchule***, *und*

zeichnete sich bald durch Talente, Fleiß und Wißbegierde vor allen seinen Mitschülern aus. Mit gleichem Nutzen studierte er seit 1636 zu Cambridge, *wo er den größten Theil seines epischen Gedichts* Davideis *geschrieben haben soll. Kaum hatte er im Jahr 1643 den Grad eines Magisters der freien Künste angenommen, als er durch* Cromwell *von* Cambridge *vertrieben ward. Er nahm nun seine Zuflucht zum* St. John's *Collegium in* Oxford, *und machte daselbst seine Satyre* the puritan and the papist *bekannt. Sein Eifer für die Sache des unglücklichen* Carl's I., *seine Kenntnisse und sein Witz, zogen bald die Aufmerksamkeit mehrerer Häupter der royalistischen Parthei, besonders des* Lord Falkland *auf sich, der ihn der Königinn als einen zu Geschäften brauchbaren Jüngling so dringend empfahl, daß sie ihn, als sie sich genöthigt sah, England zu verlassen, mit sich nach* Paris *nahm, und zu ihrer geheimen Correspondenz gebrauchte. In dieser ehrenvollen Verbindung blieb er 12 Jahr, nach deren Verlauf er nach England zurück geschickt wurde, um unter dem Schein des Privatlebens Gelegenheit zu finden, sich von dem Zustande seines Vaterlandes zu unterrichten. Sich seiner Treue, geleisteten Dienste und Fähigkeiten bewußt, machte er sich bei der* Restauration *Hoffnung zu einer ansehnlichen Beförderung, sah sich aber getäuscht, ungeachtet er, um nicht vergessen zu werden, die* Ode upon his majesty's restoration and return *schrieb. Gekränkt begab er sich nach* Chertsey *in* Surrey, *ein Aufenthalt, der ihm wenig Bequemlichkeiten gewährte, bis er durch die Vermittelung des Grafen von* Alban *und des Herzogs von* Buckingham, *seiner Gönner, den Niesbrauch einiger Ländereien erhielt. Er genoß jedoch der Einsamkeit nicht lange; denn er starb bereits 1667. In der Westminsterabtei neben* Chaucer *und* Spenser *begraben, erhielt er auf seinem Denkmahl die ehrenvollen Beinamen* Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus & Maro.

Seine eben so vortrefflichen als zahlreichen Gedichte nehmen die beiden ersten Bände der Johnson*schen Sammlung ein, und sind ausserdem sehr häufig abgedruckt worden. Eine der neusten und vollständigsten Ausgaben erschien zu* London 1780. 3 Vols. 8. *Unter den ältern verdient besonders die vom Jahre 1707 bemerkt zu werden, weil sie eine vom Dr.* Thomas Sprat *abgefaßte Biographie unsers Dichters enthält. Im dem ersten Bande der schon oft erwähnten* lives of the english poets *findet sich eine gründliche und strenge Critik der* Cowley*schen Gedichte, woraus der beschränkte Raum nur folgendes auszuzeichnen erlaubt. Die* Miscellanies *enthalten eine Reihe kleiner poetischer Aufsätze, in denen eine große Abwechselung des Stils und der Empfindung herrscht, und die sich von tändelnder Leichtigkeit bis zur Schauder erweckenden Größe erheben. Seine* ode on wit *hat fast nicht ihres*

Gleichen. In dem Gedicht auf den Lord Falkland *sind einige hervorstechende Gedanken, die aber nicht gut ausgeführt sind. Seine Elegie auf* Henry Wotton *ist stark und glücklich.* The chronicle *ist einzig in seiner Art. Solch eine Lebhaftigkeit der Phantasie, solch eine Leichtigkeit im Ausdruck, solch eine mannigfaltige Aehnlichkeit, solch eine Folge von Bildern, solch einen Tanz der Wörter, sucht man vergebens, ausser bei* Cowley. Johnson *nennet dies Gedicht* a composition unrivalled and alone. *Von seinen* pindaric odes, *die lange des höchsten poetischen Rufs genossen haben, und zum Theil noch genießen, von der Reihe kleiner Gedichte, die* the mistress *überschrieben sind, von seinen* Anacreontics or copies of verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon *und von seinem Heldengedicht* Davideis, *welches* Johnson *einen mislungenen Versuch nennt, erlauben die diesen Nachrichten gesetzten engen Gränzen nicht etwas Näheres zu sagen.*

The Chronicle.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous *Catharine.*
Beauteous *Catharine* gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To *Elisa's* conquering face.

Elisa till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle *Anne*,
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes *Mary* was the fair,
And sometimes *Ann* the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another *Mary* then arofe,
And did rigorous laws impofe;
A mighty tyrant fhe!
Long, alas! fhould I have been
Under that iron-fcepter'd queen,
Had not *Rebecca* fet me free.

When fair *Rebecca* fet me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me;
But foon thofe pleafures fled;
For the gracious princefs died,
In her youth and beauties pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her ftead.

One month, three days, and half an hour
Judith held the fovereign power;
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But fo weak and fmall her wit,
That fhe to govern was unfit,
And fo *Sufanna* took her place.

But when *Ifabella* came,
Arm'd with a refiftlefs flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilft fhe proudly march'd about,
Greater conquefts to find out,
She beat out *Sufan* by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd *Befs*, her viceroy-maid,
To whom enfu'd a vacancy:
Thoufand worfe paffions then poffefs'd
The interregnum of my breaft;
Blefs me for fuch an anarchy!

Gentle *Henrietta* then
And a new *Mary* next began;
Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*,
And then a pretty *Thomafine*,
And then an other *Catharine*,
And then a long *et caetera.*

But fhould I now to you relate
The ftrength and riches of their ftate,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I ſhould tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embaſſies and ſpies,
The frowns, and ſmiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears and perjuries,
(Numberleſs, nameleſs myſteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By *Machiavel* the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous ſhould grow
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than *Holingſhed* or *Stow*.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me,
An higher and a nobler ſtrain
My preſent Empereſs does claim,
Heleonora, firſt o'th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

ROCHESTER.

John Wilmot, *Graf von* Rochester, *1647 zu* Ditchley *in* Oxfordſhire *gebohren, wurde 1654 in das* Wadham College *geſchickt, und 1661 durch den* Lord Clarendon *in eigener Perſon zum Magiſter der Künſte erhoben. Nachdem er hierauf eine Reiſe durch Frankreich und Italien gemacht hatte, ging er an den Hof, und überließ ſich hier ſeinem Hange zu Ausſchweifungen in einem ſolchen Grade, daß er dem Dr.* Burnet, *der ihm nachmahls beſſere Geſinnungen, beſonders in Anſehung der chriſtlichen Religion, einzuflößen ſuchte, geſtand, er ſey 5 Jahr faſt ununterbrochen trunken, und während der wenigen Augenblicke von Beſinnung von dem überſtandenen Rauſche ſo erhitzt geweſen, daß er nie über ſich ſelbſt habe Herr werden können. In den lucidis intervallis beſchäftigte er ſich mit den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften, und ſchrieb Schmähſchriften.* Boileau *und* Cowley *waren ſeine Lieblingsdichter. Dieſe wenigen Zwiſchenräume abgerechnet, lebte er in ſinnloſer Zerſtreuung und viehiſcher Luſt, bis es* Burnet *gelang, ihn auf beſſere Wege zu leiten, ein Verdienſt, das ſich der Doctor übrigens nicht hoch anrechnen konnte, da er es mit einem ſchon entnervten Wolluſtling zu thun hatte. S. ſeine intereſſante Schrift:* ſome paſſages of the life and death

of JOHN EARL of ROCHESTER. *Eine Entkräftung machte 1680 dem Leben des unglücklichen Mannes ein Ende. Man hat von ihm eine Sammlung vermischter Gedichte, die in seinem Todesjahr erschien und hernach öfters aufgelegt worden ist. Die vierte Ausgabe führt folgenden Titel:* the works of JOHN WILMOT, EARL of ROCHESTER, containing poems on several occasions, his Lordship's letters, with Valentinian, a Tragedy, London 1732. 8. *Zu den vorzüglichsten, und zugleich ächten Stücken (denn mehrere scheinen nicht von* ROCHESTER's *Hand zu seyn) zählt* JOHNSON: the imitation of Horace's Satire, the verses to Lord Mulgrave, the satire against man *und* the verses upon nothing. *Der größte Theil der Gedichte ist kurz. In den leicht geschriebenen* songs *herrscht wenig Empfindung. Die schmutzigen sind in der* JOHNSON*schen Dichtersammlung, worin* ROCHESTER *einen Theil des 10ten Bandes einnimmt, weggelassen worden. Der Gedanke über* N*ichts zu singen, ist nicht neu.* JOHNSON *führt* (Lives *Th.* I.) *ein lateinisches Gedicht eines* JEAN PASSERAT *aus dem 16ten Jahrhundert an, das über eben den Gegenstand geschrieben ist. Die Satyre* against man *gehört zum Theil* BOILEAU, *ist aber mit weit mehr Stärke und Kühnheit geschrieben, als die französische. Daß der Dichter mitunter zu weit geht, und den Menschen zu tief erniedrigt, bedarf keiner Bemerkung. Ueberall zeigt sich in* ROCHESTER's *Werken ein Genie, welches durch Studium zur Vollkommenheit gebracht seyn würde.*

Satire against man.

Were I, who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures man,
A spirit free, to chuse, for my own share,
What sort of flesh and blood I'd please to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
His senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain instinct, will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaving light of nature (sense) behind,
Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Thro' error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimsies heap'd in his own brain;
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls head-long down
Into doubt's boundless sea; where like to drown,

Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with bladders of philoſophy;
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake the ſkipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled ſight,
Till, ſpent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him underſtand,
After a ſearch ſo painful and ſo long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reaſoning engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch.
His wiſdom did his happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know what world he ſhould enjoy:
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own expence;
For wits are treated juſt like common whores,
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors.
The pleaſure paſt, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with ſucceeding pains.
Women and men of wit are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleaſure allures; and when the fops eſcape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
 But now, methinks, ſome formal band and beard
Takes me to taſk: come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
 Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ
Againſt this gibing, gingling knack, call'd wit,
Likes me abundantly; but take you care,
Upon this point, not to be too ſevere.
Perhaps my muſe were fitter for this part;
For I profeſs I can be very ſmart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to laſh it in ſome ſharp eſſay;
But your grand indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind,
To make you rail at reaſon and mankind?
Bleſt, glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlaſting ſoul has freely given;
Whom his great maker took ſuch care to make,
That from himſelf he did the image take,
And this fair frame in ſhining reaſon dreſt,

To dignify his nature above beaſt,
Reaſon, by whoſe aſpiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material ſenſe;
Dive into myſteries; then, ſoaring, pierce
The flaming limits of the univerſe;
Search heav'n and hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
Hold, mighty man, I cry, all this we know
From the pathetic pen of *Ingelo*,
From *Patrick's* pilgrim, *Stillingfleet's* replies;
And 'tis this very reaſon I deſpiſe
This ſupernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the infinite;
Comparing his ſhort life, void of all reſt,
To the eternal, and the ever-bleſt.
This buſy puzzling ſtirrer up to doubt,
That frames deep myſteries, then finds 'em out;
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
Thoſe reverend bedlams, colleges, and ſchools;
Borne on whoſe wings, each heavy ſot can pierce
The limits of the boundleſs univerſe;
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcaſs through the ſky.
'Tis this exalted power, whoſe buſineſs lies
In nonſenſe and impoſſibilities,
This made a whimſical philoſopher,
Before the ſpacious world his tub prefer;
And we have modern cloiſter'd coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.
But thoughts are giv'n for action's government;
Where action ceaſes, thought 's impertinent.
Our ſphere of action is life's happineſs;
And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an aſs.
Thus whilſt againſt falſe reaſoning I inveigh,
I own right reaſon, which I would obey;
That reaſon which diſtinguiſhes by ſenſe,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds deſires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill.
Your reaſon hinders, mine helps to enjoy;
Yours would renewing appetites deſtroy:
My reaſon is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Hunger calls out, my reaſon bids me eat;
Perverſely yours, your appetite does mock,
This aſks for food, that anſwers, what's a clock?

This plain diſtinction, Sir, your doubt ſecures;
'Tis not true reaſon I deſpiſe, but yours.
Thus I think reaſon righted; but for man,
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can;
For all his pride, and his philoſophy,
'Tis evident, beaſts are, in their degree,
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he.
Thoſe creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore *Jowler* finds and kills his hare,
Better than *Meers* ſupplies committee-chair;
Though one's ſtateſman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler, in juſtice, will be wiſer found.
You ſee how far man's wiſdom here extends;
Look next, if human nature makes amends,
Whoſe principles moſt generous are and juſt,
And to whoſe morals you would ſooner truſt.
Be judge yourſelf, I'll bring it to the teſt,
Which is the baſeſt creature, man or beaſt.
Birds feed on birds, beaſts on each other prey;
But ſavage man alone does man betray.
Preſs'd by neceſſity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himſelf no good.
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to ſupply their want:
But man with ſmiles, embraces, friendſhips, praiſe,
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains works his diſtreſs,
Not through neceſſity, but wantonneſs.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
Whilſt wretched man is ſtill in arms for fear;
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid;
From fear to fear ſucceſſively betray'd.
Baſe fear, the ſource whence his beſt paſſions came,
His boaſted honour, and his dear-bought fame;
That luſt of pow'r, to which he's ſuch a ſlave,
And for the which alone he durſt be brave:
To which his various projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrews his actions in a forc'd diſguiſe,
Leading a tedious life in miſery,
Under laborious mean hypocriſy.
Look to the bottom of this vaſt deſign,
Wherein man's wiſdom, pow'r, and glory join;

The goods he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himſelf ſecure,
Merely for ſafety after fame they thirſt;
For all men would be cowards, if they durſt;
And honeſty's againſt all common ſenſe;
Men muſt be knaves; 'tis in their own defenſe.
Mankind's diſhoneſt; if you think it fair
Amongſt known cheats to play upon the ſquare,
You'll be undone. —
Nor can weak truth your reputation ſave,
The knaves will all agree to call you knave:
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o'er, oppreſt,
Who durſt be leſs a villain than the reſt,
Thus here you ſee what human nature craves;
Moſt men are cowards, all men ſhould be knaves,
The diff'rence lies (as far as I can ſee)
Not in the thing itſelf, but the degree;
And all the ſubject-matter of debate,
Is only, who's a knave of the firſt rate.
All this with indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, ſwoln with ſelfiſh vanity, deviſe
Falſe freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
Over their fellow-ſlaves to tyrannize.
But if in court ſo juſt a man there be,
(In court a juſt man! yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppreſs and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way ſoever laid,
Is ſtill a tax on that unhappy trade;
If ſo upright a ſtateſman you can find,
Whoſe paſſions bend to his unbiaſs'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raiſe his country, not his family.
Is there a churchman, who on God relies,
Whoſe life his faith and doctrine juſtifies?
Not one, blown up with vain prelatic pride,
Who, for reproof of ſins, does man deride;
Whoſe envious heart with ſaucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of ſenſe;
Who from his pulpit vents more peeviſh lies;
More bitter railings, ſcandals, calumnies,
Than at a goſſiping are thrown about,
When the good wives get drunk, and then fall out.

None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie
In avarice, pride, sloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt good livings, but abhor good lives;
Whose lust exalted, to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And ere a score of years compleated be,
Can from the lofty pulpit proudly see
Half a large parish their own progeny,
Nor doating bishop, who would be ador'd
For domineering at the council-board;
A greater fop in business at fourscore,
Fonder of serious toys, affected more
Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry cloaths, and gloves.
But a meek humble man, of honest sense,
Who, preaching peace, does practise continence;
Whose pious life's a proof he does believe
Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them,
Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,
And with the thinking world their laws obey:
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from man, that man from beast.

GRAY.

Thomas Gray, *1716 zu* Cornhill *gebohren, und zu* Eton *erzogen, ging 1734, um die Rechte zu studieren, nach* Cambridge, *und nachdem er sich daselbst 5 Jahr aufgehalten, mit* Horace Walpole *nach Frankreich und Italien, von wo er einen Theil der schönen Briefe geschrieben hat, deren oben S. 3. gedacht worden ist. In* Florenz *zerfiel er mit seinem Gefährten, worauf er seine Reise allein fortsetzte. 1741 kam er nach England zurück, und hielt sich von nun an ununterbrochen als Privatmann zu* Cambridge *auf. Seit 1742 beschäftigte er sich ernstlich mit der Poesie; in diesem Jahre erschien nehmlich die Ode* to the spring, the prospect of Eton, *und die* ode to adversity; *auch fing er um diese Zeit ein lateinisches Gedicht* de principiis cogitandi *an. 1747 schrieb er eine Ode* on the death of Mr. Walpole's favourite cat *und 1750 das berühmte Gedicht* elegy written in a country church-yard. *1757 folgten* the progress of poetry

und the bard, *zwei Oden, die trotz allem, was* JOHNSON *daran zu tadeln weiß, zu den ſchönſten in dieſer Gattung gehören. 1768 ward ihm die Stelle eines Profeſſors der neuern Geſchichte zu* Cambridge *angetragen. Er nahm ſie an, ſtarb aber nicht lange darauf (1771) ohne ein Collegium geleſen zu haben. Er war ein Mann von eben ſo viel Geſchmack als Gelehrſamkeit, wie ſeine Gedichte und Briefe beweiſen, die ſein Freund und Biograph* WILLIAM MASON *unter dem S. 3. angeführten Titel herausgegeben hat. Die Gedichte, deren Anzahl klein iſt, ſind von* JOHNSON (Lives &c. Vol. IV.) *zu kalt, und mitunter unbillig beurtheilt worden. Nur dem Kirchhof läßt dieſer Critiker völlige Gerechtigkeit widerfahren.* Had GRAY written often thus, *heißt es S. 476.* it had been vain to blame, and uſeleſs to praiſe him.

Man hat eine prachtvolle Ausgabe der GRAY*ſchen Gedichte, welche 1768 zu* Glasgow *in 4. erſchienen iſt. Sie nehmen übrigens einen Theil des 56ſten Bandes der* JOHNSON*ſchen Sammlung ein.*

Elegy written in a country church-yard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,
The peeling anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flattery ſoothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air,

Some village - *Hampden*, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may reſt,
Some *Cromwell* guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applaufe of liftening fenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to defpife,
To fcatter plenty o'er a fmiling land,
And read their hiftory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumfcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through flaughter to a throne,
And fhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ftruggling pangs of confcious truth to hide,
To quench the blufhes of ingenous fhame,
Or heap the fhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenfe kindled at the Mufe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ftrife,
Their fober wifhes never learn'd to ftray;
Along the cool fequefter'd vale of life
They kept the noifelefs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n thefe bones from infult to protect
Some frail memorial ftill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and fhapelefs fculpture deck'd;
Implores the paffing tribute of a figh.

Their name, their years, fpelt by th' unletter'd Mufe,
The place of fame and elegy fupply:
And many a holy text around fhe ftrews,
That teach the ruftic moralift to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulnefs a prey,
This pleafing anxious being e'er refign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caft one longing lingering look behind?

On fome fond breaft the parting foul relies,
Some pious drops the clofing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our afhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doft in thefe lines their artlefs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit fhall inquire thy fate,

Haply fome hoary-headed fwain may fay,
„Oft have we feen him at the peep of dawn
„Brufhing with hafty ftep the dews away
„To meet the fun upon the upland lawn.

„There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
„That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
„His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
„And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

„Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
„Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
„Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
„Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

„One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
„Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
„Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
„Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

„The next with dirges due in sad array
„Slow through the church - way path we saw him born.
„Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
„Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere.
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

COLLINS.

William Collins *wurde* 1720 *zu* Chichester *gebohren und* 1733 *in das* Winchester College *aufgenommen. Er machte sich zuerst durch einige in das* Gentleman's magazine *eingerückte Verse* to a Lading weeping *bekannt. Nachdem er den Grad eines* Bachelor *erhalten, reisete er als ein literarischer* Avanturier *nach* London (1744) *mit mehr Projecten im Kopf, als Geld in der Tasche. Er*

machte Plane zu verschiedenen Büchern, die ihn aber seine durch Armuth und Furcht vor Gläubigern veranlaßte Unruhe und Unentschlüssigkeit nicht ausführen ließen. Oden und andere kleine Gedichte waren alles, was sein fruchtbares Genie lieferte. Endlich erbte er 2000l. *und nun ward er krank. „Wir sind nicht zur Glückseligkeit gebohren, sagt sein Freund Dr.* Johnson (Lives IV. *S. 313.*) *So lange* Collins *studierte um zu leben, fühlte er weiter kein Uebel, als Armuth, aber kaum lebte er, um zu studieren, so ward er von den lästigern Unfällen körperlicher Leiden heimgesucht." Er machte hierauf eine Reise nach* F r a n k r e i c h, *sah sich aber durch seine Krankheit genöthigt, zurückzukehren, worauf er bald nachher an seinem Geburtsort starb (1756). Unter seinen Gedichten, die von seinem Biographen* Langhorne *in folgendem Werke gesammelt sind:* Poetical works of W. C. with memoirs of his life and writings, London 1765, 8. *und einen Theil des 49sten Bandes der* Johnson*schen* Collection *ausmachen, zeichnen sich vorzüglich 4 sogenannte* o r i e n t a l i s c h e E c l o g e n *aus, worunter die zweite,* Hassan *überschrieben, die schönste ist. Unter seinen übrigen Gedichten ist die Ode* the passions, *für die Komposition bestimmt, am lesenswürdigsten.*

Hassan: or the camel-driver.

Scene, the desert; time, mid-day.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver *Hassan* with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
„Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
„When first from *Schiraz'* walls I bent my way!"
 Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, *Hassan*, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
Invain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from *Schiraz'* walls I bent my way!"
Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from *Schiraz'* walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears! — all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet! —
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from *Schiraz'* walls I bent my way!
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,

From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
„Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
„When firſt from *Schiraz'* walls I bent my way!"
O, hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender *Zara* will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe drops her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
„Farewell the youth, whom ſighs could not detain,
„Whom *Zara's* breaking heart implor'd invain!
„Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
„Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
„Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
„No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and *Zara's* tears!
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to *Schiraz'* walls he bent his way.

JOHNSON.

Johnson *iſt eben kein groſser, aber ein correcter Dichter. Man hat von ihm mehrere zu ihrer Zeit ſehr geleſene Satyren, wovon bereits oben* the vanity of human wiſhes *und* London *angeführt ſind. Die letztere verdiente ganz vorzüglich mitgetheilt zu werden, wenn es der Raum erlaubte. Unter ſeinen kleinern und leichtern Stücken iſt die* evening - ode *eins der ſchönſten. Seine ſämmtlichen Gedichte ſind unter folgendem Titel beſonders abgedruckt worden:* the poetical works of Samuel Johnson containing London a ſatire, and the vanity of human wiſhes both imitated from Juvenal, Irene a tragedy &c. London 1787. 8.

An Evening - Ode to Stella.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts, ſhe brings,
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed,
Shake the reed, and curl the ſtream,
Silver'd o'er with *Cynthia's* beam,

Near the checquer'd lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy ſecrets, love!
Stella, thither let us ſtray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way
Phoebus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely *Stella*, far:
In his ſtead the queen of night
Round up pours a lambent light,
Light, that ſerves but juſt, to ſhew
Breaſts, that beat, and cheeks, that glow.
Let us now in whiſper'd joy
Evening's ſilent hours employ;
Silence, beſt and conſcious ſhades
Pleaſe the hearts, that love invades.
Other pleaſures give them pain;
Lovers all but love disdain.

DRYDEN.

John Dryden, Eſq. *wurde 1631 zu* Aldwinkle *bei* Oundle *in* Northamptonſhire *gebohren. Er beſuchte die Weſtminſter-ſchule und* Cambridge, *wo er 1653 den Grad eines* Bachelor *annahm. Sein erſter Verſuch*, heroic ſtanzas *zum Lobe* Cromwell's, *erſchien 1658 nach des* Protector's *Tode. Die* Reſtauration *hatte auf ihn eben den Einfluß, den ſie auf die Herzen der mehrſten Britten äuſſerte; denn er ſchrieb bald darauf:* Aſtraea redux, a poem on the happy reſtoration and return of his ſacred majeſty King Charles II. *1663 fing er an, für die Bühne zu arbeiten. Sein erſtes Stück*, the wild gallant, *eine Komödie, wurde kalt aufgenommen. Dies hielt ihn indeſſen nicht ab, noch 27 andere, theils Trauerſpiele, theils Luſtſpiele, theils ſogenannte Tragicomödien, theils Opern zu liefern. Die wichtigſten darunter ſind folgende:* the rival ladies (1664) *und* Sir Martin Marr-all, (1668) *Luſtſpiele*; the ſecret love, or the maiden queen, *eine Tragicomödie;* the tempeſt *nach* Shakespeare (1670); tyrannic love, or the virgin martyr, *ein Trauerſpiel in Verſen* (1672); marriage à la mode, *ein Luſtſpiel* (1673); Aurung Zebe (1676) *und* Troilus and Creſſida *nach* Shakespeare, (1679) *Trauerſpiele*; the ſpaniſh fryar, *eine Tragicomödie* (1681); the duke of Guiſe, *ein Trauerſpiel* (1683); Albion and Albanus, (1685) *und* Amphitryon, *Opern;* Don Sebaſtian (1690) *und* Cleomenes, (1692) *Trauerſpiele; und ſein letztes Stück* the love triumphant, *eine*

Tragicomödie (1694). *Man hält seine* ***dramatischen Producte*** *für die schlechtesten seiner Werke, weil sie zu sehr in dem ungeläuterten Geschmack des damahligen Publicum's geschrieben sind. Sein Theater erschien zu* London *1701 in 2 Bänden in* folio, *und nachher öfters. Man sollte glauben, 28 Schauspiele würden ihn während eben so vieler Jahre hinreichend beschäftigt haben. Allein er arbeitete mit der Leichtigkeit eines* Lopez de Vega, *und fand Muße genug, sein fruchtbares Genie anderweitig zu üben. 1667 wurde sein* annus mirabilis *gedruckt, ein historisches Gedicht, das nach Dr.* Johnson's *Urtheil zu seinen gefeiltesten Werken gehört. Um diese Zeit schrieb er die Biographieen des* Polybius, Lucian *und* Plutarch, *die den englischen Uebersetzungen dieser Schriftsteller vorgedruckt sind. 1668 erhielt er den Posten eines* poet-laureat *oder* ***Hofdichters****, der ihn, wenn er sich darin zu erhalten gewußt hätte, vor dem Mangel geschützt haben würde, mit dem er in den letztern Jahren seines Lebens kämpfen mußte. Um diese Zeit erschien sein eleganter und lehrreicher Dialog,* essay of dramatic poesy, *der erste Versuch einer feinern Critik, der von einem Engländer gemacht wurde. Er erwarb sich dadurch ein so großes Ansehen, daß ihn die damahligen dramatischen Dichter, z. B.* Lee, *für den* Arbiter *der Bühne erkannten, und sich von ihm die Prologen oder Epilogen ihrer Stücke schreiben ließen. 1681 machte er seine merkwürdige Satyre* Absalom *und* Achitophel *bekannt. Sie ist gegen die Parthey des Herzogs von* Monmouth *gerichtet, und persiflirt viele der angesehensten Personen damahliger Zeit unter fingirten Namen. Nach* Jacobs II. *Thronbesteigung trat er, weniger aus Ueberzeugung als aus Politik, zur* ***katholischen Kirche*** *über, wofür ihn der König zu seinem* ***Historiographen*** *ernannte. Aus Eifer für seine neue Religion machte er jetzt seine berufene Fabel* the hind and the panther *bekannt, worin er die römische Kirche unter dem Bilde einer milchweißen Hirschkuh ihre Gerechtsame gegen die protestantische, welche als ein Panther vorgestellt wird, vertheidigen läßt. Ein seltsamer Gedanke, der der Gegenparthei Stoff zur Satyre geben mußte. Und wirklich erschien bald eine bittere Parodie unter dem Titel* the country mouse and the city mouse, *wozu sich* Prior *und* Montagu *nachmahliger Graf von* Halifax, *bekannten. Die von* Jacob II. *herbeigeführten goldenen Zeiten der katholischen Kirche gingen bald vorüber. Unser Dichter büßte den Lorbeer ein, worauf er zur Schriftstellerei als zu einem Erwerbsmittel seine Zuflucht nehmen mußte. Er arbeitete von nun an rüstiger als sonst, und zuweilen etwas Fabrikenmäßig, wie ein von* Johnson *angeführter Contract beweiset, in welchem er sich anheischig macht, dem Buchhändler* Tonson *10000 Verse für* 250 Guineen *zu liefern. Indessen tragen doch alle seine spätern Pro-*

ducte das Gepräge seines großen Geistes an sich. 1693 *erschien sein* Juvenal *und* Persius. *Den letztern übersetzte er ganz, von dem erstern aber nur die* 1. 3. 6. 10 *und* 16*te Satyre.* 1697 *gab er seinen* Virgil *heraus, der zu den meisterhaftesten Uebersetzungen classischer Schriftsteller gehört, die irgend eine neuere Nation aufweisen kann. Sein letztes Werk waren seine aus* Homer, Ovid, Boccacci *und* Chaucer *entlehnten und theils übersezten, theils modernisirten* fables ancient and modern, translated into verse, with original poems. *Oefters gedruckt; unter andern,* London 1774. 8. *In dieser Sammlung steht seine so gepriesene Ode* Alexander's feast, or the power of music, in honour of St. Cecilia's day, *die von* HÆNDEL 1725 *vortreflich componirt ist, und* POPE's *und* CONGREVE's *ähnliche Arbeiten weit hinter sich läßt. Er starb im Jahr* 1701, *und wurde in der Westminsterabtei zwischen* CHAUCER *und* COWLEY *beigesetzt. Auf seinem Monument steht nichts als der Name* DRYDEN. *Was den Character dieses großen Mannes betrifft, so verdient darüber ganz vorzüglich sein Freund* CONGREVE, *in einer* Dedication, *die der oben angeführten Ausgabe der* dramatic works *vorgesetzt ist, und* JOHNSON *im zweiten Bande seiner* lives of the english poets *nachgelesen zu werden. Ausserdem* BIRCH *in den* heads of the illustrious persons of great Britain. *Unter den zahlreichen Ausgaben seiner Gedichte zeichnet sich besonders die vom Jahr* 1760 *durch ihre Correctheit und Eleganz aus.* DRYDEN's miscellaneous works, London 4 Vols. 8. *Uebrigens sind* 7 *Bände der* JOHNSON*schen Sammlung* (13—19) *unserm Dichter geweiht. Die hier abgedruckte Ode auf den Tod der* Mrs. KILLEGREW *gehört nach* JOHNSON's *Urtheil zu den Meisterstücken der Englischen Poesie.*

To the pious memory of the accomplished young lady Mrs. ANNE KILLEGREW, *excellent in the two sister-arts of Poesy and Painting.*

An Ode.

I.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majestic pace,
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,

Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood;
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,

'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leiſure to renew:
For all' thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t' excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, heaven, atone for all:
Her *Arethuſian* ſtream remains unſoil'd
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want ſupply:
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and every light, her Muſe will bear,
Though *Epictetus* with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love ſometimes her Muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt;
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine
One would have thought, ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government;

But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A chamber of dependencies was fram'd.
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the dumb ſiſter ſway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph whereſoe'er ſhe went.
Her pencil drew, whate'r her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind.
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy ſatyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the power of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with reverence ſtrook:
For, not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high - deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear.

Our phoenix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heavenly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on every ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, heaven only knows:
To ſuch immoderate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much - lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus *Orinda* dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new - kindled ſtar,

If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid - air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When in the valley of *Jehoſhaphat*,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt aſſizes keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with in - born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.
There thou, ſweet Saint, before the quire ſhall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

THOMSON.

James Thomson, *1700 zu* Ednam *in der Grafſchaft* Roxburgh *in Schottland gebohren, beſuchte die Univerſität* Edinburg, *um ſich zum geiſtlichen Fach vorzubereiten. Er gab dies Vorhaben jedoch bald auf, wie man ſagt aus Verdruß über einen Verweis, den er ſich durch eine zu pathetiſche Ueberſetzung, und eine mit zu vielen poetiſchen Floskeln verbrämte Erklärung eines Pſalms von der theologiſchen Facultät zugezogen hatte. Er kultivirte nun ſein glückliches Dichtertalent, und begab ſich nach* London, *weil er dieſen Ort für die einzige Bühne hielt, auf der ein Dichter mit Vortheil auftreten könne. Ein Zufall beraubte ihn ſeiner Empfehlungsbriefe, und verſetzte ihn in die hülfloſeſten Umſtände. In dieſer Verlegenheit gab er ſeinen Winter heraus (1726), der ihn, ungeachtet er anfangs Mühe hatte, einen Verleger zu finden, bald rühmlichſt bekannt machte. 1727 erſchienen der Sommer, ein Gedicht auf* Sir Isaac Newton's *Tod und* Britannia, *eine Invective gegen das Miniſterium. 1728 ließ er den Frühling und 1730 den Herbſt folgen. Der letztere war von den übrigen*

Jahrszeiten begleitet, die jetzt zum erstenmahl im Zusammenhange erschienen. THOMSON's seasons, London 1730. 4. *1729 wurde sein Trauerspiel* Sophonisba *gegeben, worauf er mit einem hoffnungsvollen Sohn des Kanzlers* Lord TALBOT *auf Reisen ging. Die vielen Uebel, die ihm der Despotismus im Auslande zu verursachen schien, veranlaßten ihn, ein langes, aus 5 Abtheilungen bestehendes Gedicht,* upon liberty *herauszugeben, das wenig gelesen wurde, ungeachtet er es für sein bestes Werk hielt. Bei seiner Rückkehr gab ihm der Prinz* FREDERIC *von* Wallis, *der sich um diese Zeit bei der Nation beliebt zu machen suchte, eine Pension von* 100l. *1738 erschien sein Trauerspiel* Agamemnon, *und 1745* Tancred *und* Sigismunda, *das sich unter seinen dramatischen Arbeiten am längsten auf der Bühne behauptet hat. Er starb 1748, und erhielt ein Denkmahl in der Westminsterabtei. Es gebührt ihm ein hoher Rang unter den Englischen Dichtern. Seine Art zu empfinden ist originell, und seine Bilder finden einen Spiegel in der Seele eines jeden Lesers. Die Jahrszeiten gehören zu den schönsten beschreibenden Gedichten, die man hat. „Der Leser wundert sich, daß er nie sah, was ihn* THOMSON *sehen läßt, daß er nie fühlte, was ihn* THOMSON *fühlen läßt."* JOHNSON's Lives Vol. IV. *S. 268. S. den scharfsinnigen Versuch über den Plan und Character dieses Gedichts, den* J. AIKIN *seiner Ausgabe vorgesetzt hat.* London 1778. 8. *Die schönste und vollständigste Ausgabe unsers Dichters ist folgende:* the works of JAMES THOMSON, with his last corrections, London 1762, 2 Vols. 4. *Hier findet sich ein Leben* THOMSON's *von* PATRICK MURDOCH. *Der 48ste nebst einem Theil des 49sten Bandes der* JOHNSON*schen Sammlung enthalten* T. *Gedichte.*

Spring; v. 1110 — 1173.

O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarse tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent

To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh, ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,

Ena-

Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Autumn; v. 1233 — 1351.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,
When summer reddens, and when autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,

Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
Unſullied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.
Let others brave the flood, in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy,
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage, and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let theſe
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and thoſe of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In ſummer he, beneath the living ſhade,

Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
O what ſhe dictates writes; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.
Even winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pours every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with man!
Oh, Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; through the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral ſtrata there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,

Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye:
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That beſt ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong;
And let me never, never ſtray from Thee!

Winter; v. 204 — 222.

Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
 Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
 Father of light and life! thou Good ſupreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!

v. 1024 — 1069.

'Tis done! — dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
Behold thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering ſpring, thy ſummer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober autumn fading into age,

And pale concluding winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high. — And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening nature hears
The new-creating word, and ſtarts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that power,
And wiſdom oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected! why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of wintery time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded ſpring encircle all!

AKENSIDE.

Dr. Mark Akenside, *1721 zu* Newcaſtle *an der* Tyne *gebohren, ging im 18ten Jahre ſeines Alters nach* Edinburg, *um die Theologie zu ſtudieren, die er aber bald mit der Arzeneikunde vertauſchte. 1741 beſuchte er* Leyden, *woſelbſt er 1744 den Grad eines Doctors der Medicin annahm. Nach ſeiner 1745 erfolgten Rückkehr nach* England *practicirte er anfangs zu* Northampton, *dann zu* Hampſtead, *und endlich zu* London. *Hier würde er vielleicht in Dürftigkeit gelebt haben, (denn ſeine Praxis war nie ſehr ausgebreitet) wenn ihn nicht ſein großmüthiger Freund* Jeremiah Dyson Eſq. *mit jährlichen* 300l. *unterſtützt hätte. Er ſtarb 1770 als Mitglied der Königl. Societät der Wiſſenſchaften, und des Collegiums der Aerzte zu* London, *als Doctor zu* Cambridge *und Leibarzt der jetztregierenden Königinn. Seine Gedichte gehören zur didactiſchen und lyriſchen Gattung. Die aus 3 Geſängen beſtehenden* pleaſures of imagination, *ſein vorzüglichſtes Werk, gab er bereits im 23ſten Jahre ſeines Alters heraus, und erregte dadurch Erwartungen, die er in der Folge unbefriedigt ließ. Er wußte ſeinen abſtracten Gegenſtand durch ſeine blühende Phantaſie zu beleben, war aber hin und wieder zum Nachtheil der Deutlichkeit mit dem Schmucke zu verſchwenderiſch. Er fühlte dies, wie ein Fragment einer Umarbeitung beweiſet, welches in der erſten vollſtändigen, von* Dyson *1772 beſorgten und im 55ſten Bande der* Johnson*ſchen Dichterſammlung wiederhohlten Ausgabe ſeiner Gedichte abgedruckt iſt. Seine in 2 Bücher vertheilte 33 Oden haben nach* Johnson *weniger Werth, als ſein didactiſches Gedicht.* Lives Vol. IV. *Von den mediciniſchen Schriften des Dichters kann hier nicht die Rede ſeyn.*

Pleaſures of Imagination.

Book II. v. 670 — 771.

— — — Behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent and wiſe:
That virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued
By vexing fortune and intruſive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, pleaſure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoftening ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand

Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. — Ask the croud
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end? —
Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states

Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of curſt ambition; — when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires,
Lie ſide by ſide in gore; — when ruffian pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; — when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; — when the muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where wiſdom wont to talk
With *Socrates* or *Tully*, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer; —
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the pride of monarch's doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column; — thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of *Jove*
To fire the impious wreath on *Philip's* brow,
Or daſh *Octavius* from the trophied car; —
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or would'ſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows, for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, „I am a king,
„And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
„Intrude upon mine ear?" — The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame

The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effaç'd the image of its ſire.

Book III, v. 568 — 633.

Oh! bleſt of heaven, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the ſyren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature, fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd ſoul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt injoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtills her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair-inſpir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears

A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations; if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

SWIFT.

Dr. Jonathan Swift, *1667 in der Hauptstadt* Irland's *gebohren, und theils in der Schule zu* Kilkenny, *theils auf der Universität* Dublin *erzogen, leistete, als er zur gewöhnlichen Zeit um den Grad eines* bachelor of arts *anhielt, so wenig, daß man sein Verlangen nur aus* special favour *befriedigte, ein Ausdruck, womit man auf dieser Academie Mangel an Verdienst zu bezeichnen pflegt. Diese Kränkung hatte die Wirkung, daß der ehrbegierige Jüngling von nun an täglich 8 Stunden dem Studieren zu widmen beschloß, und mit einem Eifer, dessen Erfolg zur Genüge bekannt ist, 7 Jahre hindurch bei diesem Vorsatz beharrte. 1688 wurde er durch den Tod seines Onkels* Godwin Swift *seiner bisherigen Unterstützung beraubt, worauf er zu seinem Verwandten,* Sir William Temple, *dem Vertrauten und Lieblinge* William's III.

seine Zuflucht nahm, und sich einige Jahre auf dessen Landgute zu Moor-park *aufhielt. 1692 ertheilte ihm die Universität* Oxford *das Diplom eines Magisters der Künste. Vereitelte Hoffnungen zu Beförderungen veranlaßten ihn hierauf, sich von* Moorpark *zu entfernen, und eine kleine Pfründe zu* Kilroot *in* Cannor *mit* 100 l. *jährlicher Einkünfte anzunehmen. Er kehrte indessen bald zurück, da ihn* Temple *dem König* William *zur ersten in* Westminster *oder* Canterbury *vacant werdenden Pfründe dringend empfohlen hatte. Froh sah er einer ehrenvollen Versorgung entgegen. Aber* Temple *starb (1699) und* William *vergaß ihn. In dieser Lage hielt er es für ein Glück, dem* Lord Berkeley *als Secretär nach* Irland *folgen zu können. Kaum war er aber zu* Dublin *angelangt, als er verabschiedet wurde, weil sich sein Principal hatte überreden lassen, daß sich ein Geistlicher nicht zu seinem Begleiter schicke. Indessen erhielt er doch durch die Vermittelung dieses Mannes die ziemlich einträglichen Pfründen von* Laracor *und* Rathbeggin *in der Diöcese von* Meath. *Er ließ sich nun zu* Laracor *nieder, und lud die so oft von ihm besungene* Stella *zu sich nach* Irland *ein. Dies eben so geistreiche als wohlgebildete Frauenzimmer hieß eigentlich* Johnson, *und war die Tochter eines Haushofmeisters des* Sir William Temple. Swift *lebte mit ihr in einer räthselhaften Verbindung. Er hat sie, wie man sagt, im Jahr 1716 geheirathet, sie aber nie öffentlich für seine Gemahlinn anerkannt, es sei nun, wie* Orrery *meint, aus Stolz, oder weil er, wie einige, die ihn zu* Temple's *natürlichen Sohn machen wollen, behaupten, kurz nach seiner Vermählung die unglückliche Entdeckung gemacht hatte, daß sie seine Schwester sei. So viel ist indessen gewiß, daß er in ihrer Gesellschaft die angenehmsten Stunden seines Lebens hinbrachte.*

Er beschenkte die Welt nicht mit frühzeitigen Producten. Sein erstes Werk, dissentions in Athens and Rome, *politischen Inhalts, erschien im 34sten Jahre seines Alters. Sein Meisterstück, das Mährchen von der Tonne kam 1704 heraus. Erst seit dem Jahr 1708 ward er ein erklärter Schriftsteller. Es folgten sich in kurzen Zwischenräumen:* sentiments of a church-of-England man; Bickerstaff, *eine Satyre auf die Astrologie;* an argument against abolishing christianity, *eine feine Ironie;* defence of the sacramental test; a project for the advancement of religion; vindication of Bickerstaff *und* explanation of an ancient prophecy. *Nun nahm die geschäftige Periode seines Lebens ihren Anfang. 1710 schickte ihn der* Primas *von* Irland *in Angelegenheiten der Kirche an die Königinn* Anna. *Er wandte sich an* Harley, *nachmahligen Grafen von* Oxford, *dem er sich als einen von der vorigen Regierung unterdrückten Mann vorstellte, und bald dadurch werth und nothwendig zu machen wußte, daß er sich*

zum Verfechter der Sache der Tories aufwarf. Er gab zu diesem Zweck eine Menge Pamphlets heraus, die Sensation erregten und mit großer Begierde gelesen wurden. Dahin gehört vorzüglich the conduct of the allies (1712) worin er das Volk zum Frieden geneigt zu machen suchte, welches ihm auch gelang. Ferner reflexions on the barrier treaty; remarks upon the Bishop of Sarum's introduction to his third Volume of the reformation &c. 1713 wurde er für seine dem Ministerio geleisteten Dienste zum Dechanten von St. Patrick in Dublin ernannt, eine Beförderung, die seinen Wünschen so wenig entsprach, daß er sie eine Verbannung nannte. Kaum war er in Irland angelangt, als er zurück berufen wurde, die Lords Oxford und Bolingbroke zu versöhnen, die jetzt in offener Fehde lebten. (S. 220.) Dies gelang ihm nicht; und so kehrte er denn, zumahl da Anna's Tod bald darauf das ganze System der Tories vernichtete, nach Dublin zurück. 1720 gab er ein Pamphlet heraus, in welchem er den Irländern den Gebrauch ihrer Manufacturwaren empfahl. Dadurch machte er sich bei dem Volke beliebt. Noch mehr aber schätzte man ihn, als er 1724 durch seine Drapier's letters das Königreich von den Plünderungen eines gewissen Wood befreite, der die Erlaubniß erhalten hatte, 180000 Pfund an halfpence und farthings zu münzen, und offenbaren Betrug dabei zeigte. Man kannte ihn von dieser Zeit an nur unter dem Namen The Dean, und zog ihn bei allen Angelegenheiten zu Rath, die das öffentliche Wohl betrafen. Und wirklich können die Irländer erst von der Zeit, wo sich Swift ihrer annahm, ihren Wohlstand datiren. 1728 starb die unglückliche Stella, ein Verlust, den er um so tiefer empfand, da sie das einzige Band war, das ihn an die Menschheit knüpfte, von der er sich vernachläßigt hielt. Er versank in eine dumpfe Schwermuth, die endlich in Wahnsinn ausartete und in Vereinigung mit Taubheit, Schwindel und andern Zufällen seinem Leben im Jahr 1744 ein Ende machte. Ueber den Character dieses großen, durchaus originellen Mannes, kann man nichts interessanteres lesen, als Johnson's Urtheil. Lives of the english poets, Vol. 3. Der größte Theil seiner Schriften ist prosaisch, und hat auf die Geschichte seiner Zeit Beziehung. (S. 103.) Seine Gedichte, in denen durchaus eine große Leichtigkeit und Laune herrscht, machen den 39 und 40sten Theil der Johnsonschen Dichtersammlung aus. Seine sämmtlichen Werke sind 1755 von Dr. Hawkesworth in 6 Bänden in 4. und 12 Bänden 8. mit erläuternden Anmerkungen und einem essay on the life, writings and character of Dr. Swift herausgegeben und nachher häufig aufgelegt worden, z. B. Dublin 1774, 15 Vols 8. London 1776—79 25 Vols 8. 1784 17 Vols 8.

Zu den vorzüglichsten Schriften über Swift *gehören ausser der gedachten Biographie von* Hawkersworth, *die* remarks on the life and writings of Dr. S. by John Earl Orrery, London 1752. 8. *und* the life of the reverend Dr. J. S. by Sheridan, Dublin, 1787, 8.

The beasts confession to the priest.

When beasts could speak (the learned say
They still can do so every day),
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame!
I must confess, on friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
But, I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame:
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot to short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes,

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cenſuring world complain'd,
Who ſaid, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed, the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:
He ſaw and he was griev'd to ſee't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found, his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a ſtoick's rage.
The Goat advanc'd with decent pace,
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution;
But through a pious reſolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity, as monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As ſtrictly too, as doth his reverence.
Apply the tale, and you ſhall find,
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you gueſs?
— Why, virtues carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The Lawyer ſwears (you may rely on't)
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his conſtant rule;

For which his brethren call him fool:
His confcience always was fo nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he loft, he may affirm,
A hundred fees laft eafter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a *Job*;
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick difpatch;
Ne'er kept a caufe, he well may boaft,
Above a term, or two at moft.
The cringing knave, who feeks a place
Without fuccefs, thus tells his cafe:
Why fhould he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, becaufe he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly underftood;
Too zealous for the nation's good;
He found, the minifters refent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raife him to the lawn:
He pafs'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wife,
Preferment get, and fpare his eyes:
But own'd, he had a ftubborn fpirit,
That made him truft alone to merit:
Would rife by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confefs'd a fin, (and God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to fave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But fee how fatan fpreads his fnares;
He quite forgot to fay his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart,
Sometimes to act the parfon's part;
Quotes from the bible many a fentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;

And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His houſehold twice a day to prayers.
He ſhuns apothecaries ſhops;
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops;
He ſcorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the ſquire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.
The Stateſman tells you with a ſneer,
His fault is to be too ſincere;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view;
Yet he was ſeconded by few;
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lyes,
'Twas he defeated the exciſe.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That ſtanding troops were his averſion:
His practice was, in every ſtation,
To ſerve the king, and pleaſe the nation.
Though hard to find in every caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place:
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people underſtood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Muſt, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,
Would grant him licence to retire,

As it hath long been his desire;
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother:
Through modesty, or aukward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuse.
The sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost:
He heard, there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And, so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling *Aesop*,
I would accuse him to his face,
For libeling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers:
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be stroak'd and fed with pap,
As *Aesop* would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes when'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature bipes et implumis;

Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, *einer der größten dramatischen Dichter der Engländer, stammte aus einer alten Familie in* Staffordshire. *Ort und Zeit seiner Geburt sind ziemlich unbekannt. Ist die Aufschrift auf seinem Monument in der Westminsterabtei richtig, so ward er 1672 gebohren. Er selbst nannte sich einen Engländer, ob ihn gleich jeder andere zu einem Irländer gemacht hat. So viel ist gewiß, daß er anfangs auf der Schule zu* Kilkenny *und hierauf zu* Dublin *erzogen worden ist. Im 16ten Jahre seines Alters wurde er nach* London *geschickt, um die Rechte zu studieren, die er aber bald gegen die Dichtkunst vertauschte. Er zeigte sich früh als Schriftsteller. Sein erstes dramatisches Product, die mit großem Beifall aufgenommene Komödie,* the old bachelor, *wurde 1693 aufgeführt. Sie war ihm sehr einträglich, und verschaffte ihm die Gunst des* Lord HALIFAX *der ihn zu einem der* commissioners for licensing coaches &c. *ernannte.* The double dealer, *ein Lustspiel, welches im folgenden Jahre gegeben wurde, genoß keiner so ausgezeichneten Aufnahme. 1695 wurde* love for love *gespielt, ein Stück, welches die Handlungen der Menschen treffender darstellt, als die vorigen. Sein Trauerspiel,* the mourning bride, *(1697) gehört zu den schönsten Stücken der Englischen Bühne, und wird noch jetzt gespielt. Sein letztes Schauspiel,* the way of the world *gefiel nicht, und dies veranlaßte ihn zu dem Entschluß, von nun an in der Stille bloß sich und seinen Freunden zu leben. Er hat von jetzt an wenig geschrieben. 1710 gab er seine* miscellaneous poems *heraus, zu denen er in der Folge, ob er gleich nach ihrer ersten Erscheinung noch lange lebte, nichts hinzufügte. Als die* Whigs, *denen er vorzüglich ergeben war, 1714 empor kamen, ward er* secretary for the island of Jamaica, *ein Posten, der ihm* 1200 l. *eintrug. Er wurde von jedem Mann von Verdienst geschätzt, z. B. von* POPE, *der ihm seine Iliade dedicirte, und starb zu* London *im Anfange des Jahrs 1729. Als Schauspieldichter war er originell. Seine Charactere sind glücklich gewählt, aber nicht immer ganz der Natur getreu copirt. Er war nur für das Drama gebohren. Seine Kräfte verließen ihn, wenn er in eine andere Sphäre trat. Unter*

den miscellaneous poems *ist keines, das ihn überlebt hätte, die hier abgedruckte Ode auf den* Cecilien *Tag ausgenommen, die aber der* Pope*schen so wenig als der* Dryden*schen an die Seite zu setzen ist. Zum Verständniß dieses Gedichts ist übrigens zu bemerken, daß man die heilige* Cecilia *für die Erfinderinn der* O r g e l *hält. In seinen* Pindaric odes *herrscht viel Regelmäßigkeit, und er hat seinen Landsleuten zuerst gezeigt, daß auch der Enthusiasmus seine Regeln haben müsse. S.* Johnson's lives of the englifh poets Vol. II. *Die beste Ausgabe seiner Werke ist folgende:* the works of Mr. Congreve. A new edition, ornamented with copper-plates. To which is prefixed the life of the author. London 1788. 2 Vols. 12. *Die* miscellaneous poems *nehmen einen Theil des 29sten Bandes der* Johnson*schen* S a m m l u n g *ein.*

A hymn to Harmony,

in honour of St. Cecilia's *day.*

I.

O Harmony, to thee we fing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of facred verfe, and fweet refounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praife.
All hail to thee,
All powerful Harmony!
Wife nature owns thy undifputed fway,
Her wondrous works refigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious fphere.

Chorus.

All hail to thee,
All powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, o Harmony, with awful found
Could penetrate th' abyfs profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And fearch the living fource of unborn light.
Confufion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquifh'd head.
Then didft thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all thofe fhining worlds above
In myftic dance began to move

Around the radiant ſphere of central fire,
A never ceaſing, never ſilent choir.

Chorus.

Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
And *Chaos* deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.

III.

Thou only, Goddeſs, firſt could'ſt tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didſt to heavenly minds reveal
The ſecret force of tuneful ſound.
When firſt *Cyllenius* form'd the lyre,
Thou didſt the God inſpire;
When firſt the vocal ſhell he ſtrung,
To which the Muſes ſung:
Then firſt the Muſes ſung; melodious ſtrains *Apollo* play'd,
And muſic firſt begun by thy auſpicious aid.
Hark, hark! again *Urania* ſings!
Again *Apollo* ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſtening deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

Chorus.

Hark, hark! again *Urania* ſings!
Again *Apollo* ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſtening deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

IV.

Deſcend *Urania*, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppreſt,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Conſum'd with cares, with doubts diſtreſt,
Or by conflicting paſſions torn.
Reaſon in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reaſon ſtill by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too ſoon retreats.
Muſic alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandering ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

Chorus.

Muſic alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandering ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful ſong, ye ſacred Nine,
Your inſtruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and ſweet deſire,
In every breaſt inſpire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And ſoft repoſe to reſtleſs thoughts impart,
Appeaſe the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy ſounds his boiling blood aſſuage,
And melt to mild remorſe his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſic lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

Chorus.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſh'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſic lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

VI.

Ah, ſweet repoſe, too ſoon expiring!
Ah, fooliſh man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, ſtrife purſuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin;
See, ſee, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with ſhrill fifes are heard;
And hoarſe reſounding drums.
War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The harmony of peace deſtroys.

Chorus.

War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The harmony of peace deſtroys.

VII.

See the forſaken fair, with ſtreaming eyes
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, ſhe ſighs, deſpairs and dies,
And watchful waſtes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing paſt delights
That may no more, no never more return.

O ſooth her cares
With ſofteſt, ſweeteſt airs,
Till victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

Chorus.

Let victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VII.

Enough, *Urania*, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native ſkies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry ſphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care.
Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd!
Phoebus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies;
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

Grand Chorus.

Cecilia, more than all the Muſes ſkill'd,
Phoebus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies;
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

PRIOR.

Matthew Prior, *1664, nach einigen zu* Winborn *in* Dorsetshire, *nach andern zu* London *gebohren, wurde, ungeachtet er sich in der Westminsterschule gründliche Kenntnisse in den alten Sprachen erworben hatte, zum Weinschenk bestimmt; allein der Graf* Dorset, *der ihn einmahl von ohngefähr den* Horaz *lesen sah, ward so von seinen Fähigkeiten eingenommen, daß er ihn studieren ließ. Der Jüngling bezog demnach 1682 das* St. Johns - College *zu* Cambridge, *und wurde 4 Jahre darauf zum* Bachelor *ernannt. 1688 gab er in Vereinigung mit* Montagu *ein scherzhaftes Gedicht* the country mouse and the city mouse *heraus, (S. 328) wodurch er sich bei der neuen Regierung so beliebt machte, daß er 1691 als Gesandschaftssecretär nach dem Haager Congreß geschickt wurde. Bald darauf ernannte ihn König* William *aus Zufriedenheit mit seinem Benehmen zu einem der* gentlemen of the bedchamber. *1697 ward er von neuem Gesandschaftssecretär und wirkte beym* Ryswicker *Friedensschluß. Im folgenden Jahr ging er in ähnlichen Geschäften an den Französischen Hof, wo er in großem Ansehen gestanden haben soll. 1700 wurde er* Commissioner of trade *und 1701 Mitglied des Unterhauses. Hierauf lebte er mehrere Jahre den Musen. 1711 berief man ihn zu den Geschäften eines Unterhändlers zurück, und schickte ihn mit Friedensvorschlägen nach* Paris. *Er bewies hierbei so viel Eifer und Geschicklichkeit, daß man ihn 1719 zum bevollmächtigten Gesandten an dem Französischen Hofe ernannte. Dies blieb er, bis er, ein treuer Diener der* Tories, *gegen das Ende des folgenden Jahres von der triumphirenden* Whig *Parthei zurück berufen, und, weil man ihn verschiedener bei seinen Staatsgeschäften begangener Fehler beschuldigte, in Verhaft genommen wurde. Erst nach 2 Jahren erhielt er seine Freiheit wieder. Da er jetzt vom Gelde entblößt war, so riethen ihm seine Freunde, seine Gedichte auf Pränumeration herauszugeben. Er that es* (London 1717 fol.) *und gewann dadurch* 4000 Guineen. *Hierzu legte der* Lord Harley, *Sohn des Grafen von* Oxford, *eine gleiche Summe, wovon er sich* Down-hall *in* Essex *kaufte, und den Rest seiner Tage in einer angenehmen literarischen Muße verlebte. Er starb 1721 zu* Wimpole *in* Cambridgeshire, *dem Landsitz seines großmüthigen Freundes, und wurde in der Westminsterabtei begraben.*

In seinen Gedichten herrscht überaus viel Mannigfaltigkeit. Sie bestehen aus Erzählungen, Gelegenheitsgedichten, Liedern und 2 längeren Stücken, Alma *und* Solomon. *Am glück-*

lichſten iſt er in ſeinen leicht und mit Anmuth geſchriebenen Erzählungen, deren 4 ſind, the ladle, Protogenes and Apelles, Paulo Purganti, *und* Hans Carvel. *Die Gelegenheitsgedichte verliehren jetzt viel von ihrem Werth. Von ſeinen Liedern iſt eine große Anzahl in Muſik geſetzt worden.* Alma, *ein ſcherzhaftes Gedicht und Nachahmung des* Hudibras, *betrift die Frage, wo der Sitz der Seele zu ſuchen ſey?* Solomon, *ein aus 3 Büchern beſtehendes Lehrgedicht* on the vanity of the world *hat eine ermüdende Einförmigkeit. Siehe* JOHNSON's lives of the Engliſh poets, Vol. 3.

Die ſämmtlichen Gedichte PRIOR's *ſind häufig erſchienen, z. B.* London 1754, 2 Vols. 8. *und nehmen den 30. und 31ſten Band der* JOHNSON*ſchen Sammlung ein.*

Merry Andrew.

Sly *Merry Andrew*, the laſt *Southwark* fair
(At *Barthol'mew* he did not much appear,
So peeviſh was the edict of the mayor);
At *Southwark* therefore, as his tricks he ſhow'd,
To pleaſe our maſters, and his friends the croud;
A huge neat's - tongue he in his right - hand held,
His left was with a good black - pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clowniſh mimic traverſes the ſtage.
Why how now, *Andrew!* cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull:
Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worſhip mean?
Quoth *Andrew*, Honeſt Engliſh let us ſpeak:
Your emble — (what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou haſt no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is ſenſe.
That buſy fool I was, which thou art now;
Deſirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good deſign, but little wit,
Blaming or praiſing things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And, dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent ſtars, I eat;
Since I have found the ſecret to be great.
O, deareſt *Andrew*, ſays the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy uſefull ſkill. —
Bow then, ſays *Andrew*; and, for once, I will. —

Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he ſays;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk leſs:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, ſlave; and hold your tongue!
A reverend prelate ſtopt his coach and ſix,
To laugh a little at our *Andrew's* tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on, he cried; this fellow is no fool.

ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, Eſq. *1672 zu* Milſton *bei* Ambroſebury *in* Wiltſhire *gebohren, und im* Charterhouſe *zu* London *und* Queen's College *zu* Oxford *erzogen, gab früh die unzweideutigſten Beweiſe ſeines großen Dichtertalents. 1693 ſchrieb er ein Lobgedicht auf* DRYDEN. *Bald darauf erſchien eine Ueberſetzung des vierten Buchs der* Georgica, *die einen mit dem Geiſt der Alten genährten Jüngling characteriſirt, und ein* eſſay upon the Georgics, *der dem* DRYDEN*ſchen* Virgil *einverleibt iſt. Zu ſeinen Jugendarbeiten gehören auch: eine Ode auf den Cecilien-Tag; eine Ueberſetzung der Geſchichte des* Achaemenides *aus dem dritten Buch der* Aeneide; *ein* account of the greateſt engliſh poets, *und eine Reihe ſchätzbarer lateiniſcher Gedichte, die den zweiten Theil der* muſae anglicanae *ausmachen. 1695 ſchrieb er ein Gedicht auf* WILLIAM III, *wofür ihn der Großſiegelbewahrer* JOHN LORD SOMMERS *eine jährliche Penſion von* 300l. *auswirkte, die ſeinen Wunſch, Italien beſuchen zu können, befriedigte. 1700 ging er auf Reiſen. 1701 erſchien ſeine Epiſtel an den* Lord HALIFAX, *die man mit Recht für eins ſeiner ſchönſten Stücke hält. Die* Remarks on ſeveral parts of Italy *kamen 1705 heraus, und wurden bald Lieblingsbuch des Publicums. Die* Materialien *zu ſeinen Dialogen* on medals *ſammelte er an Ort und Stelle. 1704 ſchrieb er* the campaign, *ein heroiſches Gedicht auf die Schlacht bei Höchſtedt oder* Blenheim. *Dadurch legte er den Grund zu ſeinem Glücke. Der Schatzmeiſter* GODOLPHIN, *ein feiner Kenner der Poeſie, gab ihm wenige Tage nachher den Poſten eines Commiſſars bei der* Appellation. *Im folgenden Jahre begleitete er den* Lord HALIFAX *nach* Hannover. *Um dieſe Zeit wurde ſeine Oper* Roſamond *gegeben, die aber weniger Beifall erhielt, als ſeine Komödie der zärtliche Ehemann und das Geſpenſt mit der Trommel.*

1706 machte ihn der Staatsſecretär Sir CHARLES HEDGES *zu ſeinem* Under-ſecretary, *und 1709 der Graf* WHARTON, Lord Lieutenant, *zum Staatsſecretär von* Irland. *Er war in* Dublin, *als er in ſeinem Freunde* STEELE *den Verfaſſer des* Tatler *erkannte. Daß er hierauf nicht allein an dieſer Zeitſchrift Theil genommen, ſondern auch einer der vornehmſten Mitarbeiter an dem* Spectator *und* Guardian *geweſen, iſt bereits S. 228 und 244 bemerkt worden. 1713 erſchien ſein mit ſo vielem Recht geprieſenes Trauerſpiel* Cato. *Es wurde mit dem größten Beifall aufgeführt. Alle Partheien vereinigten ſich zu ſeinem Lobe, und noch jetzt iſt es Lieblingsſtück der Engländer. Gegen das Ende der Regierung* ANNA's *wollte* ADDISON *ein Wörterbuch der Engliſchen Sprache nach dem Muſter des* Dizzionario della Cruſca *ſchreiben; allein wichtigere Geſchäfte hinderten ihn daran. Denn nach dem Tode der Königinn ward er abermahls zum Staatsſecretär von* Irland, *und bald darauf (1715) zu einem der* Lords Commiſſioners of trade *ernannt. Da die Rebellion in Schottland ausbrach, gab er ohne weitere Beihülfe den* Freeholder *heraus, eine Zeitſchrift, die die Vertheidigung der Regierung zum Zweck hat. Es erſchienen 55 Stücke, das erſte den 23ſten Dec. 1715, das letzte den 29ſten Jan. 1716. 1717 ward er zu dem anſehnlichen Poſten eines Staatsſecretärs (von Großbritannien) erhoben. Seine abnehmende Geſundheit nöthigte ihn jedoch bald, zu reſigniren, worauf er 1719 zu* Hollandhouſe *bei* Kenſington *an der Waſſerſucht ſtarb. Er wurde in der Weſtminſterabtei begraben. Seine Schriften, die immer das Muſter eines ächten Geſchmacks und ein Beweis ſeiner edeln Denkungsart bleiben werden, wurden auf ſein Geheiß von* TICKELL *unter folgendem Titel herausgegeben:* miscellaneous works in verſe and proſe of the late right honourable JOSEPH ADDISON Eſq. *in* III Vols. with ſome account of the life and writings of the author. London 1721. 4 Vols. 12. *und hernach öfters, z. B.* London 1753. 3 Vols. 8. *Eine Hauptquelle für* ADDISON's *Leben iſt folgendes Werk:* memoirs of the life and writings of JOSEPH ADDISON Eſq. with his character, by Sir RICHARD STEELE, and a true copy of his laſt will and teſtament. The II. edition. London 1724. 8. *Auſſerdem ſehe man* JOHNSON's lives of the engliſh poets, Vol. II, CIBBER's lives of the engliſh poets, *(ein nicht ganz zuverläßiges Werk), die* biographia britannica, *die* heads of illuſtrious perſons of great Britain *und das S. 229 angeführte Leben v.* BEATTIE. ADDISON's *Gedichte nehmen den 23ſten Theil der* JOHNSON*ſchen Sammlung ein.*

A letter from Italy,

to the right honourable CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

While you, my lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from *Britannia's* public poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your eaſe;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhyme.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetic fields incompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And every ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth *Clitumnus* to his ſource,
To ſee the *Mincio* draw his watery ſtore,
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary *Albula's* infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures I ſurvey
Eridanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering *Alps* of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winters ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* ſurveys;

So high the deathlefs Mufe exalts her theme!
Such was the *Boyne*, a poor inglorious ftream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obfcurely ftray'd,
And unobferv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and *Naffau's* fword renown'd,
Its rifing billows through the world refound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verfe.
Oh could the Mufe my ravifh'd breaft infpire
With warmth like yours, and raife an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verfe fhould fhine,
And *Virgil's Italy* fhould yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me fmile,
That fhun the coaft of *Britain's* ftormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preferv'd with care,
Curfe the cold clime, and ftarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taftes, and more exalted fcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds fend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, fome God, to *Baia's* gentle feats,
Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats;
Where weftern gales eternally refide,
And all the feafons lavifh all their pride:
Bloffoms and fruits, and flowers together rife,
And the whole year in gay confufion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my foul a thoufand paffions ftrive,
When *Rome's* exalted beauties I defcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public fhows unpeopled *Rome*,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with fculpture pierce the fkies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rife,
Where the old *Romans* deathlefs acts difplay'd,
Their bafe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forfake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new fcenes my wandering Mufe retires,
And the dumb fhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the fmooth chifel all its force has fhown,
And foften'd into flefh the rugged ftone.

In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* conſuls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſued,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdued.
Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th'immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muſe.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
O Liberty, thou goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign;
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load ſubjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee, *Britannia's* iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!

On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:
'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains ſmile.
Others with towering piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the ſtretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate,
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors ceaſe,
And all the northern world lies huſh'd in peace.
Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons would diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtic ſpite:
But ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom *Naſſau's* arms defend and counſels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I ſo oft have found
The diſtant climes and different tongues reſound,
I bridle in my ſtruggling Muſe with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous ſong.
My humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for Heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, ſhould praiſe.

An Hymn.

When all thy mercies, o my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Transported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt;
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence theſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlippery paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Haſt doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever - grateful heart, o Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For, oh! eternity 's too ſhort,
To utter all thy praiſe.

Cato.

Juba, Syphax.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerved of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares, and diſcontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Nor carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet ſo much the *Roman* in me.
Jub. Why do'ſt thou caſt out ſuch ungenerous terms
Againſt the lords and ſovereigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Afric*,
Amidſt our barren rocks and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?
Syph. Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own *Numidia's* tawny ſons!
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a roman arm?
Who like our active *African* inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? Theſe, theſe are arts, my prince,
In which your *Zama* does not ſtoop to *Rome*.

Jub.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience kind heavens!—Excuse and old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb; turn up thy eyes to *Cato!*
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't difcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice;
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleafures and the baits of fenfe;
Where fhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeftic in his griefs, like *Cato?*
Heavens, with what ftrength, what fteadinefs of mind,
He triumphs in the midft of all his fufferings!
How does he rife againft a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtinefs of foul:
I think the *Romans* call it ftoicifm.
Had not your royal father thought fo highly
Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato's* caufe,
He had not fall'n by a flave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his flaughter'd army now have lain
On *Afric's* fands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of *Numidia.*

Jub. Why do'ft thou call my forrows up afrefh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Jub. What would'ft thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato.*

Jub. *Syphax*, I fhould be more than twice an orphan
By fuch a lofs.

Syph. Ay, there 's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. *Marcia's* charms
Work in your heart unfeen, and plead for *Cato.*
No wonder you are deaf to all I fay.

Jub. *Syphax*, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Left it fhould take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender forrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleffings,
Which you drew from him in your laft farewell?
Still muft I cherifh the dear fad remembrance,
At once to torture and to pleafe my foul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of ears) then fighing cry'd,
Prithee be careful of my fon! — his grief
Swell'd up fo high he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty, which I owe him!
Syph. By laying up his counſels in your heart.
Jub. His counſels bade me yield to thy directions,
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer-ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.
Syph. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.
Jub. I do believe thou would'ſt; but tell me how?
Syph. Fly from the fate that follows *Cæſar's* foes.
Jub. My father ſcorn'd to do't.
Syph. And therefore dy'd.
Jub. Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Syph. Rather ſay your love.
Jub. *Syphax*, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper,
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame,
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?
Syph. Believe me, prince, 'tis hard to conquer love,
But eaſy to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama's* royal court
Have faces fluſht with more exalted charms.
The ſun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my Prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the North.
Jub. 'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous *Marcia* towers above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. *Cato's* ſoul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks;
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.
Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!
But on my knees I beg you would conſider —

Enter *Marcia* and *Lucia.*

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not ſhe! — She moves this way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Luciu's* fair daughter,
My heart beats thick — I pr'ythee, *Syphax*, leave me.

Syph. Ten thouſand curſes faſten on them both!
Now will this woman with a ſingle glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

Cato meeting the corpſe of his ſon.

Cato. Welcome, my ſon! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody corpſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd if *Cato's* houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war. —
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this! [*Aſide.*

Cato. Alas my friends!
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon. [*Aſide.*

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has ſubdued,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year, are *Cæſar's.*
For him the ſelf-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipios* conquer'd:
Ev'n *Pompey* fought fot *Cæſar.* Oh, my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The *Roman* empire fall'n? O curſt ambition!
Fall'n into *Cæſar's* hands! Our great fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Jub. While *Cato* lives, *Cæſar* will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlav'd, and be aſhamed of empire.

Cato. *Cæſar* aſhamed! Has not he ſeen *Pharſalia!*

Luc. *Cato*, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.

Cato. Loſe not a thought on me. I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæſar ſhall never ſay, I've conquer'd *Cato.*
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors,
Riſe in my ſoul: how ſhall I ſave my friends?
'Tis now, O *Cæſar*, I begin to fear thee.

Cato ſolus, ſitting in a thoughtful poſture: in his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the ſoul. A drawn ſword on the table by him.

It muſt be ſo — *Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well! —
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heaven itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th'unbounded proſpect, lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when! or where! — This world was made for *Cæſar.*
I'm weary of conjectures. — This muſt end'em.
[Laying his hand on his ſword.
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end:
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.
What means this heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my ſenſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with care,

Sinks down to reſt. This once I'll favour her;
That my awaken'd ſoul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her ſtrength, and freſh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt: *Cato* knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to ſleep or die.

BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, *1612 zu* Strenſham *in* Worceſterſhire *gebohren, und theils in einer* Grammar-ſchool *zu* Worceſter, *theils zu* Cambridge *erzogen, wurde nach Vollendung ſeiner akademiſchen Studien Schreiber eines* JEFFERYS, *Friedensrichters zu* Earls Croomb, *in deſſen Dienſt er Muße genug fand, ſeiner Neigung zur Geſchichte, Poeſie, Muſik und Malerei nachzuhängen. Hierauf brachte er mehrere Jahre (man weiß nicht, in welcher Qualität) in dem Hauſe der Gräfin* KENT *zu, und lernte hier den gelehrten* SELDEN *kennen, der ihn lieb gewann, und zu verſchiedenen literariſchen Geſchäften gebrauchte. Zur Zeit des bürgerlichen Krieges trat er in die Dienſte des* Sir SAMUEL LUKE, *eines Officiers des Parliaments. Nach der* Reſtauration *ward er Secretär des Grafen von* CARBURY, *Präſidenten von* Wales. *1663 erſchien der erſte, und 1664 der zweite Theil ſeines* Hudibras, *einer komiſchen Epopee, worin er die* CROMWELL*ſche Parthei, deren Grundſätze er im Umgange mit* LUKE *näher kennen zu lernen Gelegenheit gehabt hatte, mit eben ſo vieler Laune als Bitterkeit perſiflirt. Man kann leicht denken, mit welchem Beifall ein ſolches* loyal poem *von den Royaliſten aufgenommen ſei.* CARL II. *ſoll es häufig citirt, ja auswendig gelernt haben. Und doch ließ dieſer undankbare Fürſt (man ſehe oben S. 96.) den verdienſtvollen Verfaſſer in* Armuth *und Elend ſchmachten.* 300l. *waren die einzige Belohnung, die er ihm zuwarf; eine Summe, wovon nicht einmahl die Schulden des Dichters bezahlt werden konnten. 1688 erſchien ein dritter, ſo wie die beiden vorigen aus drei Geſängen beſtehender, Theil, der aber das Ganze noch unvollendet ließ, ſo daß man über den Plan des Gedichts nicht urtheilen kann.* BUTLER *ſtarb zwei Jahre nachher. 1721 ließ ihm ein Buchdrucker und damahliger* Mayor *von* London, *Namens* BARBER, *ein Denkmahl in der Weſtminſterabtei errichten. Gleich nach ſeinem Tode erſchienen 3 Bände ſeiner* poſthumous works, *die 1732 in Einem Bande in 12. von neuem aufgelegt worden ſind. Der* Hudibras *iſt nach* JOHNSON's *Urtheil*

eins von den Werken, worauf eine Nation stolz seyn kann. Die Bilder sind national, die Gedanken unerborgt und unerwartet, und die Diction ist durchaus originell und eigenthümlich. Der Held der Epopee, HUDIBRAS, *ein presbyterianischer Friedensrichter, durchzieht in seinem heiligen Eifer das Land, um Aberglauben zu verbannen und Misbräuchen aller Art zu steuern. Ihn begleitet* RALPHO, *ein zänkischer und starrköpfiger* Independent. *Wem fallen hier nicht* DON QUIXOTE *und sein* Escudero SANCHO PANZA *ein? Und wirklich entlehnte der Englische Dichter die erste Idee zu seinem Werke aus dem Meisterstücke der Spanischen Literatur. In dem hier abgedruckten Stücke wird die Gestalt und Rüstung des Ritters beschrieben.* BUTLER's *übrige Gedichte, die nebst dem Hauptwerke den 6ten und 7ten Theil der* JOHNSON*schen Sammlung einnehmen, sind größtentheils satyrischer Gattung. Die beste Ausgabe des* HUDIBRAS *ist folgende:* H. in three parts, written in the time of the late wars, by S. B. With large annotations by ZACHARY GREY, London 1744, 3 Vols 8. Edinburg 1770. 3 Vols. 12. *Ueber* BUTLER's *Leben hat man nur 2 Quellen,* WOOD's *bekannte* Athenae Oxonienses *und ein* Life of B. *von unbekannter Hand, das sich in allen seit dem Anfange dieses Jahrhunderts erschienenen Ausgaben des* Hudibras *findet. Hieraus haben die Verfasser der* Biographia britannica *und* JOHNSON (Lives &c. Vol. I.) *geschöpft.*

Hudibras, P. I, Canto I. v. 237 — 402.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
The hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of scepters and of crowns:
With griesly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made:
Like *Samson's* heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,

To wait upon the public downfal.
It was monaſtic, and did grow
In holy orders by ſtrict vow;
Of rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere:*
'Twas bound to ſuffer perſecution,
And martyrdom, with reſolution;
T' oppoſe itſelf againſt the hate
And vengeance of th' incenſed ſtate,
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd,
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as monarchy ſhould laſt;
But when the ſtate ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal ſteel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A ſacrifice to fall of ſtate,
Whoſe thread of life the fatal ſiſters
Did twiſt together with its whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould never,
In life or death, their fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty ſickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
His back, or rather burthen, ſhow'd,
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.
For as *Æneas* bore his ſire
Upon his ſhoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almoſt got the upper—
Hand of his head for want of crupper.
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A paunch of the ſame bulk before,
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his hoſe we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of ſturdy buff,
And though not ſword, yet cudgel-proof,

Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
Who fear'd no blows but ſuch as bruiſe.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of *Bullen*;
To old king *Harry* ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheeſe,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we ſaid, he always choſe
To carry vittle in his hoſe,
That often tempted rats and mice,
The ammunition to ſurpriſe;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till th' were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough deſerts vaſt,
And regions deſolate they paſt,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their proviſion on record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no ſtomachs but to fight.
'Tis falſe: for *Arthur* wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with ſhirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge pair of round trunk hoſe,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their ſwords and truncheons,
They took their breakfaſts, or their nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt,
As learned authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.

His puiſſant ſword unto his ſide,
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd:
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And ſerves for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To ſhoot at fces, and ſometimes pullets
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, *Toledo* truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſomebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful ſcabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas ſo manful,
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.
In many deſperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than ſerjeant *Bum* invading ſhoulder:
Oft had he ta'en poſſeſſion,
And priſoners too, or made them run.
This ſword a dagger hadhis page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
It was a ſerviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouſe-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and ſo forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.
In th' holſters of the ſaddle-bow
Two aged piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he could not get.
Theſe would inveigle rats with th' ſcent,

To forage when the cocks were bent;
And ſometimes catch them with a ſnap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap.
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood centinel,
To guard the magazine i'th' hoſe
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd foes.

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, *Sohn eines* N*otars, wurde 1608 zu* London *gebohren. Nachdem er einige Zeit theils eine Privaterziehung genoſſen, theils die* St. Paul's *Schule beſucht hatte, bezog er das* Chriſt College *zu* Cambridge (*1624*), *wo er die gewöhnlichen* Gradus *eines* Bachelor (*1628*) *und* Maſter of arts (*1632*) *annahm, und ſich durch ſeine großen Fortſchritte in den Wiſſenſchaften und verſchiedene poetiſche Verſuche in lateiniſcher Sprache vortheilhaft auszeichnete. Er hielt ſich hierauf mehrere Jahre bei ſeinem Vater auf, der jetzt auf ſeinem Landgute* Horton *bei* Colebrook *in* Buckinghamſhire *lebte. 1634 ſchrieb er* the maſk of Comus, *eine Farce, die die Ehre hatte, von den Kindern des Grafen von* BRIDGEWATER, *Lord Präſidenten von* Wales, *zu* Ludlow-Caſtle *in* Shropſhire *aufgeführt zu werden. 1638 erhielt er von ſeinem Vater Erlaubniß auf Reiſen zu gehen. Er begab ſich alſo, nach einem kurzen Aufenthalt zu* Paris, *nach Italien, einem Lande, deſſen Literatur er mit großem Fleiß ſtudiert hatte, wie verſchiedene ſeiner jugendlichen Gedichte beweiſen, die in Italiäniſcher Sprache geſchrieben ſind. Er wurde überall mit vieler Achtung aufgenommen, und machte mit den größten Männern damahliger Zeit, z. B. mit* GALILEI, *den er im Inquiſitionsgefängniſſe zu* Rom *beſuchte, Bekanntſchaft. Von Neapel wollte er nach Sicilien und Griechenland überſetzen; allein die Nachricht von den in ſeinem Vaterlande ausgebrochenen Unruhen änderte ſeinen Entſchluß, und veranlaßte ihn, nach einer 15 monathlichen Abweſenheit nach England zurück zu kehren. Er brachte nun ſeine übrige Lebenszeit in* London *zu. Nachdem er ſich einige Zeit mit der Erziehung ſeiner Schweſterſöhne beſchäftigt hatte, nahm er an den nunmehr ausbrechenden Religionsſtreitigkeiten Theil, und gab 1641 fünf Tractate* concerning the church government *heraus. 1644 ſchrieb er* Areopagitica, a ſpeech for the liberty of unlicenſed printing. *Im folgenden Jahre wurden ſeine* juvenile poems *zu* London *gedruckt. Nach der Hinrichtung des Königs erſchienen ſeine* remarks on the

articles of peace between ORMOND and the Irifh rebels, *und feinen* Εικονοκλαστης. *Durch diefe und mehrere andere in gleichem Geift gefchriebene Werke, machte er fich bei den Republikanern fo beliebt, daß er von* CROMWELL *zum lateinifchen Secretär des Staatsraths ernannt wurde. 1651 fchrieb er feine berüchtigte* defenfio pro populo Anglicano, *gegen die 1649 von* SAUMAISE *herausgegebene* defenfio regis *gerichtet, wofür er vom Parliament eine Belohnung von* 1000l. *erhielt. Durch fein unabläffiges Studieren, verbunden mit dem Kopfweh, woran er von Jugend auf gelitten hatte, wurde er um diefe Zeit völlig feines Gefichts beraubt. Dadurch ließ er fich indeffen weder an der Verwaltung feines Amts, noch an feinen literarifchen Befchäftigungen hindern. 1654 gab er feine* defenfio fecunda, *und im folgenden Jahre feine* defenfio pro fe *heraus. 1659 fchrieb er einen Tractat von der bürgerlichen Gewalt in Kirchenfachen, und* confiderations touching the likelieft means of removing hirelings out of the church. *Am Ende des Jahrs 1659, da fchon* RICHARD CROMWELL *fein* Protectorat *niedergelegt hatte, ließ er einen Brief* upon the model of commonwealth, *und wenige Monathe vor der* Reftauration *feinen* ready and eafy way to eftablifh a free commonwealth *drucken. Daß er bei* CARLS II. *Rückkehr feinen Secretariatspoften verlohren, wird man leicht erachten. Er verbarg fich, bis ihm die* act of oblivion, *in die er wider alles Vermuthen begriffen wurde, ungeachtet feine* defenfio pro p. A. *von Henkershand verbrannt worden war, erlaubte, fich wieder öffentlich zu zeigen. 1665 vollendete er feine fo allgemein gepriefene Epopee* Paradife loft. *In der erften Ausgabe von 1667* (London 4.) *erfchienen nur 10, in der zweiten von 1674* (London 8.) *12 Bücher. Das* Honorar *des Verfaffers betrug nicht mehr als* 10l.! *Ueberhaupt erregte dies Meifterftück der Englifchen Poefie bei feiner erften Erfcheinung wenig Aufmerkfamkeit; es fei nun, weil der Gefchmack des damaligen Publicums nicht der geläutertfte war, oder weil man fich noch nicht enthalten konnte, an den Vertheidiger des Königsmordes mit Widerwillen zu denken. Erft nachdem* ADDISON *die Schönheiten des verlohrnen Paradiefes im* Spectator *zergliedert hatte, fing die Nation an, fich mit diefem Schatz ihrer Literatur näher bekannt zu machen. 1670 gab der Dichter eine Gefchichte von England heraus, die aber nur bis auf die Normännifche* Invafion *fortgeführt ift. 1671 befchenkte er die Welt mit einem zweiten Heldengedicht* Paradife regained *und einem im Gefchmack der Alten gefchriebenen Trauerfpiel,* Samfon Agoniftes. *1672 ließ er eine Logik und 1673 feine* difcourfes of true Religion *drucken, worauf er 1674 zu* London *ftarb. In neuern Zeiten hat man dem* Author of the paradife loft *ein Denkmahl in der Weftminfterabtei errichtet.*

Das Leben dieses großen Mannes ist häufig beschrieben worden. Unter den frühern Biographien verdienen vorzüglich folgende ausgezeichnet zu werden: Amyntor, or a defence of Milton's life, by John Toland, *und* the life of John Milton, containing besides the history of his works, several extraordinary characters of men and books &c. London 1699, 8. *Unter den spätern nenne ich ausser dem Artikel* Milton *in* Bayle's Dictionnaire *und* Johnson's Lives (Vol. I.) *nur* Thomas Birch's historical and critical account of the life and writings of J. M. *vor der 1738 zu* London *erschienenen Ausgabe des* *verlohrnen Paradieses. Die schätzbarste Ausgabe dieses Gedichts ist folgende:* Paradise lost, a poem in twelve books. The author John Milton. A new edition with notes of various authors by Thomas Newton, London 1749, 2 Vols. 4, *und nachher öfters. Man findet hier das Wesentlichste aus den Commentaren des Dr.* Bentley (1732), Pearce (1733) *und der beiden* Richardsons (1734) *zusammengestellt. Unter* Milton's *jugendlichen Gedichten, zeichnen sich vorzüglich* l'Allegro *und* il Penseroso *aus, worin er die verschiedenen Gesichtspuncte, aus denen der* *Fröhliche und der Schwermüthige die Dinge in der Welt ansehen, meisterhaft angiebt. Das* *wiedererlangte Paradies steht dem* *verlohrnen weit nach.*

Paradise lost. B. IV. v. 246 — 340.

— — — Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable: *Hesperian* fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hilloc; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

The trembling leaves, while univerſal *Pan*
Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance,
Led on th' eternal ſpring. — — — —
Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majeſty ſeem'd lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine,
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd;
For contemplation he and valor form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace,
He for God only, ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front and eye ſublime, declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſshevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honor diſhonorable!
Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill.
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters *Eve*.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labor than ſuffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made eaſe

More easy, wholsome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarin fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers,
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream:
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. — — — —

v. 449 — 491.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wondering where,
And what I was, whence thither brought and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heaven: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back: but pleas'd I soon return'd;
Pleased it returned as soon, with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

Than that ſmooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear:
Part of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee clame,
My other half! — With that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

B. V. v. 129 — 208.

So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd,
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their cryſtal ſluce, he ere they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haſte.
But firſt, from under ſhady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day-ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce up riſen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Diſcovering in wide landſkip all the eaſt
Of paradiſe and *Eden's* happy plain,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their oriſons, each morning duly paid
In various ſtile; for neither various ſtile
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd, or ſung
Unmeditated, ſuch prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in proſe or numerous verſe,
More tuneable, than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.
Theſe are thy glorious works, parent of good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſitſt above theſe heavens,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works: yet theſe declare

Thy

Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end!
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon! that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires! that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements! the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations! that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye Winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines!
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains! and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praiſe,
Join voices, all ye living Souls! ye Birds,
That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe!
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep!
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,

Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good: and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark!
So pray'd they innocent. — — —

GLOVER.

RICHARD GLOVER, Eſq. *1712 zu* London *gebohren, und in der Schule zu* Cheam *erzogen, verrieth früh eine nicht gemeine Anlage zur Poeſie. Erſt 16 Jahr alt ſchrieb er ein Gedicht auf* NEWTON, *welches Dr.* PEMBERTON's view of NEWTON's philoſophy (London 1728, 8.) *vorgeſetzt iſt. Er widmete ſich den Handelsgeſchäften, und erwarb ſich die dazu erforderlichen Kenntniſſe in ihrem ganzen Umfange. Deſſen ungeachtet verließ ihn ſeine Neigung zu den ſchönen Wiſſenſchaften nicht, und er gehört zu den wenigen von den Muſen begünſtigten Kaufleuten. 1737 gab er ſeinen* Leonidas *heraus.* (London 8.). *Dem Range nach das zweite Heldengedicht der Engländer, und um ſo merkwürdiger und ſchätzbarer, da es ohne Beihülfe des Wunderbaren Intereſſe erregt. Eine Zergliederung ſeiner mannigfaltigen Schönheiten ſuche man in* Dr. PEMBERTON's obſervations on poetry, eſpecially epic; occaſioned by the late poem upon Leonidas, London 1738. 8. *und in dem Vorbericht zu des Hrn. Hofrath* EBERT's *meiſterhafter Ueberſetzung,* Hamburg 1778. 8. *1739 gab* GLOVER *ein Gedicht* London, or the progreſs of commerce *heraus, das nebſt ſeiner Ballade,* Admiral Hoſier's ghoſt, *einen nicht unbeträchtlichen Einfluß auf die Handelsbegebenheiten dieſes Jahrs hatte, indem er darin der Nation das Unrecht fühlbar zu machen ſuchte, welches Spanien dem Engliſchen Commerz zufügte. 1753 erſchien ſein Trauerſpiel* Boadicea, *welches einigemahl mit Beifall aufgeführt worden iſt. 1761 gab er ſeine* Medea *heraus, ein nach Art der griechiſchen Dramen mit Chören verſehenes Trauerſpiel. Nach dem Regierungsantritt des jetzigen Königs wurde er zum Parliamentsgliede für die Stadt* Weymouth *gewählt, und zeichnete ſich in dieſer Qualität bei mehr als einer Gelegenheit durch ſeine kraftvolle und überzeugende Beredſamkeit aus. 1770 vollendete er ſeine Umarbeitung des* Leonidas. (London, 2 Vols. 12.) *Er wurde jetzt häufig in Geſchäften der Londner Kaufmannſchaft gebraucht, die ein unbedingtes Zutrauen zu ſeinen Talenten und ſeiner Redlichkeit hegte.*

In den letztern Jahren seines Lebens arbeitete er an einem neuen epischen Gedicht, Atheniad, *das gewissermaßen als Fortsetzung des* Leonidas *angesehen werden kann, und 1788 von seiner Tochter* Mrs. Halsay *in 3* Vols. 12. *herausgegeben worden ist. Er starb 1785. Lebensnachrichten von ihm findet man im Januarstück des* European Magazine *für 1786, und in dem ersten Stücke des zweiten Bandes der Handlungsbibliothek.*

Leonidas, B. I. v. 215 — 385.

But to his home *Leonidas* retir'd.
There calm in secret thought he thus explor'd
His mighty soul, while nature to his breast
A short-liv'd terror call'd. — What sudden grief,
What cold reluctance thus unmans my heart,
And whispers, that I fear? — Can death dismay
Leonidas, so often seen and scorn'd,
When clad most dreadful in the battle's front?
Or to relinquish life in all its pride,
With all my honours blooming round my head,
Repines my soul? or rather to forsake,
Eternally forsake my weeping wife,
My infant offspring, and my faithful friends? —
Leonidas awake! Shall these withstand
The public safety? Lo! thy country calls. —
O sacred voice, I hear thee! At that sound
Returning virtue brightens in my heart;
Fear vanishes before her. Death, receive
My unreluctant hand, and lead me on.
Thou too, o fame, attendant on my fall,
With wings unwearied shalt protect my tomb,
Nor time herself shall violate my praise.
 The hero thus confirm'd his virtuous soul,
When *Agis* enter'd. If till now my tongue
(He thus began) O brother, has delay'd
To pay its grateful off'ring of the praise,
Thy merit claims, and only fill'd the cries
Of general applause, forgive thy friend;
Since her distresses, hers, whom most you love,
Detain'd me from thee. O unequall'd man!
Though *Lacedæmon* call thy first regard,
Forget not her, who now for thee laments
In sorrows, which fraternal love in vain
Hath strove to sooth. *Leonidas* embrac'd
His gen'rous friend, and thus replied. Most dear

And beſt of men! conceive not, but my heart
Muſt ſtill remember her, from whom my life
Its largeſt ſhare of happineſs derives.
Can I, who yield my breath, leſt others mourn,
Leſt thouſands ſhould be wretched; when ſhe pines,
More lov'd than any, though leſs dear than all,
Can I neglect her griefs! In future days
If thou with grateful memory record
My name and fate, o *Sparta*, paſs not this
Unheeded by; the life, I gave for thee,
Knew not a painful hour to tire my ſoul,
Nor were they common joys, I left behind.
 So ſpoke the patriot, and his heart o'erflow'd
With fondeſt paſſion; then in eager haſte
The faithful partner of his bed he ſought.
Amid her weeping children ſat the queen,
Immoveable and mute; her ſwimming eyes
Fix'd on the earth. Her arms were folded o'er
Her lab'ring boſom blotted with her tears.
As, when a duſky miſt involves the ſky,
The moon through all the dreary vapours ſpreads
The radiant veſture of its ſilver light
O'er the dull face of nature; ſo her charms
Divinely graceful ſhone upon her grief,
Bright'ning the cloud of woe. The chief approach'd.
Soon as in gentleſt phraſe his well-known voice
Her drooping mind awaken'd, for a time
Its cares were huſh'd: ſhe lifts her languid head,
And thus gives utt'rance to her tender thoughts,
 O thou, whoſe preſence is my only joy,
If thus, *Leonidas*, thy looks and voice
Can diſſipate at once the ſharpeſt pangs,
How greatly am I wretched; who no more
Muſt hear that voice, which lulls my anguiſh thus,
Nor ſee that face, which makes affliction ſmile!
 This ſaid, returning grief her breaſt invades.
Her orphan children, her devoted lord
Pale, bleeding, breathleſs on the field of death,
Her ever-during ſolitude of woe,
All riſe in mingled horrour to her ſight,
When thus in bitt'reſt agony ſhe ſpoke.
 O whither art thou going from my arms!
Shall I no more behold thee! Oh! no more
In conqueſt clad, and wrapt in glorious duſt
Wilt thou return to greet thy native ſoil,

And make thy dwelling joyful! Ah! too brave,
Why wouldſt thou haſten to the dreary gates
Of death, uncall'd? Another might have fall'n,
Like thee a victim of *Alcide's* race,
Leſs dear to all, and *Sparta* been ſecure.
Now ev'ry eye with mine is drown'd in tears,
All with theſe babes lament their father loſt.
But oh! how heavy is our lot of pain!
Our ſighs muſt laſt, when ev'ry other breaſt
Exults with tranſport, and the public joy
Will but increaſe our anguiſh. Yet unmov'd
Thou didſt not heed our ſorrows, didſt not ſeek
A moment's pauſe, to teach us how to bear
Thy endleſs abſence, or like thee to die.
 Unutterable ſorrow here confin'd
Her voice. Theſe words *Leonidas* return'd.
 I ſee, I feel thy anguiſh, nor my ſoul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondneſs, as this hour;
Nor, when moſt ardent to aſſert my fame,
Was once my heart inſenſible to thee.
How had it ſtain'd the honours of my name
To heſitate a moment, and ſuſpend
My country's fate, till ſhameful life prefer'd
By my inglorious collegue left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to ſhun,
Not virtue to accept? Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardleſs, or thy tears,
I haſte uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The Gods, my fame, my country bid me bleed.
— Oh! thou dear mourner! wherefore ſtreams afreſh
That flood of woe? Why heaves with ſighs renew'd
That tender breaſt? *Leonidas* muſt fall.
Alas! far heavier miſery impends
O'er thee and theſe, if ſoften'd by thy tears
I ſhamefully refuſe to yield that breath,
Which juſtice, glory, liberty, and heav'n
Claim for my country, for my ſons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondneſs. Has my heart
E'er known a pauſe of love, or pious care?
Now ſhall that care, that tenderneſs be prov'd
Moſt warm and faithful. When thy huſband dies
For *Lacedæmon's* ſafety, thou wilt ſhare,
Thou and thy children, the diffuſive good.

Should I, thus ſingled from the reſt of men,
Alone intruſted by th' immortal Gods
With pow'r to ſave a people, ſhould my ſoul
Deſert that ſacred cauſe, thee too I yield
To ſorrow, and to ſhame; for thou muſt weep
With *Lacedæmon*, muſt with her ſuſtain
Thy painful portion of oppreſſion's weight.
Thy ſons behold now worthy of their names,
And *Spartan* birth. Their growing bloom muſt pine
In ſhame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the ſound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
When he the *Spartan* freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illuſtrious ſhall they riſe,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.
 Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The ſolemn ſilence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
Ceas'd for a moment; ſoon again to ſtream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd
His brave companions of the war demand
Theirs leader's preſence; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utt'rance, intercept her ſighs,
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
In ſpeechleſs anguiſh on the hero's breaſt,
She ſinks. On ev'ry ſide his children preſs,
Hang on his knees, and kiſs his honour'd hand.
His ſoul no longer ſtruggles to confine
Its ſtrong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly ſorrow. Great in woe
Amid his children, who incluſe him round,
He ſtands indulging tenderneſs and love
In graceful tears; when thus with lifted eyes
Addreſs'd to heav'n: Thou ever-living pow'r,
Look down propitious, ſire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whoſe deſert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace:
And thou, my great forefather, ſon of *Jove*,
O *Hercules*, neglect not theſe thy race!
But ſince that ſpirit, I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to reſiſtleſs fate,
Do thou ſupport their virtue! be they taught
Like thee with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!
 So ſaying, forth he iſſues, and aſſumes
Before the band his ſtation of command.

POPE.

Alexander Pope, Esq. *wurde 1688 zu* London *gebohren. Seine Erziehung war mit den ungünstigsten Umständen begleitet, und nur die Kraft seines Geistes konnte ihre Mängel ersetzen. Mit den Buchstaben machte ihn eine seiner Verwandten bekannt; schreiben lehrte er sich aber selbst, indem er geschriebene Charactere nachmalte. In seinem achten Jahre wurde er dem Unterricht eines Geistlichen,* Taverner, *übergeben, von welchem er die Anfangsgründe der griechischen und lateinischen Sprache erlernte. Um diese Zeit fiel ihm* Ogleby's *Uebersetzung des* Homer *in die Hände. Das Vergnügen, welches ihm diese Lectüre verursachte, konnte nur durch* Sandy's Ovid *erhöhet werden. Er wurde hierauf in eine Privatschule bei* Hidepark-Corner *geschickt, wo er, begeistert von einem Schauspiel, das er zu sehen Gelegenheit gehabt hatte, aus* Ogleby's Homer *ein Drama zusammensetzte, welches von seinen Schulfreunden aufgeführt wurde. Von seinem zwölften Jahre an hielt er sich bei seinem Vater, der von einem durch Handlung erworbenen Vermögen in der Stille lebte, zu* Binfield *im Walde bei* Windsor *auf, und ward von dieser Zeit an sein eigener Lehrer. Er erwarb sich bald eine Fertigkeit in den alten Sprachen, und suchte sich nun durch die classischen Schriftsteller der Griechen und Römer zu bilden. Hierzu fügte er das Italiänische und Französische.* Spenser's, Waller's *und* Dryden's *Gedichte, die er jetzt kennen lernte, wurden seine Lieblingslectüre.* Dryden *besonders kam nie aus seinen Händen, und er gestand, daß er diesem großen Muster den Zauber seiner* Versification *verdanke. Sein frühster gedruckter Versuch war eine* Ode on solitude, *die er in seinem zwölften Jahr geschrieben haben soll. 1702 übersetzte er das erste Buch der* Thebaide *des* Statius. *1703 fing er ein episches Gedicht* Alcander *an, das er aber bald den Flammen Preis gab. Ein ähnliches Schicksal drohte seinen 1704 geschriebenen* Pastorals; *sie wurden aber von seinen Freunden* Sir William Trumbull *und* Wycherley *gerettet. Es folgten nun in kurzen Zwischenräumen seine* Ode on St. Cecilia's day (1708), *sein* essay on criticism (1709), *sein* Messiah *und sein* temple of fame (1711), *sein* rape of the lock (1712) *und sein* Windsor-forest (1713). *Diese Meisterstücke machten ihn so berühmt, daß man ihn von allen Seiten aufforderte, die Englische Literatur mit einer Uebersetzung der Iliade zu bereichern. Er unterzog sich dieser mühsamen Arbeit, und vollendete sie in 5 Jahren. Die beiden ersten Bände erschienen 1716, der dritte 1717, der vierte 1718, und die beiden letzten 1720,* (London 4.) *Er gab das Werk auf Subscription heraus.*

Der Preis eines jeden Bandes betrug eine Guinee, *und der Gewinnst nach Abzug aller Kosten* 5320l. *So belohnte die Nation die Verdienste dieses großen Mannes, der übrigens durch seine Religion (er war ein* Catholik*) verhindert wurde, ein öffentliches Amt zu bekleiden. Von der* Odyssee, *welche 1725 in 5 Bänden* (4.) *gleichfalls auf Subscription gedruckt wurde, gehören unserm Dichter nur 12 Bücher; die übrigen sind von* Elijah Fenton *und* William Broome (*von diesen nicht unbedeutenden Dichtern s.* Johnson's lives &c. Vol. III) *übersetzt worden.* Pope *war nun ein wohlhabender Mann, und bemittelt genug, sich ein Landhaus zu* Twickenham *zu kaufen, wo er mit wenigen Unterbrechungen bis an seinen Tod gelebt hat. Er genoß die Achtung aller Männer von Verdienst. Dagegen hatte er sich theils durch seinen Ruhm, den man beneidete, theils durch seine satyrischen Schriften, worin man sich getroffen fühlte, den Haß und die Verfolgung aller kleinen Geister zugezogen. Um sich zu rächen, schrieb er seine berühmte* Dunciade, *worin er die* Dunces *sämmtlich an den Pranger stellt.* The Dunciad, with notes variorum, and the prolegomena of Scriblerus. London 1729, 8. *1733 erschienen die drei ersten und 1734 die letzte Epistel seines vortrefflichen Lehrgedichts* essay on man. *Er widmete es dem* Lord Bolingbroke, *und gab dadurch seinen Feinden Gelegenheit, ihn für einen Anhänger der damals übel berüchtigten Philosophie des* Lord's *auszuschreien. Es fehlte nicht an scharfsinnigen Theologen, die in seinen Sätzen den* Spinosismus *fanden; und daß nun bittere Angriffe erfolgten, läßt sich erwarten. Dagegen vertheidigte der bekannte* Dr. Warburton, *Verfasser der göttlichen Sendung Mosis, den Versuch über den Menschen in sieben 1740 erschienenen Briefen mit so glücklichem Erfolge, daß ihm der Dichter zur Belohnung die Hälfte seiner Bibliothek, und das Eigenthumsrecht zu allen seinen Schriften vermachte.* Pope's *letztes Werk waren seine gleichfalls aus 4 Episteln bestehende* moral essays. *Er starb 1744 zu* Twickenham *an der Brustwassersucht. Die Stärke seines Geistes und die Menge und Vortreflichkeit seiner Schriften erregt um so mehr Bewunderung, da er von Natur schwach und fast immer kränklich war. Die erste Sammlung seiner Gedichte erschien 1717* (London 4.) *Ein zweiter Theil erfolgte 1735 in 2 Bänden 4. Die beste Ausgabe seiner sämmtlichen Werke, von der alle spätern nur Abdrücke sind, ist vom* Dr. Warburton *besorgt worden.* The works of Alekander Pope, Esq. in nine Volumes complete, with his last corrections, additions and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor a little before his death. Together with the commentary and notes of Mr. Warburton, London 1752. 8. *Der Inhalt dieser 9 Bände ist:* Vol. I. Pastorals *oder 4 nach den Jahrszeiten benannte Schäfergedichte, Nachahmungen des*

Theocrit, Virgil *und* Spenser; Messiah, *eine geistliche Ecloge, die dem* Pollio *des* Virgil, *wovon sie eine Nachbildung ist, vorgezogen wird;* Windsor-forest, *ein beschreibendes Gedicht;* Ode on St. Cecilia's day; an essay on criticism, *eins von* POPE's *meisterhaftesten Gedichten;* the rape of the lock, an heroi-comical poem, *in 5 Gesängen, die beste comische Epopee, die irgend eine Nation aufzuweisen hat.* ADDISON *nannte sie* merum sal. Vol. II. Translations *und* imitations. *Hierunter zeichnen sich ganz vorzüglich die Epistel der* Heloise *an* Abelard, *der Tempel des Ruhms und 2 Erzählungen nach* CHAUCER, January and May *und* the wife of Bath *aus.* Vol. III. An essay on man *und* moral essays. Vol. IV. Satires and epistles of HORACE imitated, *und* Satires of JOHN DONNE (*eines von 1574 — 1631 lebenden Dichters*) versified. Vol. V. The Dunciad. Vol. VI. Miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse, *unter andern* memoirs of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. Vol. VII—IX. *Briefe.* (*S. 36.*)

Die besten Werke über POPE's *Leben und Schriften sind folgende:* the life of A. P. with remarks on his works, to which is added his last will. London 1744, 8. Memoirs of the life and writings of A. P. collected from authentic authors, by W. AYRE, London 1745, 2 Vols. 8. POPE's life by WARBURTON. (*S.* P. works.) The life of A. P. Esq. compiled from original manuscripts, with a critical essay on his writings and genius. By OWEN RUFFHEAD, Esq. London 1769, 4. JOHNSON's lives of t. e. p. Vol. IV. Essay on the writings and genius of POPE, Vol. I. London 1756, Vol. II. ib. 1782, 8, *von* JOS. WARTON, *jetzigem Hofdichter.*

Essay on Man, Epistle I, v. 17 — 130.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples every star,
May tell, why heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul

Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn fupports, upheld by God, or thee?
Prefumptuous Man! the reafon wouldft thou find,
Why form'd fo weak, fo little, and fo blind?
Firft, if thou canft, the harder reafon guefs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no lefs?
Afk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ftronger than the weeds they fhade?
Or afk of yonder argent fields above,
Why *Jove's* fatellites are lefs than *Jove?*
Of fyftems poffible, if 'tis confeft,
That Wifdom infinite muft form the beft,
Where all muft full or not coherent be,
And all that rifes, rife in due degree;
Then, in the fcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muft be, fomewhere, fuch a rank as Man;
And all the queftion (wrangle e'er fo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Refpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muft be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thoufand movements fcarce one purpofe gain;
In God's, one fingle can its end produce;
Yet ferves to fecond too fome other ufe,
So Man, who here feems principal alone,
Perhaps acts fecond to fome fphere unknown,
Touches fome wheel, or verges to fome goal;
'Tis but a part we fee, and not a whole.
When the proud fteed fhall know why man reftrains
His fiery courfe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now *Aegypt's* God:
Then fhall Man's pride and dulnefs comprehend
His actions, paffions, being's, ufe and end;
Why doing, fuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a flave, the next a deity.
Then fay not, Man's imperfect, heaven in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meafur'd to his ftate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his fpace.
If to be perfect in a certain fphere,
What matter, foon or late, or here or there?
The bleft to-day is as completely fo,
As who began a thoufand years ago.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prefcrib'd, their prefent ftate:
From brutes what men, from men what fpirits know:
Or who could fuffer being here below?
The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reafon, would he fkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laft, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juft rais'd to fhed his blood.
Oh blindnefs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who fees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perifh, or a fparrow fall,
Atoms or fyftems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burft, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions foar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future blifs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleffing now.
Hope fprings eternal in the human breaft:
Man never is, but always to be bleft:
The foul uneafy and confin'd from home,
Refts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor *Indian!* whofe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His foul, proud fcience never taught to ftray
Far as the folar walk, or milky way;
Yet fimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some fafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier ifland in the watry wafte,
Where flaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriftians thirft for gold.
To be, contents his natural defire,
He afks no angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal fky,
His faithful dog fhall bear him company.
Go, wifer thou! and in thy fcale of fenfe,
Weigh thy opinion againft providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ft fuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deftroy all creatures for thy fport or guft,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuft;
If Man alone ingrofs not heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juftice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reafoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their fphere, and rufh into the fkies.
Pride ftill is aiming at the bleft abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Afpiring to be Gods, if angels fell;
Afpiring to be angels, Men rebel:
And who but wifhes to invert the laws
Of *Order*, fins againft th' eternal Caufe.

v. 233 — 294.

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burfting into birth.
Above, how high, progreffive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaft chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaft, bird, fifh, infect, what no eye can fee,
No glafs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. — On fuperior pow'rs
Were we to prefs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ftep broken, the great fcale's deftroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ftrike,
Tenth, or ten thoufandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each fyftem in gradation roll
Alike effential to th' amazing whole:
The leaft confufion but in one, not all
That fyftem only, but the Whole muft fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and funs run lawlefs through the fky;
Let ruling angels from their fpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heavens whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh madnefs! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the duft to tread,
Or hand, to toil, afpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ferve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juft as abfurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:

Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul!
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, heaven beſtows on thee.
Submit. — In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing power
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good:
And, ſpite of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

Epiſtle IV, v. 1 — 90.

Oh happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th'eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe,
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoul thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair opening to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?

Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, *St. John*! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that happineſs is happineſs?
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe, and common eaſe,
Remember, man, „the univerſal cauſe
„Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome - way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not falf the pain.
Order is heaven's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace,
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;

Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But heavens juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh, ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heaven ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.

The univerſal prayer.

DEO. OPT. MAX.

Father of All! in every age
In every clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage
Jehovah, *Jove*, or *Lord*.

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood;
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And, binding nature faſt in fate;
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done
Or warns me not to do
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heaven purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man
When thouſand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace
Whoſe atar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all being raiſe
All nature's incenſe riſe!

YOUNG.

Dr. Edward Young, *1681 zu* Upham *bei* Winchester *gebohren*, *erhielt seine Bildung zu* Oxford, *wo er eben nicht die Zierde der Religion und Moral gewesen seyn soll, die er in der Folge ward. Sein erstes Werk von Bedeutung*, poem on the last day, *erschien 1713. Hierauf folgte* the force of religion or vanquish'd love, *ein Gedicht, das sich auf die Hinrichtung der unglücklichen* Lady Jane Gray *beziehet. Nach* Anna's *Tode sang er* on the late Queen's death and his Majesty's accession to the throne, *eine* captatio benevolentiae, *wie viele seiner frühern Producte. 1719 wurde sein Trauerspiel* Busiris *gegeben, ein Stück, worin sich seine lebhafte Einbildungskraft in ihrer ganzen Stärke zeigt. Es fand und verdient wenig Beifall, da die Charactere zu unnatürlich sind, als daß sie Mitleid, Schrecken oder Unwillen erregen sollten. In eben dem Jahre schrieb er* a letter to Mr. Tickell, *veranlaßt durch den Tod* Addison's, *des gemeinschaftlichen Freundes beider Dichter, und* a paraphrase on part of the book of Job. The revenge, *sein zweites Trauerspiel, zuerst 1721 aufgeführt, erhält sich noch auf der Bühne. Seine sieben characteristischen Satyren, die er 1728 unter dem Titel* love of fame, the universal passion *zusammen drucken ließ, erschienen seit 1725 einzeln. Er erwarb sich dadurch einen hohen Rang unter den satyrischen Dichtern, und ein Vermögen von mehr als* 3000l. *Bei* George II. *Regierungsantritt schrieb er zwei mit einem* essay on lyric poetry *begleitete Oden, wovon die eine an den König gerichtet, und die andere* Ocean *überschrieben ist. 1728 wurde er ordinirt, und zum Caplan des Königs ernannt. 1720 erschien sein in* Pindar's *Manier geschriebenes Gedicht* imperium pelagi, a naval lyric, occasioned by his Majesty's return from Hannover. *1730 gab er zwei Briefe an* Pope, concerning the authors of the age *und seine aus zwei Oden bestehende* sea-piece *heraus. Gleich darauf erhielt er die Pfarre von* Welwyn *in* Herfordshire. *Von 1741—44 erschien sein auch unter uns durch die vortreffliche Ebertsche Uebersetzung und Erläuterung rühmlichst bekanntes Meisterstück*, the complaint, or night-thoughts, *ein durchaus originelles, und in einem Anfall von wilder Schwermuth geschriebenes Gedicht, voll der erhabensten Gedanken. Die Nächte kamen anfangs einzeln heraus, scheinen jedoch bald in ein* corpus *gesammelt zu seyn. Ihre Ueberschriften sind*: Night I, Of life, death and immortality. II, Of time, death and friendship. III. Narcissa. IV. The christian triumph. V. The relapse. VI *und* VII. The infidel reclaimed. VIII. Virtue's apology. IX. The consolation. *1753 wurde ein drittes Trauerspiel unsers*

Dichters, the brothers, *aufgeführt. Sein letztes Gedicht*, Resignation, *athmet noch alles Feuer seiner Jugendarbeiten, ob er es gleich in einem achzigjährigen Alter geschrieben hat. Es ist voll Stellen, die ganz diesem schönen Anfang entsprechen:*

The days how few, how ſhort the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place.

They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us with a ſigh,
That to be born ſeems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
This weighty truth forget.

Der Dichter *ſtarb 1765. Seine Werke ſind von ihm ſelbſt in 4 Octavbänden herausgegeben worden, zuerſt wie ich glaube, im Jahr 1757. Die Gedichte, mit Ausſchluß der drei Trauerſpiele nehmen den 50—52ſten Theil der J. Sammlung ein. Nachrichten von ſeinem Leben ſuche man in der* Biographia britannica *und im 4ten Bande von* Johnson's lives of the engliſh poets.

The complaint. Night II. v. 28 — 188.

O *time*! than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wiſe.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *tears* are ſquander'd, *wiſdom's* debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Inſidious *death*! ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the priſoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in deſpair!
That *time* is mine, o *Mead!* to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My ſickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will; — that dies not with my ſtrain.

For what calls *thy* diseaſe, *Lorenzo?* not
For *Eſculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *time*, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life; reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher-aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain?*
(*Theſe* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, *Lorenzo*, 'tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake?*
Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon, to the ſoul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when medicines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
As lands, and cities with their glittering ſpires
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there?
Will toys amuſe? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.

Redeem we time? — Its *loſs* we dearly buy.
What pleads *Lorenzo* for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads time's numerous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like *trifles* on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee?*
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *propos'd* virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once, *this* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bleſt art of turning all to *gold*;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute, from the pooreſt hours;
Immenſe revenue! every moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy power;

Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts *nobly*; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed, admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important *time*, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
„*I've lost a day*" — the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of *Rome*, say, rather, Lord of human race:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: So *reason* speaks in all;
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?
Time the supreme! — time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile,
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *art!* our furious charioteer,
(For *nature's* voice unstifled would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made;
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of *Cain*
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atla's* groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields!
Slight inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *time* if prisons set us free.

Yet when *death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes theſe errors and theſe ills;
To nature juſt, their *cauſe* and *cure* explore.
Not ſhort heaven's bounty, boundleſs our expence;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.
We *waſte*, not *uſe* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *us'd* is life.
And *bare exiſtence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince *time* was giv'n for uſe, not waſte,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's uſe was doom'd a plaeſure; waſte, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unſeen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blund'ring, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heaven deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack; the rack of *reſt*
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle with *great nature's plan*;
We thwart the deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broil;
We puſh time from us, and we wiſh him back;
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *death* ſeek, and ſhun;
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;

The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life, delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with nature*; and her paths are peace.

SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare, *nach andern* Shakespear, *oder, vielleicht am richtigſten*, Shakspeare, *wurde 1564 zu* Stratford *am* Avon *in* Warwickſhire *gebohren. Sein Vater, ein dortiger wohlhabender Wollhändler konnte wegen ſeiner zahlreichen Familie nicht viel auf ſeine Erziehung wenden. Der Jüngling beſuchte daher nur eine Zeitlang eine Freiſchule, worin er etwas Latein lernte, und übernahm dann das väterliche Gewerbe. Er heirathete früh ein bemitteltes Frauenzimmer, und lebte in dieſer Verbindung mehrere Jahre, bis ihm eine Ausſchweifung, deren er ſich ſchuldig gemacht hatte, zur Entwickelung ſeines großen dramatiſchen Genies Veranlaſſung gab. Er war nehmlich in ſchlechte Geſellſchaft gerathen, und verleitet worden, den Park eines* Sir Thomas Lucy *von* Cherlecot *bei* Stratford *zu beſtehlen. Deswegen verfolgt, ſchrieb er eine nicht mehr vorhandene Ballade, die ſo bitter war, daß er ſich, um* Lucy's *Wuth zu entgehen, gezwungen ſah, Frau und Handthierung zu verlaſſen und ſich nach* London *zu flüchten. Hier zeigte er nun, vermuthlich von ſeiner Neigung geleitet, auf der Bühne ſich. Er ſpielte anfangs gemeine Rollen; allein ſeine Talente zeichneten ihn bald, wenn gleich nicht als einen auſſerordentlichen Schauſpieler, doch wenigſtens als einen vortrefflichen dramatiſchen Dichter aus. Sein Name findet ſich, der Gewohnheit der damahligen Zeit gemäß, mehreren alten Schauſpielen vorgedruckt, jedoch ohne Bezeichnung der Rollen, die er zu ſpielen pflegte. Der Geiſt ſeines* Hamlet *ſcheint das* non plus ultra *ſeiner Kunſt geweſen zu ſeyn. Die Königin* Elisabeth *und ihr Nachfolger* Jacob I. *ſchätzten ihn ſehr hoch. Die erſtere fand ſo viel Vergnügen an dem Character* Falſtaff's, *in den beiden Theilen* Heinrich's IV, *daß ſie den Dichter veranlaßte, ihn in den* Merry wives of Windſor *noch einmahl, und zwar verliebt, auftreten zu laſſen. Auſſerdem genoß er der Ach-*

tung mehrerer Großen, z. B. des *Grafen von* SOUTHAMPTON, *der ihm einmahl ein Geschenk von* 1000 l. *gemacht haben soll, wofür ihm Shakespeare sein Gedicht* Venus *und* Adonis *widmete. Man weiß nicht, in welchem Jahre er die Bühne gegen das Privatleben vertauscht habe. Sein Name findet sich noch unter den Schauspielern, die 1603* BEN JOHNSON's Sejanus *aufführten. Es ist wahrscheinlich, daß er 1610 das Theater noch nicht verlassen hatte; denn er erwähnt in seinem* Tempest *der* Bermuda*inseln, die den Engländern erst 1609 bekannt wurden. Einige seiner Stücke, als* Othello *und* Twelfth night *sind selbst von noch späterm* dato, *aber ohne Zweifel erst zu einer Zeit geschrieben, da sich der Dichter bereits in die Provinz begeben hatte. Es ist gewiß, daß er seine letzten Jahre in seinem Geburtsort beim Genuß seines ansehnlichen Vermögens eingezogen, und in dem Umgange mit seinen Freunden verlebt habe. Er starb daselbst 1616, und liegt in der Hauptkirche begraben, wo ihm ein Denkmahl errichtet ist. Erst 1741 erhielt er ein Monument in der* *Westminsterabtei* *Er ist der Verfasser des* Julius Cæsar, Macbeth *und* Hamlet! *Mehr zu seinem Lobe zu sagen, erlaubt die Kürze des Raums nicht. Von seinen Schauspielen besorgten* HEMINGE *und* CONDELL *die erste Sammlung, da sie vorher größtentheils bereits einzeln erschienen waren.* Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE's Comedies, Histories *und* Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies, London 1623, *ein Folioband.* (*Unter* Histories *werden historische Dramen verstanden.*) *Die besten Ausgaben sind besorgt worden: von* ROWE (London 1709, 7 Vols. 8.) *von* POPE, (L. 1723, 6 Vols. 4.) *von* THEOBALD, (L. 1733, 7 Vols. 8.) *von* HANMER, (Oxford, 1744, 6 Vols. 4. *mit vieler Pracht gedruckt*) *von* WARBURTON (London 1747, 8 Vols. 8.) *von* JOHNSON (L. 1765, 8 Vols. 8.) *von* CAPELL (L. 1768, 10 Vols. 8.) *von* JOHNSON *und* STEEVENS (L. 1773, 10 Vols. 8.) *Seit 1785 hat ein* Londner *Buchhändler,* BELL, *von dem man eine Sammlung Englischer Dichter von* CHAUCER *bis* CHURCHILL *in 109 Bänden 12. hat, den* SHAKESPEARE *überaus prachtvoll abdrucken lassen. Die Schauspiele sind in einzelnen Heften mit den dazu gehörigen Kupfern erschienen.*

So viel von dem größten dramatischen Dichter aller Zeiten. Ich konnte um so kürzer seyn, da ich voraussetzen darf, daß des Hrn. *Hofrath Eschenburg's* *vortrefliches Werk „Ueber* *William Shakespeare*" *(Zürich 1787, 8.) in den Händen eines jeden ist, der sich mit den Werken dieses großen Mannes näher bekannt machen will.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The forum.

Enter Brutus and Caffius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be fatisfied: let us be fatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caffius, go you into the other ftreet,
And part the numbers. —
Thofe that will hear me fpeak, let 'em ftay here;
Thofe that will follow *Caffius*, go with him;
And public reafons fhall be rendered
Of *Cæfar's* death.

1. *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* fpeak.

2. *Pleb.* I will hear *Caffius*; and compare their reafons,
When feverally we hear them rendered.

(*Exit Caffius, with fome of the Plebeians; Brutus goes unto the roftrum.*)

3. *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is afcended: filence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the laft.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my caufe; and be filent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have refpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenfure me in your wifdom, and awake your fenfes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this affembly, any dear friend of *Cæfar's*, to him I fay, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæfar* was no lefs than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rofe againft *Cæfar*, this is my anfwer: — not that I loved *Cæfar* lefs, but that I loved *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæfar* were living, and dye all flaves; than that *Cæfar* were dead, to live all free men? As *Cæfar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I flew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here fo bafe, that would be a bond-man? If any, fpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here fo rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, fpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here fo vile, that will not love his country? If any, fpeak; for him have I offended. I paufe for a reply — —

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.
I have done no more to *Cæfar*, than you fhall do to *Brutus*. The queftion of his death is enrolled in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he fuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony:* who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1. *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his houſe.

2. *Pleb.* Give him a ſtatue with his anceſtors.

3. *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæſar.*

4. *Pleb.* *Cæſar's* better parts
Shall be crowned in *Brutus.*

1. *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his houſe with ſhouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen —

2. *Pleb.* Peace! ſilence! *Brutus* ſpeaks.

1. *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my ſake, ſtay here with *Antony:*
Do grace to *Cæſar's* corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to *Cæſar's* glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have ſpoke. (*Exit.*)

1. *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony.*

3. *Pleb.* Let him go up unto the public chair,
We'll hear him. Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus'* ſake, I am beholden to you.

4. *Pleb.* What does he ſay of *Brutus?*

3. *Pleb.* He ſays, for *Brutus'* ſake
He finds himſelf beholden to us all.

4. *Pleb.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1. *Pleb.* This *Cæſar* was a tyrant.

3. *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain.
We are bleſt, that *Rome* is rid of him.

2. *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.

Ant. You gentle *Romans* —

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
The Evil that men do, lives after them;
The Good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with *Cæſar!* Noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in *Cæsar's* funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He has brought many captives home to *Rome*,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*.
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak, what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1. *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. *Pleb.* Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse
Come in his place.

4. *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4. *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will:
Let but the Commons hear this teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar's* wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their iſſue.

4. *Pleb.* We'll hear the will! read it, *Mark Antony.*

All. The will, the will: — we will hear *Cæſar's* will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
For if you ſhould — oh what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, *Antony*;
You ſhall read us the will, *Cæſar's* will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o'erſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers ſtabb'd *Cæſar* — I do fear it.

4. *Pleb.* They were traitors — honourable men!

All. The will! the teſtament!

2. *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers! The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpſe of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him, that made the will.
Shall I deſcend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2. *Pleb.* Deſcend. (*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.

1. *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.

2. *Pleb.* Room for *Antony* — moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me; ſtand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember,
The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii* —
Look! in this place, ran *Caſſius'* dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious *Caſca* made:
Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark, how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no?
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar's* angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him!
This, this was the unkindeſt cut of all:
For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of *Pompey's* ſtatue,
Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our *Cæſar's* veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.

1. *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2. *Pleb.* O noble *Cæſar!*

3. *Pleb.* O woful day!

4. *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2. *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd! revenge: about — ſeek — burn — fire — kill — ſlay! — let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen —

1. *Pleb.* Peace there: — hear the noble *Antony.*

2. *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.

What

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as *Brutus* is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That give me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus*, *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny —

1. *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3. *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not. I must tell you then —
You have forgot the will, I told you of.

All. Most true — the will — let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.
To every *Roman* citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2. *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar!* We'll revenge his death.

3. *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1. *Pleb.* Never, never: come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2. *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.
3. *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.
4. *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
(*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*)

Henry IV's Soliloquy.

How many thoufands of my pooreft fubjects
Are at this hour afleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's foft nurfe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And fteep my fenfes in forgetfulnefs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ft thou in fmoaky cribs,
Upon uneafy pallets ftretching thee,
And hufh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy flumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coftly ftate,
And lull'd with founds of fweeteft melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'ft thou with the vile
In loathfome beds, and leav'ft the kingly couch,
A watch-cafe to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maft,
Seal up the fhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious furge;
And in the vifitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monftrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the flip'ry fhrouds,
That, with the burley, death itfelf awakes?
Canft thou, oh partial Sleep, give thy repofe
To the wet fea boy in an hour fo rude?
And, in the calmeft and the ftilleft night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then, happy low! lie down;
Uneafy lies the head that wears a crown.

Macbeth's Soliloquy.

Is this a dagger which I fee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee —
I have thee not, and yet I fee thee ftill.
Art thou not, fatal vifion, fenfible
To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falfe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreffed brain?

I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. —
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt — I ſee thee ſtill;
And on the blade of th' dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before. — There's no ſuch thing. —
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd murder,
(Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt. — Thou ſound and firm - ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where - about;
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it. — Whilſt I threat, he lives —
A bell rings.
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives,
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven or to hell.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

To be, or not to be? — that is the queſtion. —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſtings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them? — To die — to ſleep —
No more: and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart — ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; — 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die — to ſleep —
To ſleep? perchance to dream? — ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. — There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of th' time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Verbesserungen.

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